Dec. 22, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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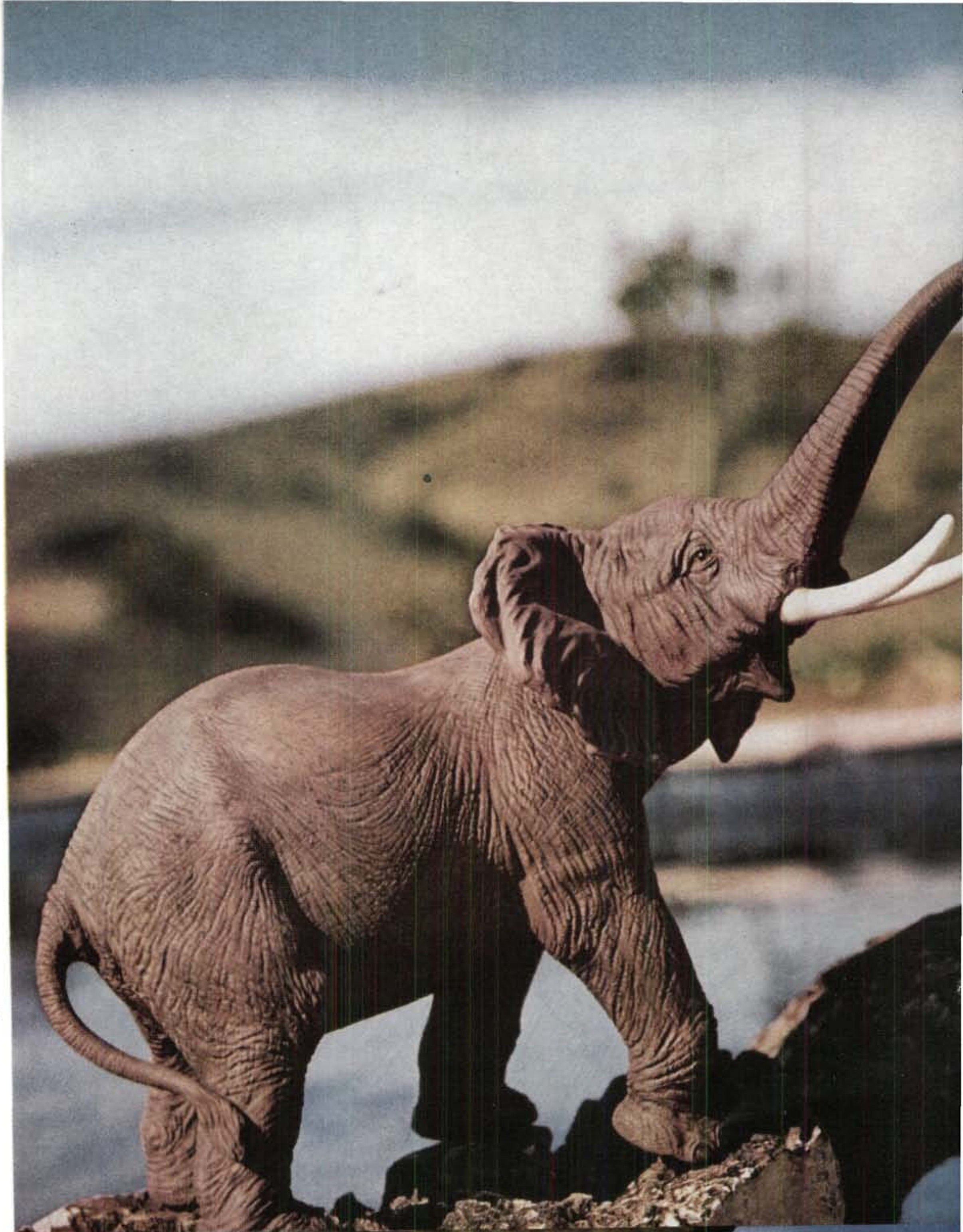

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—Dina Merrill and Michael Allinson in a revival of Patrick Hamilton's suspense thriller. Staged by Shepard Traube. Previews Wednesday matinée, Dec. 24, and Christmas evening. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 26. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Bernstein—A musical revue made up of Leonard Bernstein songs that never got performed in the shows for which they were written. New book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; lyrics by Mr. Bernstein, Comden and Green,, John Latouche, Jerry Lieber, and Stephen Sondheim. Michael Bawtree has directed a cast of seven, including Patricia Elliott and Janie Sell. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second production of the season is **dancing for the kaiser**, by Andrew Colmar, with Joanna Miles and Douglass Watson. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2, Saturdays at 6, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Dear Mr. G.—A play by Donna de Matteo. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2; Sundays at 2 and 6; and Thursday, Dec. 25, at 6.)

Gift of the Magi—A musical by Ronnie Britton, based on the O. Henry story. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play, with Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. Directed by Theodore Mann. Opens Thursday, Dec. 18, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 22. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2.)

Habeas Corpus—Donald Sinden and Rachel Roberts demonstrate what is, on this side of the water, the little-known art of acting farce. The play itself is pretty thin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.)

Hamlet—A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center, with Sam Waterston and Jane Alexander. Michael Rudman directed. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 17, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—The *everlasting musical*, with the everlasting Pearl Bailey. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is an occasion for two spirited performances, by Kevin O'Connor and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy's Children—The author, Robert Patrick, sees the decade of the sixties as a time when many hopeful young people suffered grave psychic wounds. The cast conveys his

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, comptroller; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 44, December 22, 1975. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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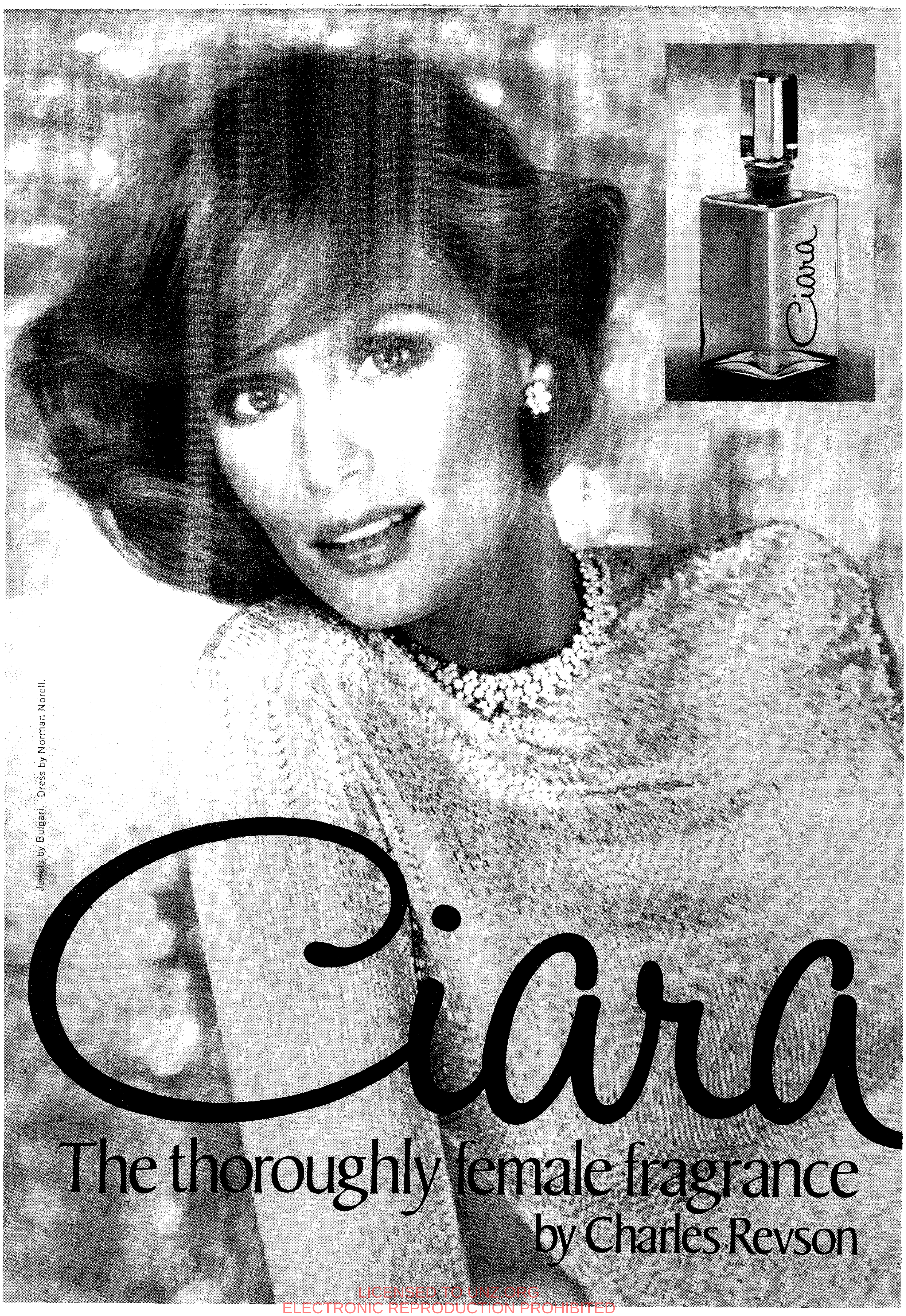
Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $22.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

doleful message with skill and charm. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Lamppost Reunion—A comedy by Louis LaRusso II, laid in a bar in New Jersey whose denizens talk as all denizens of all bars talk in all comedies laid in bars. Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello play their conventional roles with authority. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

A Musical Jubilee—A not very conscientious account of the origin of the American musical comedy; mostly we get old favorites—Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, John Raitt, Patrice Munsel, Tammy Grimes, Dick Shawn, and Larry Kert—singing old favorites. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

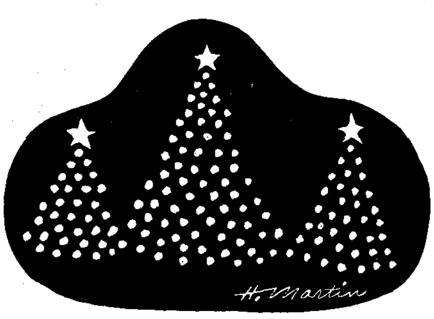
The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated: **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2; Friday, Dec. 19, as well as Monday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2; Tuesday, Dec. 23, as well as Christmas and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Thursday, Dec. 18, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2; and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Royal Family—Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, George Grizzard, and Sam Levene in a revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy. Ellis Rabb directed. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Weeknights, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; on Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 28.)

Transition—A play by Ken Rubenstein. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21. Free.)

Travesties—An enchanting comedy by Tom Stoppard, with John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) starring as a dotty retired English consular officer, who thinks he remembers having known Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara in Zurich during the First World War. Directed by Peter Wood. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)



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Very Good Eddie—Jerome Kern's 1915 musical, with a book by Guy Bolton and lyrics by Schuyler Greene, Elsie Janis, P. G. Wodehouse, Anne Caldwell, and Frank Craven. The cast, directed by Bill Gile, is headed by David Christmas, Joel Craig, and Spring Fairbank. Previews Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 21. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 25, at 2.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **DANCE WITH ME:** A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,513 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays—except Christmas—and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays, except Christmas Eve, and Thursdays at 8; Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **THE RITZ:** Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. With Stubby Kaye, June Gable, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. Robert Stephens is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Soviet Circus (formerly the Moscow Circus)—The celebrated one-ring circus, with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack riders, monkeys, and cycling bears. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, and Christmas and Friday, Dec. 26, at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 6; Friday, Dec. 19, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 6; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 6; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 6; Friday, Dec. 26, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 1—Monday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 5:30: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 5:30: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at

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5:30, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Les Patineurs." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Wednesday matinée, Dec. 17: "Appalachian Spring," "Circe," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Night Journey.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Herodiade," "Acrobats of God," and "Night Journey.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "Diversion of Angels," "Lamentation," "Letter to the World," and "Night Journey.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 19: "Dark Meadow," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Night Journey.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 20: "Dark Meadow," "Adorations," and "Night Journey.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 22: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Frontier," "Diversion of Angels," and "Scarlet Letter" (première). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 23: "Circe," "Herodiade," "Dark Meadow," and "Scarlet Letter.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 24: "Appalachian Spring," "Letter to the World," and "Scarlet Letter.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 25: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Herodiade," and "Scarlet Letter.". . . ¶ Friday matinée, Dec. 26: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Circe," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Scarlet Letter." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 26: "Circe," "Errand Into the Maze," "Frontier," and "Scarlet Letter.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 27: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 27: "Cave of the Heart," "Lamentation," "Diversion of Angels," and "Scarlet Letter." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Jan. 10—Friday, Dec. 19, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Geometrics," "Moments" (company première), and "Catalogue" (première). . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2, and Monday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Index.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 23, and Thursday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Bach Suite," "Facets," "Chimera," and "Hoopla.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 8: "Scheherezade." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1123.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Dec. 28. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-7341. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**DIZZY GILLESPIE** is fifty-eight and still champion. Over the years, perhaps half a dozen trumpeters have risen and swum along parallel to him, only to eventually fall back. (The best of them, Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown, were, to be sure, struck down prematurely.) Gillespie's playing, which wandered so long in Roy Eldridge's pastures, was reckless and exuberant in the forties and fifties. His runs crackled, his tone was slamming and insistent, and his breaks took your breath away. His playing had an almost surreal brilliance that was unique in brass music. But Gillespie has been slowly and wisely banking his energies, and what has come to the fore in the past decade or so is a player of great lyrical beauty. His tone has broadened and lost its edginess, he no longer blares, and, although he occasionally and excusably repeats some of his most sensational baroque figures, he more often plays with a gentle legato inventiveness. Singers readily manage such subtlety, such inner-ear directness, but it is exceedingly difficult for brass men. All of which is to say that Gillespie is here until Saturday, Dec. 20, with an eighteen-piece band that shouts and exults and handsomely sets off his ruminations. In its ranks, among others, are Mike Longo, Al Gafa, Earl May, Mickey Roker, Jimmy Heath, and Jon Faddis, and they are playing the fine book that Gillespie used for his big band of the late fifties—Benny Golson's "I Remember Clifford," Quincy Jones' "Jessica's Day," and Gillespie's "Con Alma," "Olinga," and "Manteca." The best soloists are Longo and Gafa and the Master himself, who, on "Olinga," plays a duet with Faddis, an exceptional Gillespie disciple who recalls in his daring high-note passages the Himalayas whence Gillespie has so gracefully descended. . . . ¶ Percussionist Mongo Santamaria and his combo will be performing straight, undiluted Latin jazz on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. At nine and eleven-thirty. Dancing on Friday and Saturday nights after the second show. Supper.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—There is sometimes an ecstatic air here on the Mondays the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band plays. But this supererogation arrives in slow motion. Ten years ago, starting time for the first set used to be around nine-thirty, but it slid up to ten and then to ten-fifteen, and, on a recent Monday, the band finally hit at ten-forty-five. (Al Porcino, the masterly lead trumpeter, has been on the band a couple of months, and he has said that no matter how hard he has tried to be late, he hasn't managed yet.) The first set that night was full of liniment and rubdowns and toe-touching. You could hear chops creaking and knuckles cracking. You could hear the trombones trying to get in tune and the saxophones trying to get out of each other's way. But you could also hear good stirrings. Walter Norris is back on piano, and he took brilliant solos on "Once Around" and on two blues, "That's Freedom" and "The Second Race." Norris's playing sparkles and freshens; he likes to drop outrageous legato figures in between headlong runs, and his frequent rests are like little rituals. And a substitute bassist, Steve Gilmore, soloed on Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of Fats Waller's "Willow Tree;" he is yet another of the legion of bassists who have converted their instrument into a dazzling (and sometimes overbearing) solo voice. Pepper Adams soloed well, and so did the trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater, and by the time the band got around to its second and final set (it once had time for three sets), it was roaring. Then the ecstasy tipped into hysteria. The band's ensembles rocked and bit and whooped, but again and again they fell away for solos that went on and on and on. A big band is an *ensemble*, which supports, inspires, and encloses, and its soloists should respond to such care and attention with brevity and wit. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band is just back from a Triumphant Tour of Japan and other points west, which explained the kimono that Al Porcino was wearing on the stand the other night. He had, he said, bought it in the Italian section of Tokyo. . . . ¶ Intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** is in the midst of a three-week engagement here with his quintet. Tuesdays through Sundays from ten.

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Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Dec. 17, 18, and 20, drummer Roy Haynes heads up his quintet, the Hip Ensemble. Their music, which is about as forward-looking as their name, is familiar, lively, and, sometimes, moving. Soul pianist Ramsey Lewis brings in his new septet on Friday, Dec. 19. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Asleep at the Wheel, a West Virginia revivalist septet, is here through Thursday, Dec. 18, reviving Western swing. Western swing—also known as country swing, Southwestern swing, hot Texas rhythms, and Okie jazz—was a musical hybrid that had its beginnings in Texas in the late twenties; it was an inspired mishmash of cowboy songs, jazz, Hawaiian music (as a result of the electrified steel guitar), hillbilly tunes, and Mexican mariachi music. Add a subtle dose of rock to all this and you have Asleep at the Wheel. Opposite them is Vassar Clements, the fiddler and Nashville recording-studio fixture who added a bit of class to the movie "Nashville." Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21, Leon Redbone, who sings oldies, will trade sets with blues-rock singer Tracy Nelson. On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Dec. 22, 23, and 25, Oregon, a somewhat pretentious, collective-improvisation, oddly instrumented (guitar, oboe, sitar, bass, tabla, French horn, etc.) quartet, will be onstage. Their music is nearly joyless, altogether self-indulgent, and hardly suited to the Bottom Line, but it would pass as a sound track to "Magister Ludi." On Friday, Dec. 26, **PATTI SMITH**, rock-and-roll singer and poet, Lady Raunch (that's what *Mademoiselle* called her), and the hottest local hype since Bruce Springsteen (her six shows have been sold out for three weeks), will arrive for a three-night stand. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Christmas Eve.

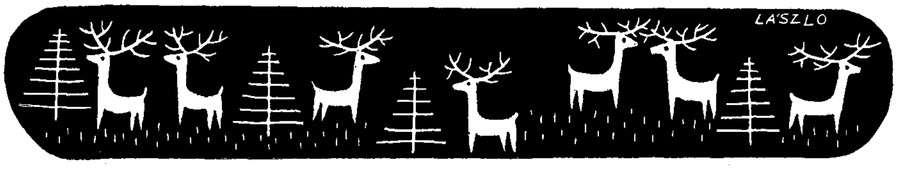
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An artsy neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and an overabundance of patrons and conversation. Pianist Walter Norris and bassist George Mraz, two pulse points of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, are playing duets through Saturday, Dec. 20. Barry Harris has charge of the keyboard on Sundays. Music after nine-thirty. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. Closed Christmas. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it. No music Sundays and Christmas.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh chordal passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, a musical director for the New York Jazz Repertory Company and an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Dec. 23, tenor saxophonist Al Klink will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 21, pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will trade sets with **SOPRANO SUMMIT**, a quintet co-piloted by two fine soprano saxophonists—Kenny Davern and Bob Wilber. Dinner.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third



Ave. (730-9270)—Saxophonist **SAM RIVERS**, who has in his varied past worked with T-Bone Walker and Cecil Taylor, has been held over (through Sunday, Dec. 21) with his rousing quintet—bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** and drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL**, who are the Oscar Pettiford and Kenny Clarke of the new jazz; **WARREN SMITH**, another drummer, who sits at a trap set and doubles on the vibraphone, and even taps the metal "Five Spot" sign on the wall behind him; and guitarist **ROLAND PRINCE**, who used to be part of Elvin Jones' quartet. On Tuesday, Dec. 23, alto saxophonist **JACKIE MC LEAN** will arrive with a sextet. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. The music begins after ten. Chinese and American food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER**, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist Hal Galper collaborates with bassist Victor Gaskin and Jack Wilkins, a fine young guitarist, from ten to three. On Sundays, pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Eddie Diehl, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together to play remodelled bop and post-bop numbers from five to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The impeccable **BOBBY HACKETT** is working with bassist Milt Hinton, pianist Norman Simmons, and drummer Bobby Rosengarden Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, and their first-rate loose and nimble rhythm-and-blues band are here through Thursday, Dec. 18. Bluesy jazz pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will turn up with his trio Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21. Music from ten until three. Dinner. Closed Christmas.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Lots of folk music: **JOHN PRINE**, a funny, witty folksinger, finishes up on Wednesday, Dec. 17; Thursday through Monday, Dec. 18-22, two more folkies, Jim Dawson and Joel Zoss, will be on hand; and, beginning Friday, Dec. 26, two folk-rock humorists, Martin Mull and Bill Crystal, start alternating. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 23-25.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Blues-and-ballad singer **HELEN HUMES** shares a bill with Louis St. Louis and his overzealously grinning campy-disco-rock band; through Saturday, Dec. 20. Dinner and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas, from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Martha Reeves knocks out some rock and soul songs through Sunday, Dec. 21. On Tuesday, Dec. 23, Barbara Cook will return with her supply of standards and show music. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

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RIVERBOAT, 350 Fifth Ave., at 34th St. (736-6210)—**RICHARD SUDHALTER** (cornet, flugelhorn) and **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** (vocals) are brilliantly manning the jazz ramparts against a commercial rock act, Gary U.S. Bonds. The rest of the group—Don Coates on piano, Frank Tate on bass, and Jules Moss on drums—are adequate. Sudhalter-McCorkle start around seven, reappear for an hour and a half at about nine-thirty, and finish at one. Their spirits willing, they will be here through Saturday, Dec. 27, and are not to be missed. Dinner. No music Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various small jazz groups play every night. Among them is one led by trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER**, which is scheduled for Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 22-24. The regular Sunday feature is guitarist **JOE PUMA** and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE**, who exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, and chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine. Closed Christmas.

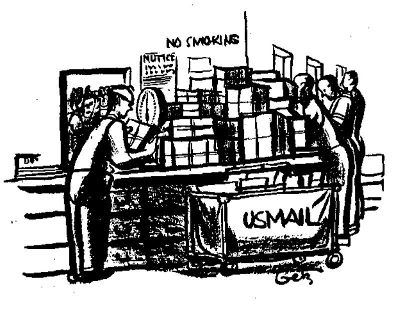
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A heavily patronized restaurant and music room. Singer and pianist Andy Bey works with bassist Harold Dotson through Saturday, Dec. 20. On Friday, Dec. 26, pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa, a fine duo, will take charge. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd performs with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. The best music currently presented here—and one of the best things in town—is offered by singer **JOE LEE WILSON** and his backing quintet. Wilson, at thirty-nine, has enjoyed a respected but scarcely remunerative position in the New York jazz hierarchy for some time—he runs a music loft at 2 Bond Street and has recorded one album, "Living High off Nickels and Dimes," on the small Oblivion label. His performances—on Fridays and Saturdays—are intense, authoritative, scorching affairs, and they're not always this easy to come by. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos which hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—trumpeter Taft Jordan, pianist Dill Jones, and a drummer—known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **JO JONES** (or Oliver Jackson), **SAMMY PRICE**, Harold Ashby, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—The ninth in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by the **GEORGE FAISON DANCE COMPANY** on Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 5:45.

EDDIE PALMIERI—And others. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 7:30 and 11:30.)

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 20-21, at 8.

KENNY BURRELL and **SYLVIA SYMS**—With others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The first in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Sylvia Fine Kaye) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

MELISSA MANCHESTER—With Bill Crystal. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas. Some will close early on Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

KOSTA ALEX—Collages of more or less abstract heads, cut out of corrugated cardboard and built up in layers, which are glued to a backing of newsprint and then painted. The artist is a New Jersey-born American of Greek extraction who works in Paris. Through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

PEGGY BACON—Works, often humorous, ranging from her pastel portraits of the twenties to watercolors from a recent trip to Mexico. Through Jan. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Recent color-field paintings, nearly all of them composed of long, overlapping vertical strokes of rich color. Through Jan. 7. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

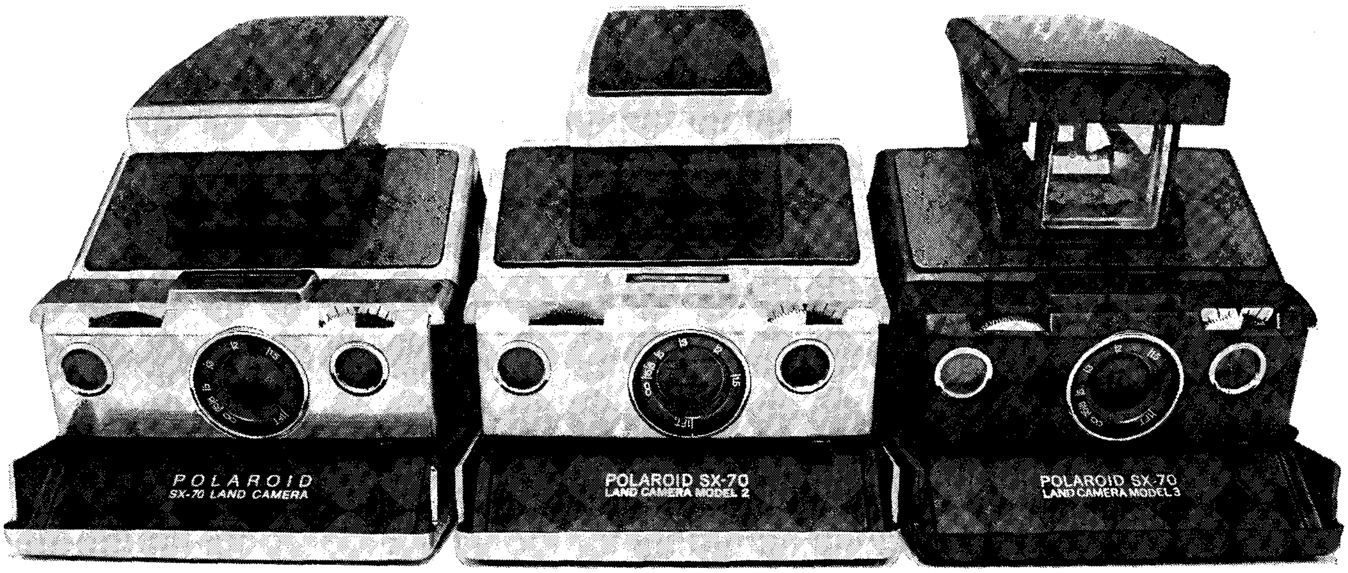
WILL BARNET / LEO MANSO—Lithographs. / Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

CECILE GRAY BAZELON—Precisionist paintings of lonely metropolitan scenes—all sharp-edged buildings and no people—plus a few scenes of the Hamptons, also uninhabited. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Boxlike constructions of elegant curiosity-shop oddments, mostly antique—doll heads, marbles, bits of worm-eaten mannequins, small geometric stone tiles—all with a strong aura of hidden meanings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—A retrospective of the whimsical oils and gouaches turned out by this English-born woman, who traces her artistic beginnings to the Surrealist school in Paris and who now lives in Mexico City. Through Jan. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, and Wednesday, Dec. 24, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Recent work. Through Dec. 31. (Iolas, in a new location, at 52 E. 57th St.)

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY (1738-1815)—Lesser-known works immortalizing some beady-eyed, upwardly mobile Early Americans (and some of their wives and children) by this sui-generis Colonial portraitist, who was one of them. A



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Fresh power every time you load (battery is in the film).	Same	Same
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Folds to about 1″x4″x7″.	Same	Same
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Automatic time exposures up to 14 seconds.	Same	Same
Automatic film counter.	Same	Same
12,000 RPM motor.	Same	Same
Uses all optional SX-70 attachments.	Same	Will not accept lens shade or close-up lens.

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benefit show. Through Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

RICHARD DE MENOCAL / HARRY MARINSKY—Still-lifes, mostly, by a painter whose lapidarian manner of execution is oddly—but happily—applied to everyday subjects: a paper bag, a plate and napkin, a shuttlecock. / Small bronzes that make unexpected use of the space they occupy and some of which depict musicians at work. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—A sinuous, revolving abstract stainless-steel sculpture, plus other works. Through Friday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—When Arthur Dove's abstracts were first shown in Chicago, in 1912, and it was explained to puzzled viewers that the works derived from nature, a columnist named Bert Leston Taylor wrote this jingle: "But Mr. Dove is far too keen/ To let a single bird be seen; To show the pigeons would not do/ And so he simply paints the coo." A selection of Dove's paintings is now on view at the Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. (through Saturday, Dec. 27), coincident with his major retrospective at the Whitney Museum.

HAMILTON FRASER—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes in fire-truck colors that seem to have been lashed onto the canvas with a trowel. Through Dec. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LEE FRIEDLANDER AND JIM DINE—A series of photographs by Friedlander, each accompanied by a drawing in response to it, by Dine. Through Jan. 3. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

EDWARD GOREY—Forty-one meticulous pen-and-ink drawings that provide a new exploration of the Edwardian never-never land discovered by this artist. Through Dec. 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GEORGE HARKINS—Oils and watercolors of deep, sun-splashed Vermont woods, plus watercolor sketches of leggy carhops and circus performers in situ; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Quick, impressionistic pastel sketches of Venice, most of them done in 1973, by a painter whose usual beat is the New England countryside. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

KARL KORAB—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention excellent craftsmanship; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROBERT KULICKE—Small, almost miniature still-lifes, in which the artist continues his examination of the pearness of pears and the carnationality of carnations. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MIHAIL—Hanging bulkheads made of heavy industrial paper that has been torn, pasted, and painted, and a series of menacing, batlike wall constructions made of umbrella tops removed from their frames and flattened out. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

GERHARDT MOSWITZER—Sturdy iron and brass sculptures, some suggestive of the human figure; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ERICH MÜNCH—Precise colored-pencil drawings of surreal landscapes, some of them barren and some of them teeming with baby humanoids, and equally surreal interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 7. (Griffin, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

CHARLES SHAW (1892-1974)—This artist got around to shaped canvases before there was a name for the genre, and in 1937 he was doing to a package of spearmint gum what Andy Warhol did to a Campbell's soup can a whole generation later; also, his writings graced the pages of *The New Yorker* in its formative years. A selection of this original's paintings, including some delicately poised abstracts, is now on view. Through Jan. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

REUBEN TAM—Oils, acrylic watercolors, and crisp ink drawings of craggy promontories in Maine and Hawaii, where the shapes are similar but the colors are different. Through Jan. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

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MIA WESTERLUND—Floor-piece sculptures—three large slabs and two recumbent pillars—made of concrete faced with steel and meant, we are told, to give us a heightened consciousness of the sidewalks and roadways we walk upon every day. So watch it. Through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: One or two paintings apiece by Agnes Martin, Robert Motherwell, and others, plus a single sculpture by John Chamberlain. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Ruth Eckstein, Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, and others. Through Jan. 3.... **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hartley, Glackens, Maurer, and others. Through Dec. 31.... **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Four new large-scale drawings by David Rabinowitch, plus other works on paper by a group that includes Brice Marden and Donald Judd. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24.... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Raphael Soyer, Bruno Lucchesi, David Levine, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays.)... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such European artists as Sonia Delaunay and Barbara Hepworth, plus paintings by Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24.... **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a group that includes Armitage, Avery, Nevelson, and Picasso. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.... **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Jake Berthot and Harvey Quaytman, and abstract floor sculptures in stone by Jim Huntington. Through Jan. 14.... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Jan. 31.... **SAIDENBERG**, 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, and Grace Hartigan. Through Dec. 31.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently being shown uptown include: **ALEXANDRA EXTER** (1882-1949) at Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **NEWTON HARRISON** and **HELEN MAYER HARRISON** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—In a previous exhibit here, the artist showed a smashed violin embedded in concrete. This time he is showing drawings that are made by inking fragments of musical instruments, mostly cellos, and making stamped impressions on paper with them. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

JOE BRAINARD—A dazzling display of some two *thousand* miniature collages (the largest is eight inches by ten), including a matchbook series and a postcard series, by this artist and poet. Through Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent, thoughtful-looking abstractions that continue the "Ocean Park" series by this California artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Abstract gouaches based on landscapes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

JAMES HAGAN—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARYAN—Grotesque heads, like tortured carnival masks, by a Polish-born survivor of the concentration camps. Through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

TERENCE NETTER—Abstract acrylic paintings, one or two of which contain figurative elements. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER (1907-75)—Watercolors, dating from 1973 to 1975, in his comfortable, mellow, representational style. Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, in a new location, at 20 W. 57th St.)

JEAN-PAUL RIOPELLE—Paintings in rich, restless impasto, and more temperate pastel drawings by this French-Canadian abstractionist. Through Friday, Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

YEHIEL SHEMI—Welded-steel floor pieces that resemble a heavy version of pick-up-sticks, a three-part wall piece that wraps around corners, and abstract collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN / GEORGES NOËL—White fibreglass floor pieces. / Paintings of sharp-edged geometric forms, including one long and narrow work depicting overlapping rectangles. Through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: The first part of a twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration of this gallery's inception includes abstract paintings by Stanley Boxer, Ron Davis, and Robert Goodnough. Through Dec. 31. ... **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Milton Avery, Lee Krasner, Al Held, and others. Through Jan. 6.... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and collages by such contemporaries as Arman, Christo, Wesselmann, and Frankenthaler which are small in scale but bear the unmistakable stamp of the artists. Through Jan. 10.... **HUMBOLDT**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four West Coast artists. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.) ... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by West, Marin, Hopper, and others. Through Jan. 17.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics, all small-scale, by gallery regulars Margit Varga, William Palmer, Fred Meyer, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.... **PARSONS-TRUMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Gregory Masurovsky, and Betty Parsons herself are among the contributors to this show of still-lifes on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

STEPHEN T. CHAPIN / MARK RENDLEMAN—Vertical and rather plain wall constructions made of wood which somehow seem to stand for rectitude. / Large, competently painted studies of rock—boulders, pebbles, strata of shale—some seen in simple piles and others beneath the surface of clear pools. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23-24.)

BENIGNA CHILLA / BLOMQUIST AND HAMMARBERG—Small, geometric constructions made of paper, cardboard, and thread, encased in clear plastic boxes. / Five renditions by Ms. Blomquist and Mr. Hammarberg, who sit across from one another at a table in Sweden and work at the same time on the same pencil drawing, which they copy from magazine photographs taken at random, thus assuring the impersonality of

Q. When Cadillac made the Seville which car should they have copied?

The Seville was designed to be a smaller-sized luxury car that got good gas mileage. Naturally, they made it roomy. But, even though it's almost 22" longer than the Audi 100LS, the Audi has virtually the same legroom and headroom. And more hiproom. And trunk space.

They also made the Seville for performance. But they didn't put in features like front-wheel drive as in the Audi. Or rack-and-pinion steering. Or negative roll radius.

And, for a Cadillac, it got good gas mileage. But it just doesn't come close to Audi's economy. EPA estimated that the standard shift Audi gets a terrific 30 miles per gallon on the highway and 20 miles per gallon in the city.

And, finally, they put a price tag on the Seville, one that was more than $5000 higher than the Audi.

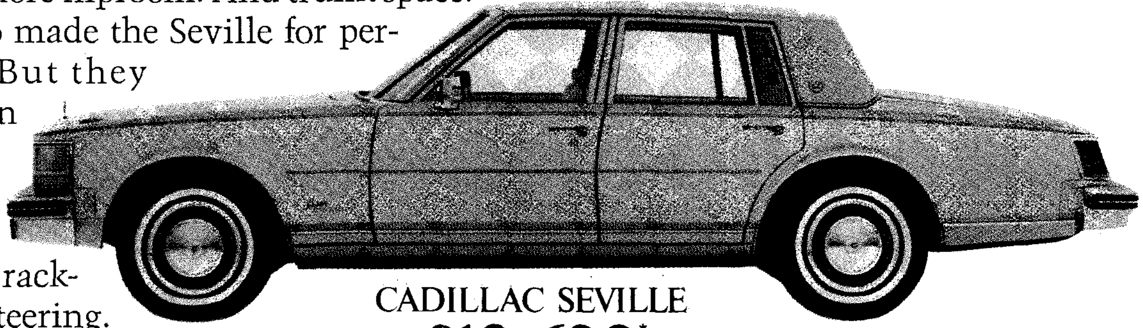
They tried, no question about it. But the answer is still Audi.

HEADROOM	FRONT 38.6	REAR 37.0
LEGROOM	FRONT 41.6	REAR 38.3
HIPROOM	FRONT 51.4	REAR 51.7

TRUNKROOM 12.8 CU. FT.

MILEAGE (EPA EST.) HWY 21MPG CITY 15

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION



CADILLAC SEVILLE

$12,628*

HEADROOM	FRONT 38.8	REAR 36.3
LEGROOM	FRONT 41.6	REAR 34.6
HIPROOM	FRONT 55.7	REAR 55.2

TRUNKROOM 13.38 CU. FT.

MILEAGE (EPA EST.) HWY 30MPG CITY 20

STANDARD SHIFT
ACTUAL MILEAGE MAY VARY DEPENDING ON TYPE OF DRIVING, DRIVING HABITS, CAR'S CONDITION AND OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT.

AUDI 100LS

$7,100**

*Based on sticker price excluding title, taxes and destination charges.

**Suggested retail price, standard shift, East Coast P.O.E. Local taxes, transportation and other delivery charges, additional. Automatic transmission optional at extra cost.

The answer is Audi

Give the Generous Taste of Johnnie Walker Red.

'Tis the season for sharing Scotch at its smooth and satisfying best...uniquely rich and mellow, consistent in quality throughout the world. That's the generous taste of Johnnie Walker Red. A holiday tradition enjoyed since 1820.

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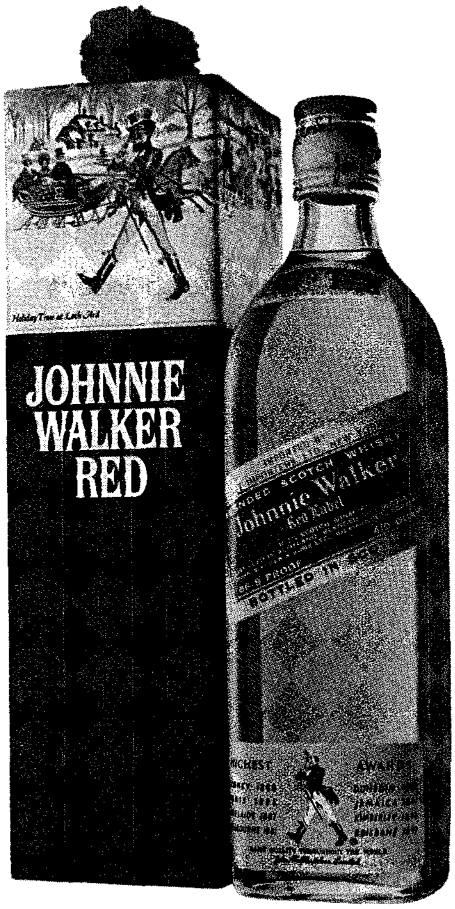
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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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technique they strive for. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Jeanette Chupack—Vermont landscapes seen through windows of the artist's studio. Through Dec. 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Terry Fugate-Wilcox—This Conceptualist proposes to build a huge concrete slab, an acre in area and twenty feet high, athwart the San Andreas fault in California and wait for movements in the earth's crust to break it in the middle. A scale model of the construction is exhibited, along with geodetic surveys of the area and an elaborate exposition of the project. Through Dec. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Charles Ginnever—Two large-scale abstract steel sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Don Nice / John Okulick—Realistic life-size, or larger, acrylic paintings of American animals (a bison, a bear, a longhorn steer, a wolf, and a deer), most of them surmounting a frieze of small watercolors on freely associated subjects—in the bear's case, some lollipops, a sneaker, a torn-open bag of marshmallows, and a view of the Hudson River Valley. / Cratelike constructions of raw wood bound together with rope which have a curious quality of perspective and are stuffed with finger-size twigs or sheafs of raffia. Through Jan. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Gladys Nilsson—Arrays of attenuated, two-dimensional figures in dreamlike motion, done in pale watercolors. Through Jan. 3. (Kind, 139 Spring St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Marietta Warner Siegel—Figures, and parts of figures, done in cast Lucite in a sort of reverse bas-relief, like the frosted figures sculpted inside a piece of crystal. Through Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Works on paper by Nancy Genn, Paul Rotterdam, Kimber Smith, Mike Goldberg, Francine Halvorsen, and Ellen Banks. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Works in various mediums by Robert Wilson, On Kawaru, Sol LeWitt, and others. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. . . . **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Gallery members Jane Schneider, John McNally, Nancy Azara, and others exhibiting works in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 31. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Porfirio Di Donna, paintings; Herbert George, sculptures; and two other artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. . . . **PROTETCH**, 157 Spring St.: Jackie Ferrara, Robert Mangold, Robert Ryman, and others in a show of works in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: An invitational show of paintings, drawings, constructions, and photographs by about a dozen artists. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **IVAN BIRO** and **LUCY BROWN** at 55 Mercer Street Gallery (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **STEVE HODGES** at First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6); **JANE KAUFMAN** at Alessandra, 489 Broome St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **VERNITA NEMEC** and **CAROL PECK** at SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **PATSY NORVELL** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **ALICE PLUSCH** and **JANE TUNICK** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **BILL RODWELL** and **SUE SENCER** at Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5).

OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Lee—A nine-foot lion and a block-long snake are among the figures being shown by this artist, who turns out such creatures for theatrical performances and community festivals. Through Jan. 14. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Ruckus Manhattan—A huge and very funny three-dimensional caricature of Lower Manhattan and some of its high rises and lowlifes, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, which can be climbed on, walked through, and touched. Through Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.). . . **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.). . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Works in a variety of mediums by members of this artists' coöperative. Through Dec. 28. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Judy Tomkins—Photography's abstractionist and expressionist capacities are authoritatively yoked in this exhibition of eighteen photographs of hands; with one exception, each picture combines extreme compositional formalism with utter naturalism of content. Hands shelling peas, brushing hair, caressing a foot, grooming a horse's flank, gripping a garbage can, soaping a torso, playing in the sand, and fingering a "7 Cents Off" coupon at the supermarket are among the manual activities depicted in the series, whose starting point may have been Stieglitz's famous pictures of Georgia O'Keeffe's hands, from which one could extrapolate her face, body, and character. The picture that sticks out—an arresting Man Rayish composition of two arms at right angles to each other, one of which is holding up a film spool—does so because it looks posed; it underscores the achievement of the other, sometimes even more stylized, pictures, with their appearance of having been honestly *taken* (to use John Szarkowski's good distinction) rather than falsely *made*. Another outstanding work—this one because of its originality and mystery—shows the hands of a workman resting on a ledge; a work hook dangles from one hand, and an oak-leaf-like shadow appears below the other, etched against a white wall—or is it a shadow? or is it a wall? These and other questions about what is real and what is an illusion give the picture the quality of one of those rare works of photography that define the medium as they stretch its limits. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—This German-born Jesuit priest, who spent fifty years on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations in South Dakota, working as a pastor, teacher, authority on the Lakota language, and collector of artifacts and botanical specimens, began taking pictures of the Indians in 1922 in the methodical, record-keeping spirit of his other pursuits. His photographs (twelve thousand negatives of which have been preserved) are now being subjected to the kind of art-seeking scrutiny that unselfconscious work has been lately undergoing. From the forty-one of Buechel's images on view here, one gathers that he was a good instinctive photographer, who took care over his compositions and got his subjects to look him unsmilingly straight in the face, with the result that his photographs are something more than snapshots, though hardly works of art. A sense of the sadness, barrenness, solitude, and stasis of reservation life comes out of these pictures of grave men, women, and children, dressed in Depression, rather than native, costumes, and of wood houses and churches and flat landscapes, and it almost justifies the hanging of these artless pictures in an art museum. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Dec. 18, from 11 to 9.)

Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.—"Themes in Nature" is a choice and varied show of landscapes and plant studies by, among others, Eugène Atget, Edward Weston, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Arnold Genthe, Cecil Beaton, Ansel Adams, Berenice Abbott, and William Garnett. It is also a model of how photography shows should be mounted: the pictures correctly matted and framed, and properly spaced on the wall, and each accompanied by a label (in startling contrast to the dog-eared list that other galleries grudgingly loan out) giving the photographer's name, the picture's title, its date (if this is known), particulars about the print (if it is a vintage or a contemporary print, or a gravure, etc.), and the price of the print. Through Saturday, Dec. 27.

Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.—An exhibition of photographs of artists, including Brassaï's well-known portraits of Giacometti, Picasso, Léger, Rouault, and Maillol; Man Ray's 1936 portrait of Yves Tanguy with his hair standing on end, and his 1923 portrait of Matisse looking like Freud's double; Albert E. Gallatin's 1933 studies of Picasso looking trapped in a tight business suit; and, best of all, Alexander Liberman's portraits of, among others, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, Marcel Duchamp, and Jasper Johns. Like Arnold Newman, Liberman connects the artist to his art through background objects, lighting, and pose, but where Newman's arrangements often seem contrived and based on a superficial understanding of his subjects' work, Liberman's have the authority of art criticism and the inevitability of metaphor. His portrait of Mark Rothko, showing the artist lighting a cigarette in his darkened studio, the match flame illuminating the elegant melancholy of his face, is a particularly memorable example of Liberman's expressive indirection. Through Jan. 3.

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Lewis Baltz**—*An exhibition of photographs of*** industrial structures, interiors, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 420 West Broadway.)

Bernhard and Hilla Becher—About eighty pictures of industrial plants in Pennsylvania coalfields. Through Jan. 22. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Dec. 18, from 11 to 9.)

Cornell Capa—Documentary photographs of the people of Honduras and El Salvador by the director of the International Center of Photography. Through Dec. 30. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Roger Fenton (1819-69)—Photographs from the Crimean War. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave. at 69th St.)

Gary Hallman / Joe Deal—Outsize black-and-white prints of, for example, ice cream melting, lettuce compressed under glass, hands holding ice; also a group of pictures made from scratched negatives. / Photographs of back yards taken from elevated points. Through Jan. 10. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Louis Lanzano—Street photographs taken blind with a wide-angle camera strapped to his wrist. Through Jan. 9. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Monroe / Darryl Jones—Dye-transfers; one thousand toned prints (all variants using the same negative); and other manipulated prints. / Three-dimensional images printed on nonsoluble gelatin (also known as the carbo process because the image is made of powdered carbon). Through Jan. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Barbara Jo Revelle and Richard Edelman—Composite prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Jan. 4. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, including Christmas, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Max Waldman—Photographs of theatrical performers, dancers, and nudes. Through Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period. . . . ¶ Color photo-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Jan. 11. (Open Sundays.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: A show called "Women of Photography." Cameron, Käsebier, Johnston, Modotti, Jacobi, Lange, Morgan, Ulmann, Cunningham, and Arbus are some of the biggest guns, and there is also work by lesser-known nineteenth-century and contemporary practitioners—fifty in all, each represented by five prints. Through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays.)... **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit tracing sixty years of fashion photography, with examples by Edward Steichen, Cecil Beaton, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Through Jan. 8.... **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Jan. 10. (Open Thursday evenings, except Christmas, until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23....¶ A private collection of Japanese paintings, ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens, and other art objects. Through Jan. 4....¶ Another private collection: classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23....¶ Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4....¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4....¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4....¶ "Printsequence," an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18....¶ A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics. Through Jan. 11....¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations; see above, under "Photography." Through Feb. 8....¶ Photographs of Pennsylvania coal-screening plants by Bernhard and Hilla Becher. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Dec. 18, from 11 to 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Starts Friday, Dec. 19. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. ...¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove. Through Jan. 18. A complementary show is at Terry Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St....¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Films, photographs, videotapes, and other works that combine autobiography and self-portraiture by Eleanor Antin, Lucas Samaras, Joseph Beuys, and others. Through Jan. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas and Friday, Dec. 26, from 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22....¶ A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall devoted to the mollusk surveys both its biology and its uses—practical and decorative—by human cultures throughout history. One example on view: a Henry Moore sculpture of a woman wearing a skirt made from a cast of an oyster shell. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Closed Christmas and Friday, Dec. 26.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, including Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne....¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 24, at noon.)

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MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary). Through Jan. 4....¶ William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4....¶ Two hundred steam-powered toys, preponderantly from the late nineteenth century, about a dozen of which are in operation. Through March 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-second annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Genre paintings and folk art detailing daily life in nineteenth-century America....¶ A scale model of an eighteenth-century New York City mansion, complete with furnishings and inhabitants. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 9 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Colored-pencil drawings by Cleveland Bellow. Through Feb. 1....¶ Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. Through Feb. 15....¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesday, Dec. 17, from 10 to 9; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, from 10 to 6; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 20-21, from 1 to 6; Tuesday, Dec. 23, from 10 to 6; Saturday, Dec. 27, from 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK: Lyndon Woodside directing, with Carmen Balthrop, soprano; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)... **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**: David Randolph directing the last two in a series of performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Ann Yervanian, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 6:30.)... **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL**: With Allen Sever, organ. Durward McDonell, tenor, and Ronald Corrado, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

NOTE—On Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3, Paul Lavalle will conduct a program of music performed by an ensemble of more than three hundred tubas assembled by that Pied Piper of tubaland Harvey Phillips. (See our issue of Dec. 15.) More than three hundred tubas are something to hear, and they can be heard in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Henry Lewis....¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and José van Dam; Henry Lewis....¶ Friday evening, Dec. 19: A new production of Puccini's "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling....

¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 20: "Cosi Fan Tutte," with Clarice Carson, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 22: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 23: "Cosi Fan Tutte," with Clarice Carson, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 24: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, William Lewis, and Jose van Dam; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Dec. 25: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 26: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 27: "Hansel and Gretel," with Christine Weidinger, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and William Walker; Franz Allers. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 27: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Thursday, Dec. 25, at 5.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—William Steinberg conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Tuesday, Dec. 30.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8, a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8; and Friday, Dec. 19, at 8, a varied program.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a program of the church music of Giovanni Battista Sammartini, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Bonnie Forgacs and Joanna Simon, altos; Robert White, tenor; Andrew Foldi, bass; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Ensemble of New York—Efrain Guigui conducting, with Max Lifchitz conducting one of his own works. With Donald Palma, double bass; Robert Helps, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Lynn Harrell, cello; Hamao Fujiwara and Eugene Drucker, violins; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Arthur Weisberg, bassoon. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Performing the cycle of Bach's Brandenburg concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with Elizabeth Hodes and Jane Margulies, sopranos, and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-3002.)

Wells College Choir—Crawford R. Thoburn directing. (Church of the Incarnation, Madison Ave. at 35th St. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8, the third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2, both with Michael Tree, viola.)

Lenox Quartet—The last two in a series of Mozart-Brahms concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 18, and Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of five programs, this one with Janet Steele and Joan Logue, sopranos, and Daniel Shulman directing members of the Light Fantastic Players. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the second of two all-Bach recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Playing Handel's "Water Music." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a recital of Beethoven sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Richard Morris and Martin Berinbaum—Organ and trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Peter Serkin, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Paula Robison, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30.)

Harvey Phillips—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 21: Jets vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Dec. 23. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. After Tuesday, Dec. 23, there will be no racing until Friday, Jan. 2. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 20; the Nashua, Monday, Dec. 22; and the Display Handicap, Tuesday, Dec. 23. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, except Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 23-25, when there will be no racing; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championships—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 21. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2: English and Continental ceramics, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Modern prints, from several owners. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 17, from 10 to 5.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—Sunday, Dec. 21, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

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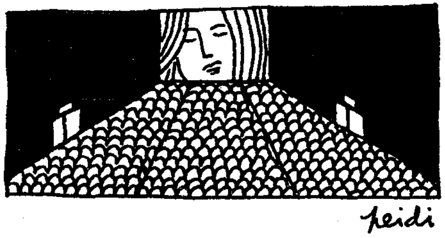

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21	22	23	24	25		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 24: "Five Easy Pieces" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From Dec. 25: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 17: "The Merry Widow" and "The Great Waltz."
Dec. 18-24: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 25: "The Guardsman" and "Grand Hotel."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 24: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."
From Dec. 25: "Jaws."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 23: "Alice's Restaurant" and "Zachariah."
From Dec. 24: A program of Charlie Chaplin films.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 24: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Dec. 25: "Jaws."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 24: "Swept Away."
From Dec. 25: "The Hindenburg."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 18: "Mahogany" and "Once Is Not Enough."
From Dec. 19: "Treasure Island" and "Pinocchio."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Killer Elite."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 24: "The Human Factor."
From Dec. 25: "Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Dec. 17: "Exhibition" (X-rated).
From Dec. 18: "The Story of O" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Dec. 17: "The Story of O" (X-rated).
From Dec. 18: "Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Dec. 23: "The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).
From Dec. 24: "Erotic Dreams" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 18: "Rancho Deluxe."
From Dec. 19: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Dec. 21: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From Dec. 22: "The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 18: "Swept Away."
From Dec. 19: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 24: "Hearts of the West."
From Dec. 25: "The Black Bird."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 24: "The Other Side of the Mountain."
From Dec. 25: "The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Special Section."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 20: "The Hiding Place."
From Dec. 21: "Distance."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 24: "French Connection II."
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 23: "A Man and a Woman."
From Dec. 24: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 18: "Crazy Mama" and "Big Bad Mama."
Dec. 19-24: "Seven Alone."
From Dec. 25: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 24: "Mahogany."
From Dec. 25: "The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 24: "Three Days of the Condor."
From Dec. 25: "Hustle."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Killer Elite."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 24: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Sisters."
From Dec. 25: "Aaron Loves Angela."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 18: "French Connection II" and "Take a Hard Ride."
From Dec. 19: "Treasure Island" and "Pinocchio."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 17: "Mississippi Mermaid" and "The Wild Child."
Dec. 18: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "The Lovers."
Dec. 19: "Five Easy Pieces" and "The Last Detail."
Dec. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Wild One."
Dec. 21: "Children of Paradise."
Dec. 22: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and "Utamaro and His Five Women."
Dec. 23: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" and "The Awful Truth."
Dec. 24: "Bed and Board" and "Two English Girls."
Dec. 25: "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Pygmalion."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 18: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."
From Dec. 19: "Three Days of the Condor."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Dec. 18: "Greaser's Palace" and "Trash."
From Dec. 19: "Nashville."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Killer Elite."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 23 *at one or another of the theatres*: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Twelve Chairs" / "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Sisters" / Two X-rated films. . . . ¶ Through Dec. 18: "Where's Papa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope." . . . ¶ From Dec. 19: "Swept Away."
From Dec. 24: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 17: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood."
Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
Dec. 19: "Monterey Pop" and "The Trip."
Dec. 20: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "M*A*S*H."
Dec. 21: "Touch of Evil" and "The Third Man."
Dec. 22: "Lenny" and "Busting."
Dec. 23: "The Clowns" and "8½."
Dec. 24: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming."
Dec. 25: "Romeo and Juliet" and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 18: "Mr. Quilp."
From Dec. 19: "The Adventures of a Wilderness Family."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Dec. 17: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 18: "Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
Dec. 19-24: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."
From Dec. 25: "Jaws."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 17: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" and "Une Femme Douce."
Dec. 18: "Casque d'Or" and "Port of Shadows."
Dec. 19: "Breathless" and "Shoot the Piano Player."
Dec. 20: "Black Orpheus" and "Carmen Jones."
Dec. 21: "Lost Horizon" and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."
Dec. 22: "Viva Zapata!" and "Julius Caesar."
Dec. 23: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Winter Light."
Dec. 24: "Becky Sharp" and "Madame Bovary."
Dec. 25: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Beauty and the Devil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 23: "Where There's Smoke."
From Dec. 24: "I Am a Dancer."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 18: "Stormy Weather" and "The Gang's All Here."
From Dec. 19: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 18: "The Romantic Englishwoman."
From Dec. 19: "Swept Away."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: "Crazy Mama" and "Big Bad Mama." From Dec. 19: "Treasure Island" and "Pinocchio."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 23: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Sisters." From Dec. 24: "The Adventures of a Wilderness Family."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Dec. 17: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."
Dec. 18-24: "Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler."
From Dec. 25: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Rancho Deluxe."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 23: "Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope."
From Dec. 24: "The Adventures of a Wilderness Family."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 18 at 2: "Worst Woman in Paris?" (1933), directed by Monta Bell, with Adolphe Menjou and Benita Hume. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5:30: "The Third" (1972), in German,

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[illegible] writing for Gourmet Magazine:

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Bruce Galphin, Washington Post:

"Gallo Hearty Burgundy would grace anyone's table."

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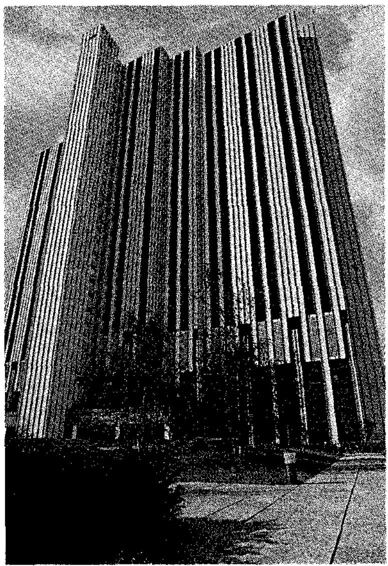

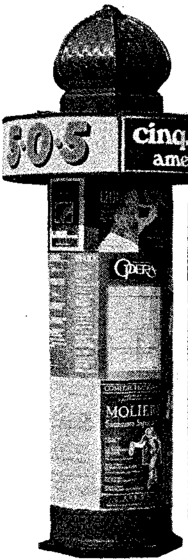
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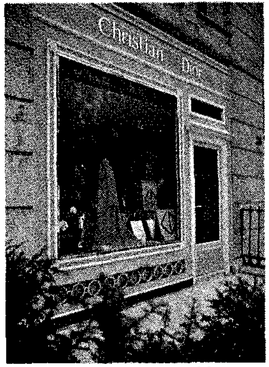
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directed by Egon Günther; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Do You Know Urban?" (1971), in German, directed by Ingrid Reschke; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: "Farewell" (1968), in German, directed by Egon Günther; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 5:30: "Worst Woman in Paris?". . . ¶ Dec. 20 at noon: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 3: "The Third." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 5:30: "My Dear Robinson" (1972), in German, directed by Roland Graf; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at noon: A lecture by Gene London on Walt Disney, illustrated by several Disney shorts. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 3: "The Devil's Elixir" (1973), in German, directed by Ralf Kirsten; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 5:30: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda, with Zbigniew Cybulski; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2: "The Legend of Paul and Paula" (1973), in German, directed by Heiner Carow; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: A program of films by Louis Hock. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2: "My Dear Robinson." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Woman to Woman," directed by Donna Deitch; and "Being a Prisoner," directed by Suzanne Jasper. Showings at noon (except Tuesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Richter, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Méliès, Nelson, Mekas, Ozu, Smith, Kirsanov, Vertov, Sonbert, and others. Showings Dec. 17 at 6 and 8; Dec. 18-19 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 20 at 2:30, 6, and 8; Dec. 21 at 8; Dec. 23 at 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 24 at 6, 7:30, and 10; and Dec. 25 at 6 and 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 18-21 at 8: "City Pasture," directed by Rudy Burckhardt, and five other short films.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Aaron Loves Angela—With Moses Gunn, Kevin Hooks, and Robert Hooks; directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 25.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—With Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn, and Marty Feldman. Written and directed by Mr. Wilder. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of a Wilderness Family (1972)—The wilderness is the Yukon. With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild; starting Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St., and Olympia; starting Dec. 24.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 23.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 23.)

Barry Lyndon—With Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Baronet, and Ziegfeld; starting Dec. 18.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust (Gérard Philipe). There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Becky Sharp (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

Big Bad Mama (1974)—With Angie Dickinson and William Shatner, directed by Steve Carver. (U. A. East, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 18.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most interesting and least cloying of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

The Black Bird—With George Segal and Stéphane Audran, directed by David Giler. (Columbia I, and Columbia II; starting Dec. 25.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, including Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency; starting Dec. 19.)

Busting (1974)—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (Elgin; Dec. 22.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Otto Preminger directing an all-black fantasy version of "Carmen," with Dorothy Dandridge as the heroine, converted into a girl working in a cigarette factory in Jacksonville, and Harry Belafonte as a guy called Joe, off to flying school to train as a pilot. The cast also includes Pearl Bailey and Olga James. The picture is not much musically (Bizet turned into jive), and the fantasy world that Preminger created of black America looks a clumsy evasion now. Oscar Hammerstein II wrote the book and lyrics, handicapped by the notion that blacks can speak really quite fair English until the moment when they break into song, when he sees their syntax and pronunciation as collapsing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 20.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Art; through Dec. 24.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 21.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 23.)

Crazy Mama—With Cloris Leachman and Stuart Whitman, directed by Jonathan Demme. (U. A. East, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 18.)

Distance—With Paul Benjamin, directed by Anthony Lover. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 21.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/75.) (Cinema I; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Art, U. A. East, and Symphony; starting Dec. 25.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 23.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Precarious filming, at Covent Garden, of "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty," along with a totally triumphant "Le Corsaire," preserving the Fonteyn-Nureyev partnership at its peak. (Elgin; Dec. 25.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Playboy; Dec. 19-24.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a character pledged to escape. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Art; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 19.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Dec. 24.)

The Gambler (1974)—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. Although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (Symphony; Dec. 18-24.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Regency; through Dec. 18.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 25.)

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Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 18.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer, as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus, as the other woman, are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 17.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the husband (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play that Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 25.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Dec. 23.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Columbia 1; through Dec. 24.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hiding Place—With Julie Harris, Eileen Heckart, and Arthur O'Connell; directed by James F. Collier. (68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 20.)

The Hindenburg—With George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft, directed by Robert Wise. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum; starting Dec. 25.)

The Human Factor—With George Kennedy, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 24.)

Hustle—With Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 25.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 24.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Elgin; Dec. 24.)

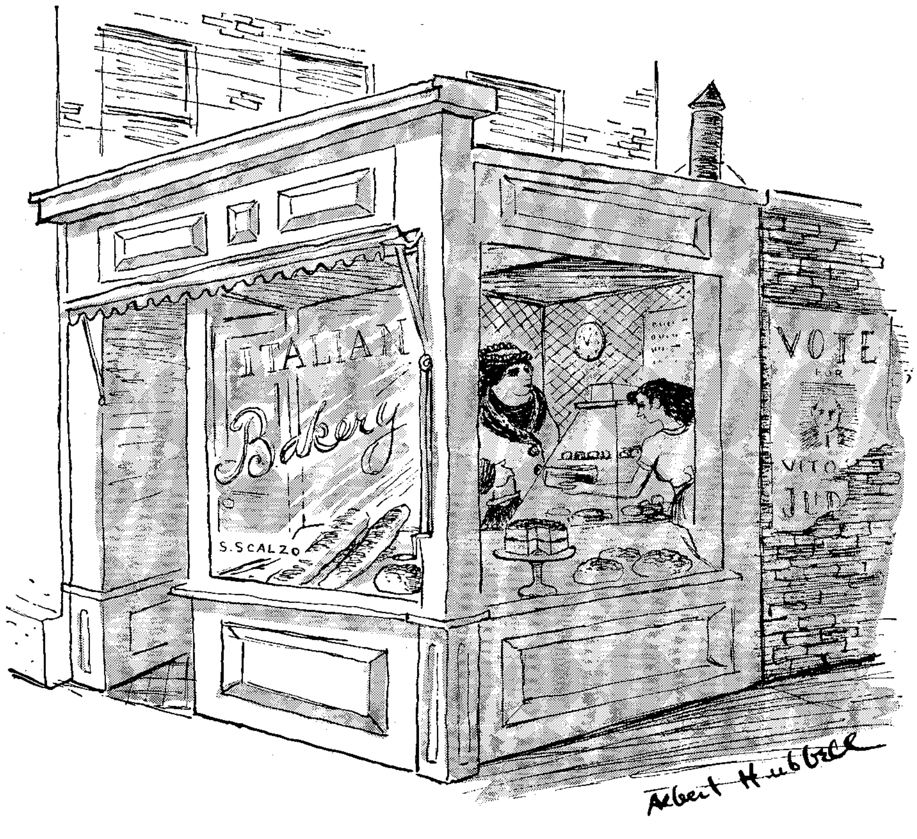
Jaws—Don't bite. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; starting Dec. 25.)

Juggernaut (1974)—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Symphony; Dec. 17.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Killer Elite—With James Caan and Robert Duvall, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Greenwich.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peas-



ant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the camera will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 19.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Elgin; Dec. 22.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta. In German. (Cinema II; starting Dec. 19.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Gramercy; through Dec. 24.)

Lucky Lady—With Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds, directed by Stanley Donen. (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 25.)

The Lovers (1950)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Madame Bovary (1934)—The real Emma Bovary—Flaubert's Emma Bovary—has usually been a role for screen beauties: Lila Lee in 1932, Pola Negri in 1937, and Jennifer Jones in 1949—but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours. Early viewers who saw the full version pronounced it a masterpiece; what's left is more like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness;

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she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. The film was a commercial flop; it lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (34th St. East; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 24.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Juliet 2; through Dec. 23.)

The Man Who Would Be King—Based on the Rudyard Kipling story. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; directed by John Huston. (Coronet.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Elgin; Dec. 20.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehár music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 17.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 23).

Mr. Quilp—A musical version of Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop." With Anthony Newley, who also did the music and lyrics. Directed by Michael Tuchner. (Guild; through Dec. 18.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Elgin; Dec. 19.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 23.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Waverly; through Dec. 18.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Waverly; through Dec. 18.)

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Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 19.)

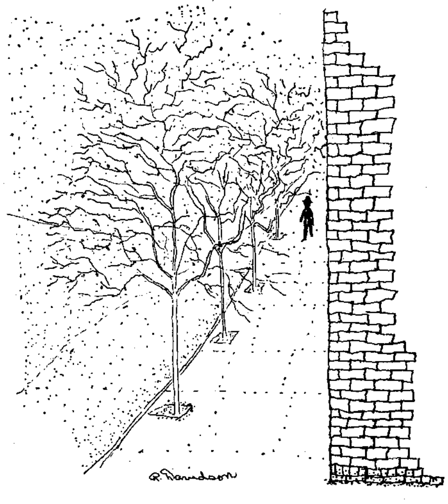
Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naive that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. The picture lacks the nerve to be crudely flamboyant, and so it isn't the great trash it should have been, but it has its moments, such as George Hamilton, as a celebrated stud, luring a virgin named January Wayne (Deborah Raffin) into his lecher's pad, which is equipped with red couches, blazing fires, and a Sinatra record at the ready. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (34th St. East; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Symphony; Dec. 18-24.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton and Paramount.)

The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia II; through Dec. 24.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 19.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Marcel Carné's film, written by Jacques Prévert, with Jean Gabin as a hero cornered by society. Infinitely less good than the two collaborations with Prévert that followed ("Daybreak" and "Children of Paradise"). The film greatly attracted foreign audiences of the time by its then unfamiliar and rather glamorous Gallic pessimism, and the gloriously beautiful young Michèle Morgan in a trenchcoat didn't hurt, either. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)



Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century; a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Dec. 23.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Thalia. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 18.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 24.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. The director, Joseph Losey, persuaded Tom Stoppard to do the rewrite on Thomas Wiseman's adaptation of his own novel, and Stoppard has given the dialogue a few Noël Cowardish bitch-nifties, but not enough to keep the viewer's blood coursing. It's a mystification melodrama with leftish overtones; the title is ironic—the film's oblique message is that the bourgeois wife consumes everything, even her lover. (12/8/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 18.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Elgin; Dec. 25.)

Russian Roulette—No click. With George Segal, directed by Lou Lombardo. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Playboy; Dec. 19-24.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer, in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Elgin; Dec. 24.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him,

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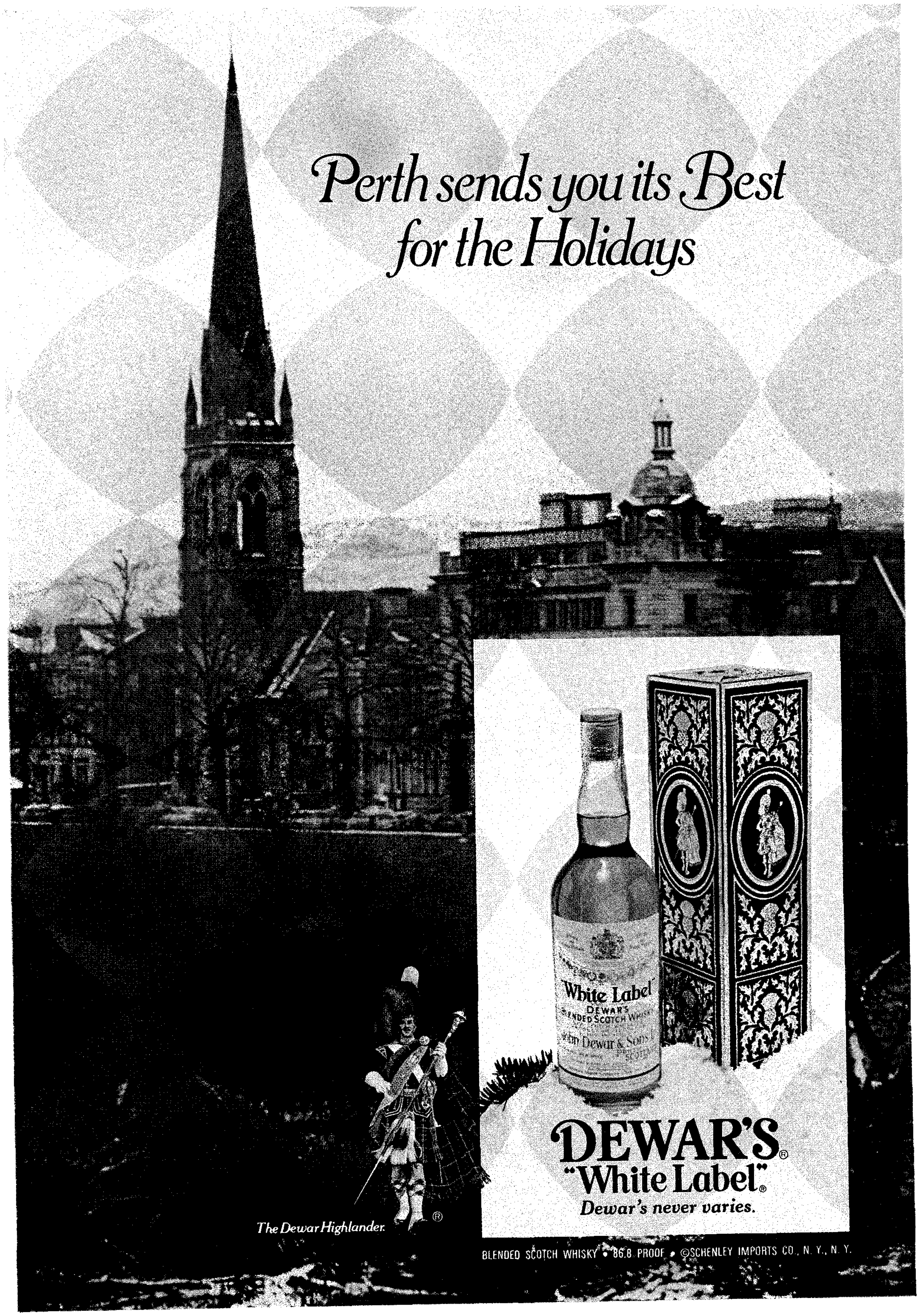
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Gramercy; through Dec. 24.)

SEVEN ALONE—With Dewey Martin, Aldo Ray, and Stewart Petersen; directed by Earl Bellamy. (U. A. East; Dec. 19-24.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

SISTERS (1973)—An erratically witty horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin; the audience gets scared enough to scream. With Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 24.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; Dec. 20.)

SPECIAL SECTION—Costa-Gavras's melodrama, set in Vichy France, raises the question of why highly placed Cabinet Ministers, judges, and prosecutors, who were in no immediate danger themselves, carried out measures that flagrantly violated the system of justice they had been trained to uphold. But the casting and the writing are so prejudicial that this purpose is undercut: the collaborators are cartoon figures—vain, ambitious weaklings, easily soft-soaped. Their victims, however, shine with humanity. The film lacks temperament; it seems lifelessly worthy. In French. (12/15/75) (Beekman.)

STORMY WEATHER (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, and the great Nicholas Brothers. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. (Regency; through Dec. 18.)

THE STORY OF ADÈLE H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I; starting Dec. 22.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 20.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

SWEPT AWAY—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly

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funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 19.)

TAKE A HARD RIDE—With James Brown and Lee Van Cleef, directed by Anthony M. Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 18.)

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE (1974)—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (Symphony; Dec. 17.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Elgin; Dec. 21.)

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Dec. 19.)

THRONE OF BLOOD (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 17.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

TOUCH OF EVIL (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; Dec. 21.)

TRASH (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 18.)

TREASURE ISLAND (1950)—In this version, Robert Newton is a sly, domineering Long John, hobbling about on his crutch and plotting his evil course, always on the alert for trouble, and the tip of his tongue insolently sticking out of one corner of his mouth. Byron Haskin directed, in color, for Disney Productions; Bobby Driscoll plays the boy, Jim Hawkins, and Basil Sidney is Captain Smollett. It's a fairly straightforward, rip-roaring version, calculated to scare children entertainingly (a pirate chases Jim) and to keep them from getting restless. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 19.)

THE TRIP (1967)—Roger Corman takes his hero, Peter Fonda (playing a TV-commercials director who lives in Los Angeles), on an extended LSD trip, during which he is reborn. Fonda's hallucinations provide Corman with opportunities to imitate a great many styles of film, and to introduce what appear to be bits of his own earlier horror movies. With Dennis Hopper, Susan Strasberg, and Bruce Dern. (Elgin; Dec. 19.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 23.)

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

UTAMARO AND HIS FIVE WOMEN (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

VIVA ZAPATA! (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Dec. 23.)

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE—With Annie Girardot, Mireille Darc, Bernard Fresson, and Michel Bouquet; directed by André Cayatte. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 23.)

THE WILD CHILD (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 17.)

THE WILD ONE (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 20.)

WINTER LIGHT (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

YOJIMBO (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 17.)

ZACHARIAH (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 23.)

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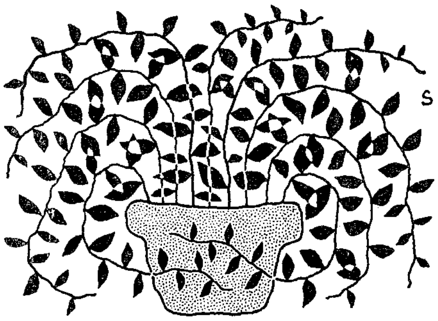
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME days ago, Hannah Arendt died, at the age of sixty-nine. We felt a tremor, as if some counterweight to all the world's unreason and corruption had been removed. She was a political philosopher, a historian, a teacher. She was also a moral and intellectual force that went beyond category. Her influence on intellectuals, artists, and political people around the world was profound, and through them she touched the lives of millions of people who had never heard of her. She was born and educated in Germany, which she left in 1933; in 1941, she and her husband, the historian Heinrich Bluecher, escaped from Occupied France and came to America, where they settled in New York. Soon she embarked on a teaching career—Princeton, Columbia, the University of Chicago, the New School—and soon, too, she began to write her monumental "The Origins of Totalitarianism." In this inquiry, the range of her thought, her gravity of purpose, her prodigious learning, and her singular moral imagination unmistakably revealed themselves. She then wrote "The Human Condition"—perhaps her masterwork, which at the time of its publication was described by her friend Mary McCarthy as being "about man's active life as a member of his species in its habitat, the earth," and as having the "faculty of surprising, then awakening suspense, and finally coming to appear clear as daylight to the initially puzzled reader." Hannah Arendt later wrote on violence, civil disobedience, the French and American Revolutions, the trial of Adolf Eichmann, and much else—again and again disclosing insights and concepts that were to alter the intellectual and cultural life of our time. As the years passed, it became plain that she was one of those thinkers, rare in all history, who are empowered to inch human thought forward—who can add something to man's knowledge and understanding of himself, who can push back the boundaries of where the mind can go. Her ideas, as original as they were, had about them the normality and the inevitability of truths that had been waiting somewhere to be found. She once wrote, "Even in the darkest of times we have the right to expect illumination." And in these dark times she herself has been a steady source of light.

Hannah Arendt's awesome mind set her apart from most people, yet she managed to remain in the human family. In her tender attachment to her husband (who died a few years ago), in the warmth and vigor she brought to her friendships, in her spirited relations with her students, in her devotion to what she regarded as the obligations of a citizen, in her ardent response to music and books, and in her respectful attention to the details of everyday living, she was intensely human. She abhorred moral or mental slackness in others, and she made immoderate demands on herself. Her rectitude was extreme. She wasted none of her energy and none of her time on the pursuit of notice or honors or material reward. She reserved her heroic gifts and her strength for her work, her marriage, her students, her friends. She was an electrifying teacher. Whether in the classroom, in her writings, or in ordinary conversation—if anything that she was a part of could be called ordinary—she was constantly teaching. People naturally turned to her for answers to their questions. How many times one wanted to ask her "What does this mean?" or "What should we do?" She was seldom uncertain in her judgments; she knew what she thought and where she stood. Alongside Hannah Arendt, even serious people were likely to look frivolous, but when she talked with her husband and her close friends she could be buoyant, tonic, at times almost frolicsome. Her conversational style, like her writing style, was deeply ironic and abounded in wit. Throughout her life, she revered the philosopher Karl Jaspers, her own teacher at the University of Heidelberg. She also revered the poets of the world, as though she did not know—is it possible she did not know?—that cerebration itself, when it was hers, became poetry. Late every Thursday afternoon, over a period of years, she and two of her friends met in her modest apartment on Riverside Drive to read Plato and other Greek classics together. She was in her element with Plato, just as he would have been in his element with her. The last writing she completed was a book on thinking. Without a doubt, that was one of her subjects. She, as much as anyone who has ever lived, knew utterly and joyfully what it is to think.



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Detour

A TRAVELLER stopping on a Sunday morning in the Canadian city of Calgary, in the Province of Alberta, will find the shops closed, the streets deserted, and a mood of prairie lonesomeness in the air. Calgary, which is celebrating its centennial this year, is an oil town, and a booming one, but on Sunday morning it is as sleepy and empty as any North American city. Downtown is a cluster of skyscrapers, some finished and some under construction, and the cranes atop the ones under construction stand idle. On the streets below—which are numbered and rectilinear, as in New York—one can look for half a mile before one sees a car in motion or a person on the sidewalk. The person is usually solitary, and is sometimes wearing a

Stetson. Aside from the churches, the Greyhound-bus station, and the railroad station, only one group of establishments seems open. A couple of these establishments are, in fact, bustling, and one of them has a crowd of people filling a flight of stairs and spilling onto the sidewalk as they wait to get in. It is the Silver Dragon, one of several restaurants in Calgary's Chinatown, and it offers the most persuasive evidence to be found in this city of the international, interracial, near-irresistible appeal of Sunday *dim-sum* brunches.

Dim sum are a kind of food that no New Yorker should need to have explained. The *bao* has become a recognized alternative to the hot dog on street-corner carts, and there is a *dim-sum* hall on the Bowery that is the object of almost religious pilgrimages by SoHo residents. In Calgary, the *dim sum* fit the familiar patterns, with a few local variations. There are spareribs broiled in garlic sauce; small bundles of chicken, baby corn, and beef; folio-size leaves stuffed with rice, chicken, sausage, and pork; sweet deep-fried shrimp croquettes; steamed shrimp dumplings sprinkled with fresh green peas; and a *bao*, filled with pork and vegetables, that differs from its New York counterpart in having a sweet brown glaze. Each of these items was sampled by us one recent Sunday in a competitor of the Silver Dragon, a restaurant called the W. K., and they were excellent. In fact, they were so good that if enough people tasted them a coast-to-coast movement would start to have Calgary taken out of the limbo it's in and placed on all the transcontinental rail, bus, and air routes. Along with other *dim sum*, they had been brought around to the tables in little dishes on carts; with a nod or a pointing finger, an eater could have the dish he wanted picked up fastidiously with a pair of tongs and placed before him. The number and size of the empty dishes at the end determined the bill, and the bill, as one would expect in a Chinese restaurant, was eminently reasonable.

The W. K. occupies two modest-sized rooms. The most striking element in its ambience is a continuous bath of AM radio, piped in through an overhead speaker: one instant, the customers are tooling down the highway with Merle Haggard; the next, a fundamentalist preacher is pleading with them to let Jesus into their hearts. Though all this is distracting, it doesn't hurt business, and the W. K.'s waiting line is shorter than the Silver Dragon's only in proportion to the W. K.'s smaller size. The Silver Dragon has a spacious dining room, quiet and dignified, with a fair amount of ornate Chinese woodwork. It accepts several credit cards, including Master Charge. Both restaurants, in addition to *dim sum*, offer menus that would take weeks to explore.

The manager of the Silver Dragon—who is a son-in-law of the owner—is a brisk twenty-six-year-old named Chun-man Tsu. Mr. Tsu was born in Shanghai, and came to this continent seven years ago as a student. "There are fifteen thousand people in Calgary's Chinese community," he told us when we visited his restaurant. "The number went up quite a bit recently, because the Canadian government relaxed its rules. For a certain period, anyone who had been here before November, 1972, on any basis—as a student, a tourist, or whatever—was allowed to apply for landed-immigrant status. That period is over now, but, of course, everyone applied for landed-immigrant status. And once people got it, they all tried to bring their relatives. The first Chinese in Calgary had come to build the railroad; there was a system of importing Chinese laborers through Vancouver, and from there they spread through western Canada. The oldest ones here are separated from the youngest by four generations. The ones in between are students, clerks, white-collar workers. Most of them don't live in Chinatown; they live in the new developments. They think of themselves—*we* think of *our*selves—as Chinese-Canadians; that is, as Canadians from China. Calgary has half a million people, so politically we're a small minority that is ignored. We're powerless. This restaurant is nine years old. We began in a second-floor room on Centre Street. After three years, we expanded, so that we had twenty tables and a capacity of a hundred. Now we have a capacity of two hundred and fifty. We opened these quarters almost two years ago. The kitchen staff has fifteen men, with two who specialize in *dim sum*. I'm not sure if we're the busiest Chinese restaurant in Calgary, but we're close to it."

In the throng waiting to be seated at the Silver Dragon was a blond man who was complaining good-naturedly to his wife, by his side, about "these Yankees" who had swarmed north and made the restaurant so hard to crack. He introduced himself as Harry McDonald, a founder of a year-old Calgary electronics firm, and said that he ate brunch at the Silver Dragon every Sunday. His home was a penthouse overlooking downtown Calgary, and in that comfortable setting, with a Scotch in his hand, he talked later about the city. Mr. McDonald had an engaging frankness, which suggested that he knew the rules of the game and wasn't going to miss any of the opportunities they offered. He could also be informative. His comment on Yankees had been well grounded, he said, for Calgary has the biggest American population of any city outside the United States. The estimate is close to seventy thousand—many of them people from Texas, Louisiana, and other oil-producing states, who have set their sights on the oil deposits in the Province of Alberta. Mr. McDonald himself had worked in Toronto before he started his company, and in Boston before that.

"Most of the oil business up here is owned by Americans, and the Canadians don't like it," he said. "That helps my outfit, because we sell instrumentation to the oil companies and we can tell them that they'll be giving business to an Alberta firm. The oil fields in Alberta are still being automated. The old way, you would need a man to go around to each well in a pickup truck and see how much oil the well was pumping, how much gas it was producing, and so on. An oil field has to be monitored right or it will simply stop pumping. With an electronic system, you can have all the information relayed to a central point and adjust the wells automatically. And any labor saved is worth saving. Last year, I couldn't find anyone to move my furniture. Besides the older oil fields, there are the huge deposits of tar sand in northeastern Alberta. They're being developed by a consortium of three big oil companies, under the name Syncrude. In addition, three governments—the Alberta government, the Ontario government, and the federal government—are putting up some of the money to build the first big plant. There already is a plant up there, controlled by Sun Oil, which is producing fifty-five thousand barrels a day, but the new plant will produce twice that. Tar sand is dark, blobby stuff. What you have is a lot of little grains of sand, and around each of them is an envelope of water, and they're all glued together by tar. So what you have to do, essentially, is wash out the sand. You condition the tar sand with water, caustic, and steam, and then pump it into a big tank. The grains settle on the bottom, and on the top is a layer of tar. In the middle is a mixture of sand, tar, and water. Then you pump out the tar. After it's subjected to extreme heat, it breaks up into gasoline, kerosene, and coke. Some people say there's more oil in the tar sand than in Saudi Arabia, and it's certainly the biggest deposit in North America. It's been known about for years—the Indians caulked their canoes with tar sand—but it wasn't until now that the world price of oil, which has gone up to twelve dollars a barrel, made the project worthwhile. The new plant will cost two billion dollars. In general, any oil project should be at least five per cent instrumentation, so in a two-billion-dollar plant there should be one hundred million dollars of business in instrumentation. We hope to get it."

Reduced

THE peppiest bunch of librarians we've ever seen were around the Biltmore the other day in droves, attending the First Annual Library Microform Conference, which was pulling them into the computer age. We examined the wares of, among other outfits, the Princeton Microfilm Corporation of New Jersey ("The Microfilm Technology Primer on Scholarly Journals"), the Inter Documentation Company AG, of Switzerland ("Chinese Periodicals in Microfiche Editions"), and Research Publications, Inc. ("City Directories of the United States—A Complete Collection on Microfilm").

"Isn't this great?" a jolly-looking woman wearing a badge that identified her as being a college librarian said to us near a display of the Fuji Microfiche Reader RFP2, which is portable, weighs four and a half pounds, costs between eighty and a hundred dollars, and comes in what a Fuji brochure describes as a "snappy shoulder bag."

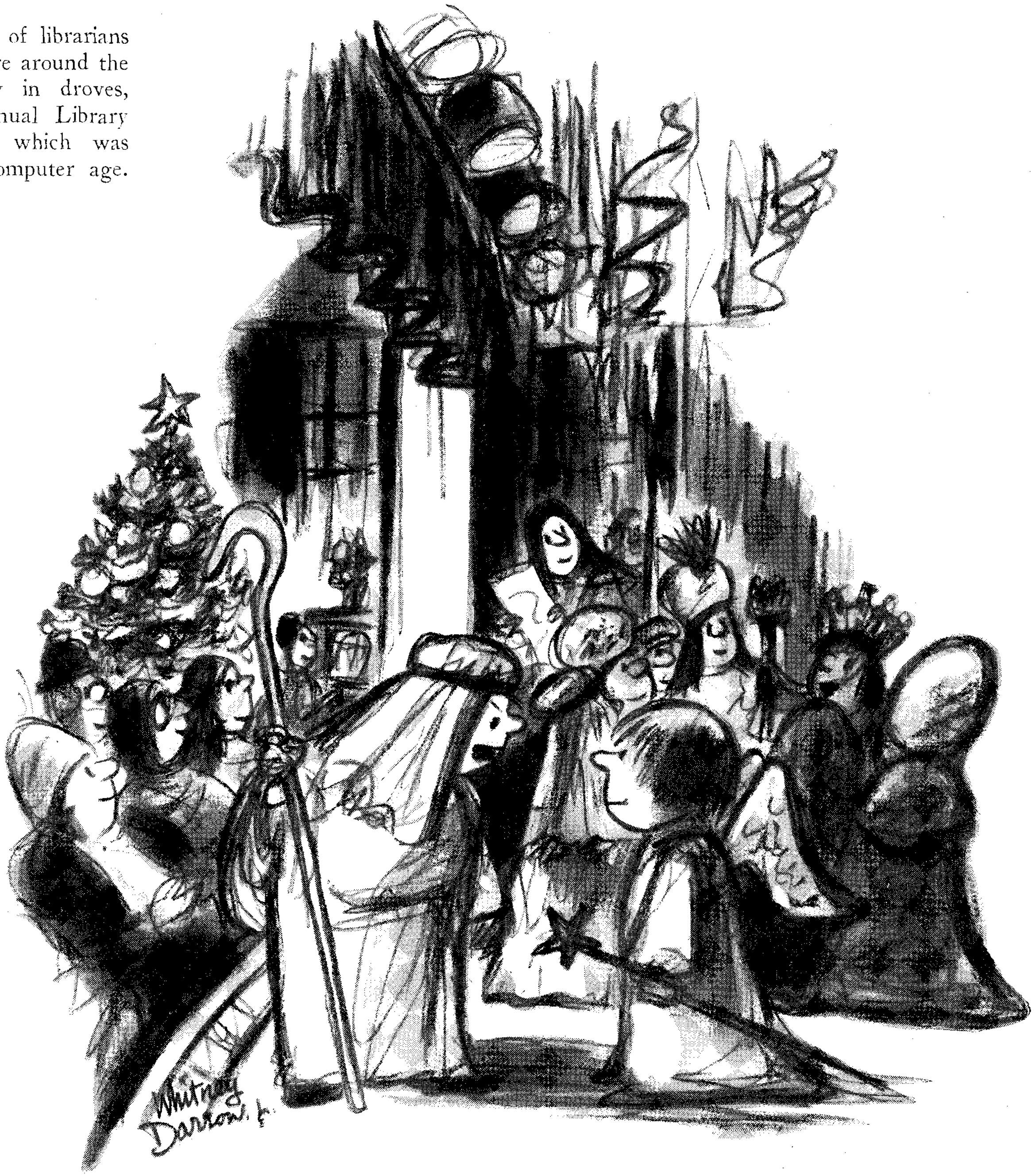
"What's a microfiche?" we asked a young man at the Inter Documentation Company AG exhibit, where the Fuji Reader was on display. His badge identified him as Jan P. Juffermans. He had an Abe Lincoln beard, and he was wearing a green corduroy suit.

" '*Fiche*' is French for 'card,' " he said patiently, in what sounded like a soft Dutch accent. "You know what microfilm is—images on a roll of film. A microfiche is like an index card measuring four inches by six inches and with the images on the card in rows." He handed us a brochure, and we read:

> Do you buy your books by the yard or the pound?
>
> Then
>
> Why buy microfiches by the package?
>
> IDC sells by title—as books are sold. (Microfiches ARE books.)

"We have fifty thousand titles on microfiche—the most titles of anybody," Mr. Juffermans said mildly.

We took a quick look inside one of many catalogues on his counter and found that we could get "Afghanistan. Ministry of Planning. Survey of Progress. 1964-65" for 9.50 Swiss francs. Or "Thailand. National Economic Development Board. Summary of the second five-year plan. (1967-1971)" for only 4.50 Swiss francs. Then a Research Publications man named Paul Ferster gave us one of many sample microfiches he had on hand. On it were seventy-two pages of *Longworth's New-York Directory* of the year 1812. We read the fiche, which had been reduced eighteen times, on a 3M Microfiche Reader Printer, which cost $850 and had a lens that enlarged the pages of the *Directory* to their actual size. It was somehow reassuring to us to find a


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Watch it, Brenner! You're stepping on my lines!"

name and a couple of addresses we knew:

> Astor Jacob J. merchant 69 Pine, h. 223 Broadway

"It's like having the book in your hand, right?" Mr. Ferster said.

We ran into a compactly built man, with a small, quivering mustache, who had on a very neat Glen-plaid suit with a lapel badge identifying him as Carl Spaulding, of the Council on Library Resources, Inc., Washington, D.C. "My Computer Output Microfilm presentation was the best I've ever conducted," he told us. "Nobody, but nobody, drifted off to sleep. Plenty of escape routes were available, but nobody left."

"How are things going otherwise?" we asked.

"Many libraries looked down their noses at microforms for a long time, but they're waking up now," Mr. Spaulding said. "Industry, of course, has been using them in a big way for about five years. When National Cash Register got interested, they brought out the Bible on an ultrafiche. A great promotion stunt. The whole book on a piece of film two inches square. Reduction rate, as you might imagine, was over two hundred to one."

Next, we peeked into an actual booklet, "The Microfilm Technology Primer on Scholarly Journals," which is dedicated "to all overworked librarians, information specialists, and their unrelenting staffs":

> Microforms in the early years met with considerable resistance by the user. He was quick to register reluctance and even disdain for [them], in place of his bound volume. . . . A summary of the primary advantages recognized when microfilm is used in place of the original material whether it be newspapers, periodicals, government documents, reports, catalog files, patents, internal reports or other serial type publications is the following:
>
> 1. Microfilm preserves documents and rare materials. It permits complete sets to be established.
> 2. Copies of originals can be made readily accessible in facsimile form for all information purposes.
> 3. Microfilm conserves space and minimizes storage costs.
> 4. Microfilming is the least expensive process for producing a single copy.
> 5. Distribution of microform copies is simple and far less expensive than mailing the originals.
> 6. Binding costs are minimized.
> 7. Microfilm editions are never out of print.
> 8. Microfilm is a versatile information tool in that it can be used as a basis for printing future microforms and/or making enlargements to original size.

"The fiche has become central," a librarian from Chicago told us. "Did you know that the word has been adopted by specialists? There's one whole data bank of environmental information, and do you know what it's called?"

"En*viro*fiche?" we asked.

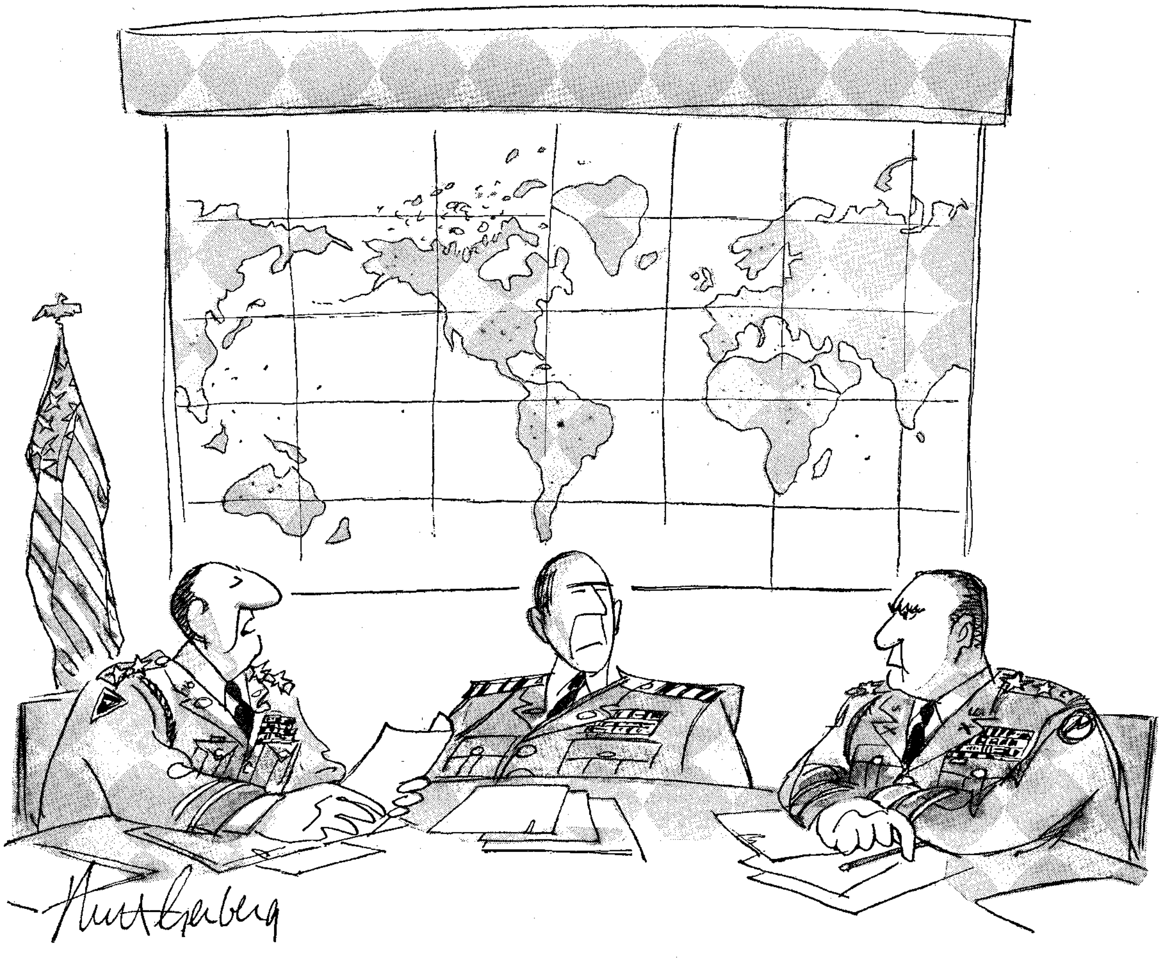
"That's it," said the librarian.

Before going any farther, we chatted with Alan M. Meckler, publisher and owner of the *Microform Review*, who had organized the First Annual Library Microform Conference. A handsome and calm young man wearing a navy-blue suit with white pinstripes, Mr. Meckler was patrolling the exhibits with his young and pretty wife, Ellen, who was equally calm and equally knowledgeable about microforms. Mr. Meckler apologized for wearing pinstripes.

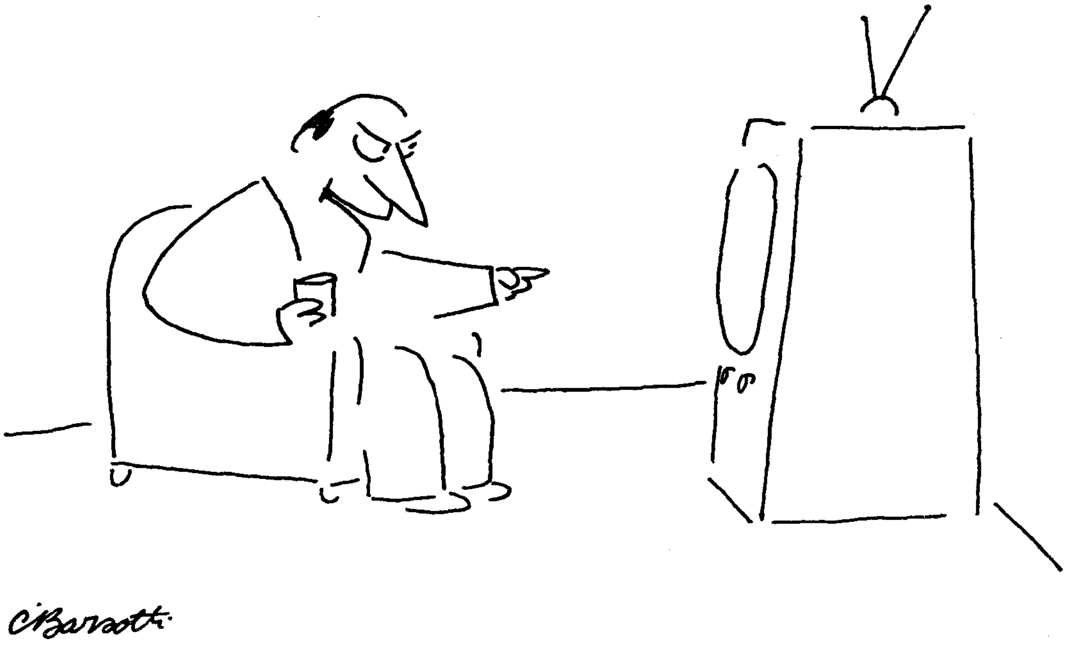
"I had on my bluejeans when the conference began, but all the people who came wouldn't talk to me, so I went out and got this suit," he told us. "I hope it doesn't look pretentious."

"Not a bit," we said. "Now, when did all this start?"

"Not with me," Mr. Meckler said. "I was just reading a history of microforms written by Allen B. Veaner, who is the editor of the *Microform Review* and the assistant director of the Stanford University Libraries. Veaner says that practical microfilming of scholarly materials began well over a hundred years ago. The first microproduction laboratory in the United States, established in 1864 by John H. Morrow, was capable of producing almost one microphotograph a second—a respectable rate even today. And the so-called 'new' microfiche was invented in substantially its current form in 1906 by two archivists, Paul Otlet and Robert Goldschmidt. The concept of micropublishing originated in 1853,



"You majored in English, Brinwell. Write us up a nice little request for higher appropriations."



"Good point!"

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when Sir John F. W. Herschel, the English astronomer, having just learned of microphotography, immediately saw its usefulness in research. In 1938, a man named Eugene Power, a printer in Ann Arbor, saw a need for the microfilming of manuscripts and other research materials available in Europe, and he started a business called University Microfilms, which made it possible for students and others to do research without travelling all over the world. Then Power started microfilming newspapers. Eventually, he sold out to Xerox, and Xerox University Microfilms now offers about ten thousand different serial publications on microfilm."

"And how did *you* get into all this?" we asked.

Mr. Meckler has a very light and soothing voice, and it was easy to listen to him.

"In 1969, I was a doctoral student in American History at Columbia," he said. "The prospect of teaching wasn't making me catch fire. I had been a pitcher on the Columbia baseball team when I was an undergraduate, and I'd have liked to become a professional, but I wasn't good enough. Politics was my next big interest, so I went to work for Robert Kennedy in 1964, doing odd jobs, including considerable research on the draft. Well, I was caught in the draft myself, and after a year in the Air Force I wanted to run for the State Assembly, from Nassau. But I fell in love with Ellen and got married, and Ellen hated politics. So I went into the business of publishing as something that would combine a scholarly pursuit with making a living. I worked for the Greenwood Press, in Westport. An editor there had the idea of taking a chunk of Congressional hearings, from 1869 to 1936, putting them on microfiche, with a printed index, and selling them to libraries. My job was to sell the sets, to be priced at fifteen thousand dollars each, on a pre-publication order for thirteen thousand dollars. By talking to librarians, I found out that they didn't know the basics of microforms, so I decided to start the *Microform Review*. The first issue came out in January, 1972. It's a quarterly, and it goes to two thousand libraries, all over the world. We put out an index at the end of each year. I like to call micropublishing the invisible medium—you can't use microfilm without an index. We're now recognized as the bibliographic center of the micropublishing world."

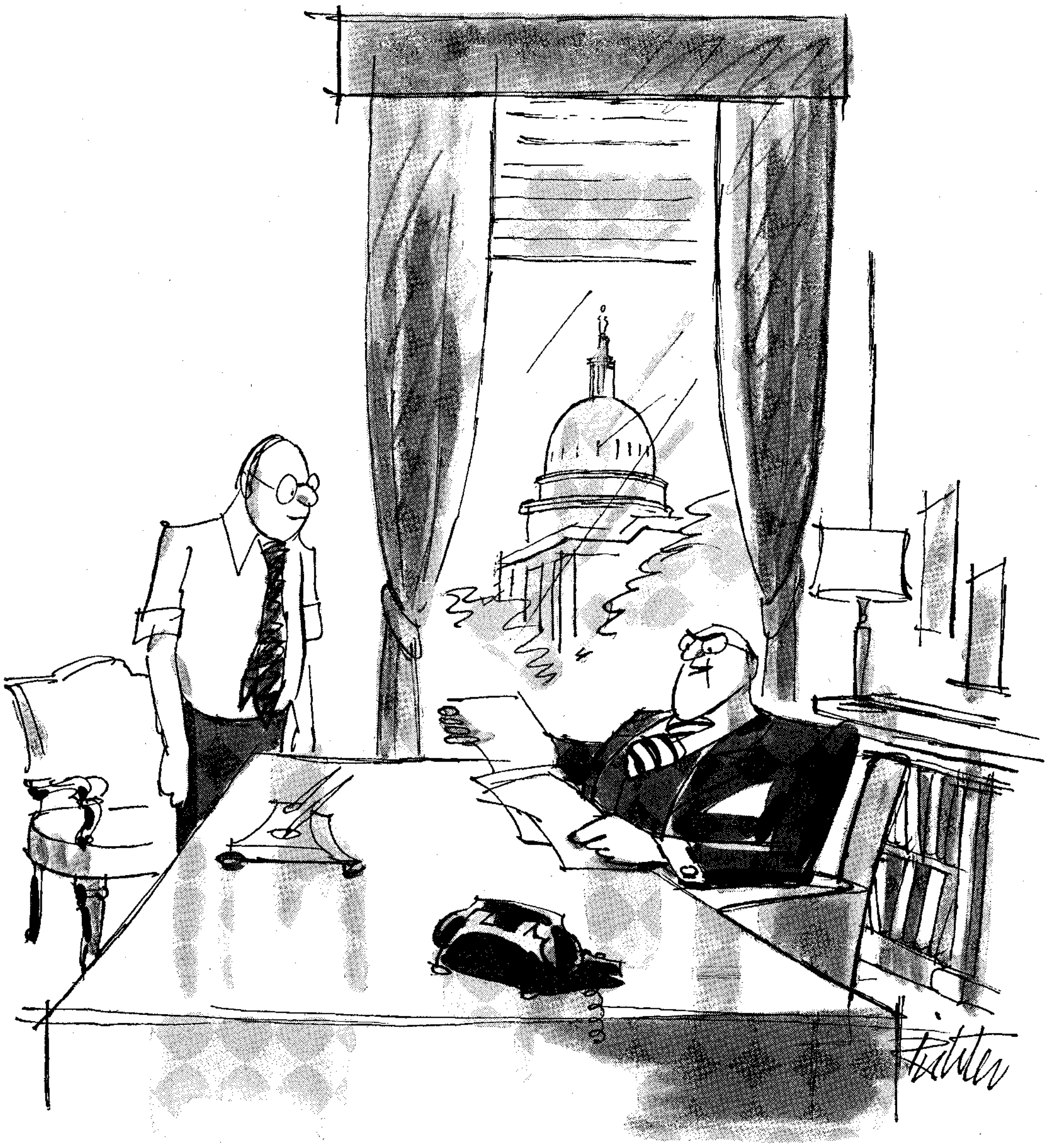
"Why this conference?" we asked.

"I wanted to do it three years ago, but I didn't have the clout," Mr. Meckler said. "There are basically two organizations trying to service the librarian and his quest for information—the American Library Association and the National Micrographics Association. The A.L.A. is interested in microforms, but that's only two per cent of the whole ball of wax, so there's a void to be filled. The N.M.A. is mainly a trade association, with a ninety-per-cent-business membership—Eastman Kodak, 3M, Bell & Howell, Xerox, and so on. The entire academic library community wasn't getting any attention. So I reserved the Biltmore a year ago, keyed to the number of sleeping rooms I figured we'd need, which was three hundred. The whole thing cost twelve thousand dollars, including badges. It's been a big success, and I've already reserved the Hyatt Regency, in Atlanta, for our next one, next October. I'd rather be writing books about American history, but with this I've got a feeling that I've blazed a trail."

Unfinished Business

OUR pal the old curmudgeon delights in opportunities to see things in advance, so he was easily persuaded last week to accept our invitation to sneak-preview the new open-air observation platform twelve feet above the roof of the more southern of the two World Trade Center towers and thirteen hundred and seventy-seven feet above sea level. The platform opened to the public on Monday of this week—at eighty-five cents for kids and a buck seventy for adults. "Of course," said the curmudgeon as a mammoth elevator whisked us and our guide—Judy Broverman, the Trade Center's manager of public services—up the first nine hundred and fifty feet of the ascent, "it isn't as high as the enclosed observation deck in the Canadian National Railways tower in Toronto. But it is nearer. And it is open-air."

We were taking a circuitous route to the platform, because the special elevators that are now carrying people up to the hundred-and-seventh floor, which itself has just opened as the Trade Center's own enclosed observation floor, were busy ferrying workmen and materials topside to finish construction of both observation outposts on time. We were issued yellow hard hats, still obligatory everywhere on the unfinished floors near the top of the building, but Judy Broverman said we didn't actually have to wear them. The curmudgeon donned his at once. The enclosed deck has stanchions to lean on by the windows and little steps below floor level by the windows for kids to sit on. There are outline decals on the windows identifying the sights in each direction. The view is blocked in only one place—the point at which the only sight is the other Trade Center tower. The middle of the floor features an exhibit about the



"This is a fine speech, but let's take out 'unemployed' and change it to 'unemployment.'"

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history of international trade, designed by the commercial artist Milton Glaser, and also several empty spots that, as of next summer, will be occupied by a snack bar, a cocktail lounge, and Dr. Ying's Sky Caravan, which will in reality be a gift shop stocking bone china and jade, as well as souvenir postcards and T-shirts.

From one-oh-seven we made a climb on foot to the summit—after a brief ascent in an elevator full of hardhats, all of them saying "Hi, Judy." The breezy observation platform, a walkway eleven feet wide, is set back a reassuring distance from the edge of the roof. Tracks for the tower's movable window-washing machine run along the edge of the roof, with a turntable at each corner. The view goes on and on, practically into infinity. Several kinds of weather were clearly visible—a winter storm over New Jersey, sun through clouds over Coney Island, smog over midtown, cirrus and cumulus here and there. Not many ships in the harbor. We could barely hear the city, or even a pair of helicopters flying on patrol well below us. There are sixteen chimney pots in the center of the roof, just like the ones on the top of any brownstone. However, what was issuing forth was not wood smoke but steam from the building's heating system. The only other structures on the roof are a turnip-shaped metal tower, for transmitting microwave signals to a station in New Jersey, which sends them to a satellite; a sixty-foot metal pole, also part of the microwave operation; and ten red beacons, to warn off airplane pilots.

The curmudgeon circled the platform twice, clutching his hard hat. "Look," he said. "Way down there. The Woolworth Building, poor little thing. I went to the top of that in 1913. The Empire State Building, over there, is the only building that still looks respectably tall."

"Yes," said Judy Broverman. "It's a grand old building."

On a steel beam at the edge of the roof, in a corner of the building pointing toward the other tower, the o.c. spied two chalked signatures, "Don Martinez" and "Philippe Petit."

"Oh," said Judy. "Don Martinez is a steelworker. We're going to erase that one this week. Philippe is the young French aerialist who secretly shot a cable between the two towers with a crossbow and the aid of a few friends early one morning and then did a tightrope crossing between the two buildings for almost an hour. This signature we're preserving by spraying a protective coat of transparent plastic on top."

"I remember him," said the curmudgeon. "He's the fellow who did for the Trade Center what King Kong did for the Empire State Building. I'm glad to see you're on a first-name basis with him now, since I remember at the time you had him arrested. Anyway, any guy who can walk a tightrope like that deserves to be made mayor of New York."

The old curmudgeon then made his way to the southern end of the building and surveyed the harbor. "A magnificent view," he said, "for nine hundred million dollars. Of course, some of that money might have been spent on that Second Avenue subway or that rail link to Kennedy Airport or the improved commuter service we sometimes hear about. Priority these days means 'What are we not going to do next?'"

Just north of the Statue of Liberty we could see a vast stretch of empty land that had once plainly been occupied by railway yards and steamship piers. "This building is owned by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. But what does the 'Port' in 'Port Authority' mean now?" the curmudgeon said to us. "You know where those railway yards and steamship piers have gone? A lot of them—and brand-new ones—are in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where freight that used to go through the onetime Port of New York is now unloaded to be shipped directly to Chicago and our Midwest. This building is a memorial to a famous era."

IN THE FIRST PLACE

UNTIL I was about thirteen years old, I adhered insecurely to Bishop Berkeley's doctrine that matter as an unperceived substance was both impossible and unreal—I was absolutely unable to believe that places existed when I was not looking at them. I tried, hammering at my understanding: it was useless. Not only did maps of Asia or the Antarctic, picture postcards of Weymouth, watercolors of Mont Blanc or Nepal fail to convince me, I was equally skeptical about the village street, my father's church, the destination of a bus ride, anywhere out of my immediate sight. All invisible places were illusory as the Gate of Heaven that my brother showed me through the wrong end of his new telescope: the gate, in fact, of our stable yard, which I was too amazed or stupid to recognize.

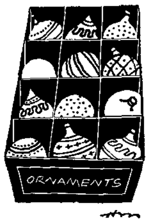
Sometimes, crafty, I tried to catch places out in the process, as it were, of their disappearance. I would stand very still on the corner of a path, behind a tree, on the bend of a lane; then rush back a few steps in the hope—or dread?—of seeing an empty space where a few minutes before there had been a field, a wheelbarrow, a building. But I was never fast enough, and the field, wheelbarrow, building reappeared just as before, materialized, obviously, by my sight of them. It was frustrating, and one of the many things—such as being unable to move if I tied myself to the end of my bed with my dressing-gown cord—that troubled me and led me to believe that all human beings, bar magicians, were inadequate.

The first time I realized the independent existence of the rest of the world was on the night when I ran away from St. Elphin's School for the Daughters of the Clergy and arrived, unexpected, on my parents' doorstep. It was dark and foggy; the dank driveway, the looming bulk of the house, the familiar front door could easily have been a dream. But when my father let me in (the phrase is accurate) and bustled me into the sitting room, I had this shocking revelation—the fire had obviously been burning all evening, my father reading, my mother knitting; without my presence, let alone my permission, they had been eating, drinking, planning tomorrow and remembering yesterday, walking in and out of rooms, wearing the same clothes they wore when I was with them. It was a genuinely traumatic experience, as is every perception of reality.

After all the years, the journeys and removals, rootings and uprootings, packing and unpacking, between that night and this, I seem to have reached some sort of compromise with the trauma: I now find it hard to believe in the actuality of the place I am in, and frequently find myself doubting whether the substance I now perceive is either possible or real. I have little nostalgia, no wistful yearning for anything past and irrecoverable, except possibly for the bland and regular meals of childhood. I simply find that the past, having indisputably happened, is credible. The places of the past are accessible sources of fantasy; whether one is looking at them or not they exist, patient and permanent. "In the beginning, once upon a time, in the first place"—these are the bases of philosophy and speculation, the substance of next week's dreams.

THE first place I remember is The Vicarage, Chilton, near Thame, Oxon. (an abbreviation of Oxfordshire which always perplexed me and still does). As far as I know, I never wrote a letter to this address, since I never left it without my parents. But letters must have arrived. (From my brother, away at school, perhaps? I certainly never read one, but as in those days children were forced to write home every Sunday, I now realize that he must have written. Perhaps—an extraordinary thought—he even sent me his love.)

In any case, letters arrived, delivered by a postman who had been blown up in some horrible way in the First World War. His face was a formless red and purple mishmash with three hollow apertures and no nose. He didn't frighten me in the least, and must have had a kindly nature. He wore a blue uniform with gold buttons. In those days postmen, milkmen, bus conductors, and drivers, all railwaymen, and, of course, chauffeurs wore uniforms. So did the District Nurse on her energetic bicycle. It was easy to identify people, and to tell which side they were on. The Squire of the village, who was in the Guards, was frequently resplendent as a Christmas tree, topped with a huge bearskin. My father, the first time I remember him, was in the uniform of Honorary Chaplain to His Majesty's Forces—why, since it must have been peacetime and was certainly summer and therefore nowhere near Armistice Day, I have no idea. Perhaps it was a form of economy, and certainly he would have preferred it to the uniform of cassock, surplice, and dog collar that he was forced to wear on Sundays.

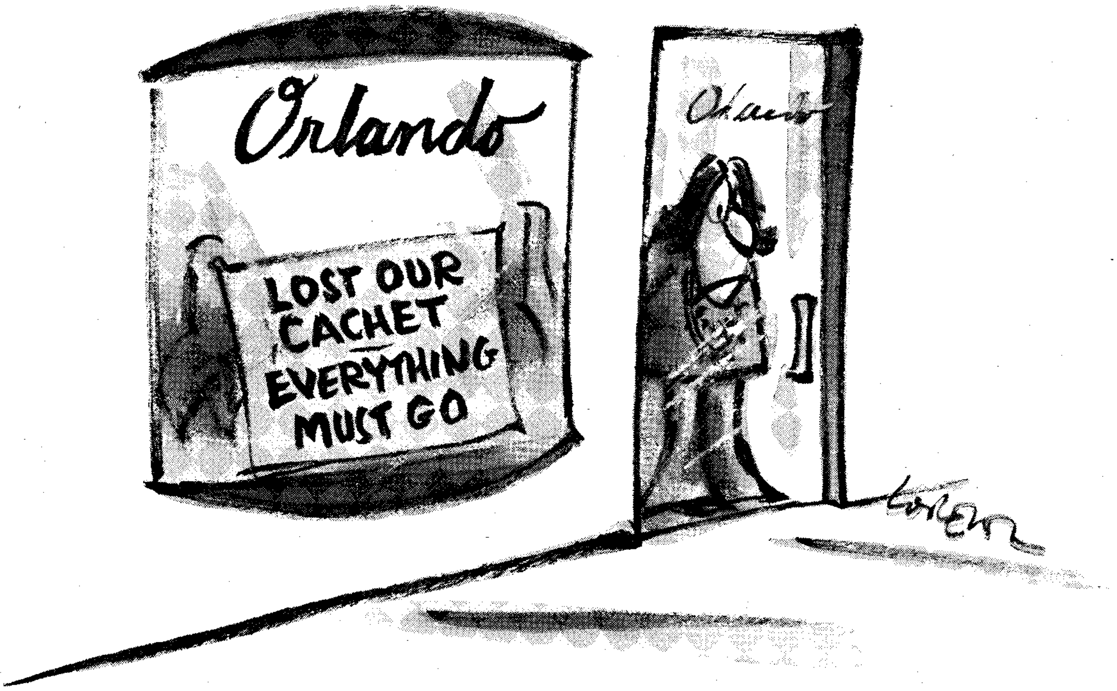


The place of this encounter was at the end of a long path (where there was later a summerhouse smelling of tar and resin) in the Vicarage garden. I was in my pram, a lofty vehicle. I decided (my first conscious decision and, as usual, misguided) to move to the other end of the pram. It capsized. In the general turmoil—I suppose of shock, pain, bewilderment, and the spinning spokes of the pram wheels—I saw my father, in uniform, hurrying down the path toward me. I presume he picked me up and made comforting noises. I remember only the decision, the shock, and the smooth khaki twill, wool, or suiting, the handsome Sam Browne belt, the romantic clothes of authority.

There were herbaceous borders on both sides of this path, and a cluster of evergreen bushes, laurel or rhododendron (surely not privet, which my mother despised), at the other end of it, under which I used to bury maggoty thrushes in shoeboxes. I also had my own place, kingdom, or country, in these bushes. It was called Bath-hound. As this is the first time I have written the name, I don't know how it should be spelled. Bathound? Barthownd? It doesn't matter. I pronounced it, very precisely, Bath-hound.

Children's whimsies, like other people's dreams, are seldom interesting to anyone but psychiatrists. The only remarkable thing about Bath-hound was that all morality was reversed there: fairies, elves, pixies, angels, and saints were evil beyond belief; ogres, witches, dragons, devils, demons, and wicked stepmothers were all highly commendable. I suspect I was trying to tell myself something. But what, or where, that curious place name came from is irrelevant. That is what it was called, and that was how I ordered it; or, as I would have preferred, disordered it.

THE Vicarage was—is—one of those serene, modestly beautiful early-seventeenth-century houses that could never, one feels, have been newly built; and clapped on the end of it, probably by some ruthless Victorian parson with twelve children, there is a hideous gabled appendage. This, for at least two of my first eight years, housed the dormitory and schoolroom for my mother's Residential Nursery, "The Little People's Garden." Before this bold commercial venture, my father's


Orlando
LOST OUR CACHET EVERYTHING MUST GO
Orlando
Lorenz

bedroom was in the gabled wing; during it, he left home and lived in a restored Army hut in the orchard. As the orchard was on the other side of the road from the house and garden, I didn't so much see my father as visit him or meet him accidentally. Therefore, according to my convictions at the time, he seldom existed.

I don't remember very much about the inside of the house; my feeling, which must, of course, be inaccurate, is that I was seldom in it. The dining room was oak-panelled, and my father, in one of his rages, once threw my brother out of its window, which was all of two feet above a bed of wallflowers. There were long passages covered in coconut matting and a small, steamy bathroom in which, after my bath, I would be given a plate of gruel called Frame's Food. The Little People's dormitory had a row of five or six little oak beds with stencilled motifs on their little oak headboards; and the schoolroom had five or six little folding tables, five or six extremely small chairs, and an enormous blackboard. So miniature were the People in my mother's Garden that a photograph shows my brother, around the age of ten, kneeling at one of the tables, much as Gulliver might have knelt, towering, over some Lilliputian desk. I believe this unappealing picture was intended for a prospectus or brochure, and I believe the prospectus was homemade, in a photograph album with thick black pages, the captions written in some sort of white ink. In the same photograph I am sitting at another table, looking smug, wearing a linen sailor dress made by my mother, and boots to support my supposedly weak ankles. We both appear deformed, and I am surprised that the Little People's parents gave us a second thought.

The one place inside the house that I remember vividly, can now smell and touch, was the Lamp Room. Here a lugubrious fellow called Tom—my father's batman in the war, after which he became resident handyman and purveyor of gloom—polished the oil lamps, trimmed their wicks, puffed on their fragile glass funnels, and refuelled them. It seemed to be a full-time job, and one of the few occasions I remember seeing Tom out of the Lamp Room was the day when he poured a large can of water over me in the kitchen passage. I don't remember whether the water was hot or cold, but pour it, quite deliberately, he did. I don't think Tom liked me.

My mother had the kind of good, English taste that is now found mainly in America: most of her furniture was made of fruit woods, though there was also oak and walnut and a few strictly simple pieces of mahogany. Chippendale and Hepplewhite were names I grew up with, long before I heard of Shakespeare, Beethoven, or Rembrandt. She did have a weakness for chintz, but the designs were never fussy; basically she was a burlap woman (in England we call it "hessian"—I'm delighted to discover that Hessian mercenaries fought for the British in the Revolutionary War, which may be a poor reason for changing the name of this good material), but indulged in linen—William Morris browns and plums and terra-cottas—on the rare occasions when she could afford it. For the hardy, pioneering little woman she seemed to be, she had a surprising love of comfort. The mattress on her bed was always of a make called Vi-Spring; she was the only person I knew who used an electric heating pad (in the Chilton days, rubber hot-water bottles—everyone else had stone ones); there was always a mohair rug available to tuck round her knees in a draft.

Although my father's tastes in everything were extremely variable, his studies, however often they were moved from place to place, were always furnished with the same desk and the same bookshelves—vaguely "modern" in design. He was, however, addicted to progressive forms of electric lighting, once the oil lamps were abandoned; he loved gadgets; he was a more than adequate carpenter, plumber, and electrician. Unlike all the other vicarages I visited in childhood, my homes had no religious pictures or emblems on their walls, were not lit by dismal forty-watt lamps hanging from dingy ceilings, were never icy with poverty or stoicism, never smelled of last Sunday's boiled cabbage. My parents' houses were the warmest, the most comfortable, and the most aesthetically pleasing houses I knew. They never had central heating or any other domestic machinery, and my father never earned more than six hundred and fifty pounds a year in his life.

My parents' houses? They weren't my parents' houses at all, of course. My parents never owned a wall or a roof or an inch of land. My childhood homes, all four of them, were owned by the Church of England or the patron of the parish or by God Himself—does it matter? They were all meagrely maintained by an institution called the Queen Anne's Bounty, which was part of my childhood folklore, like the Great Western Railway or On His Majesty's Service. Queen Anne dealt with damp courses, dry rot, and such major disasters as may happen to large and ancient houses; but not bountifully. "We'll have to ask Queen Anne's Bounty" seemed a very normal remark to me, though always ominous. It wasn't until we left

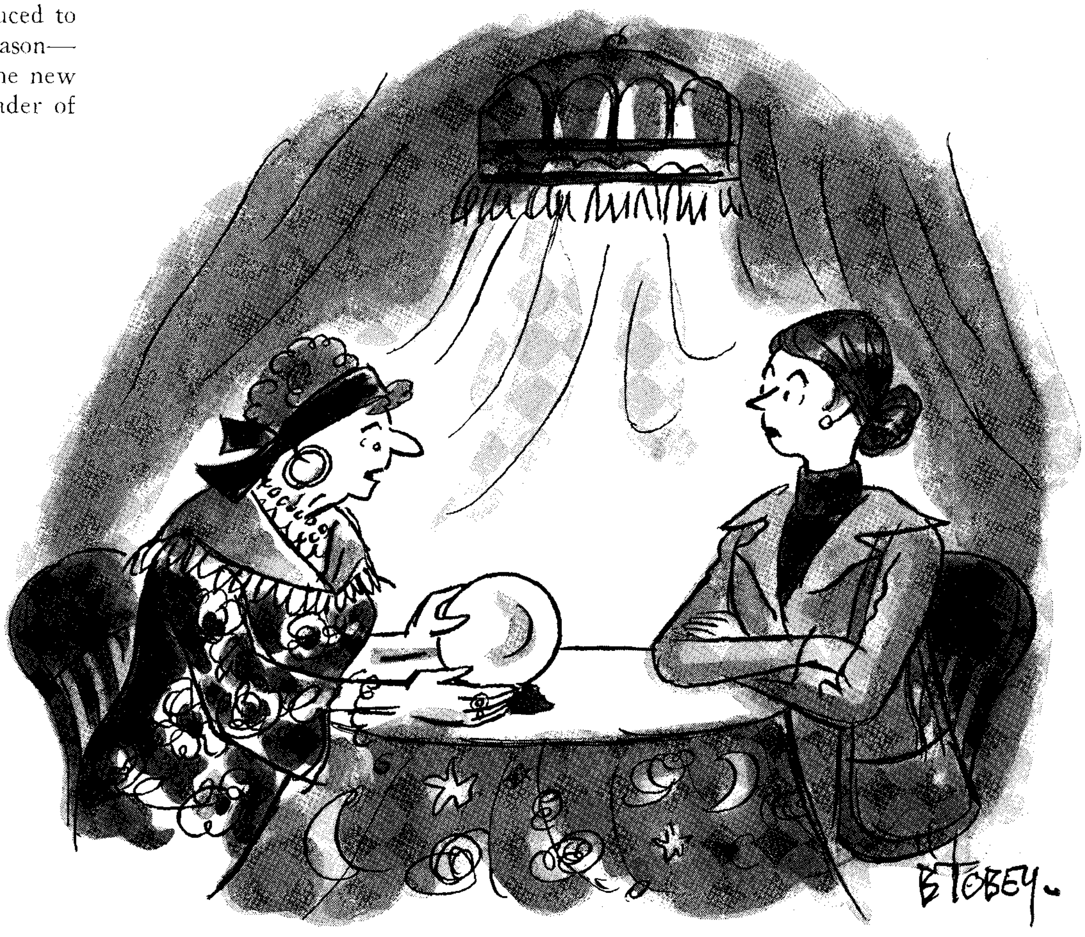
Chilton, when I was eight years old, that I began to realize that if, as Samuel Butler says, a clergyman is a kind of human Sunday, he is frequently a man who—and for no good Christian reason—has nothing to give away on any other day of the week.

"To be parted from your house, your father's house—it oughtn't to be allowed," exclaims Mrs. Wilcox in "Howards End." "It is worse than dying. . . . Can what they call civilisation be right, if people mayn't die in the room where they were born?" Her logic may be a little rocky—married couples, for instance, would have the same testily divided loyalties as they have at Christmas—but it is to me a clarion *cri de cœur*, echoing down the Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted, Private Property, Keep Out paths of my life. Buying territory of one's own may be satisfactory but is not the same thing. Generations should mature in cellars, burrow in woodwork, nest in eaves; and as each dies, to be replaced by the next, they should replenish the earth that supported them, sprouting cauliflower and corn. I have always been angry with my parents for not having a place to call their own; or anyway from the age of eight, when a Mr. Ravenscroft, fat, red-faced, dressed in a black suit, black hat, and sanctimonious smile, was introduced to me—in the orchard, for some reason—as the new Vicar of Chilton; the new incumbent of my territory, invader of Bath-hound. I hated him, and hate him still, in whatever prim Anglican heaven he now illegitimately resides.

It is possible that my parents were also distressed by the impermanence. On the other hand, there was always, for my father at least, hope: when things became more intolerable than usual (they were always intolerable), he could, in theory, move to a new life. My mother, however, was I think more than usually helpful to me when it came to decorating and equipping those chicken huts, cupboards, tents, and pigsties in which—sometimes for as long as a week—I settled down. Characteristically, my father had no patience with them and built me a "proper" house in an old yew tree—but although a triumph of carpentry and design, with real glass windows and an asbestos roof, it was useless except as an occupation for its builder. Once one had climbed the rope ladder, there was absolutely nothing to do in the place; it was impossible to furnish, and patently somebody else's idea. Also it prevented one from climbing the tree and sitting among the branches imagining that one was in a house with real glass windows and an asbestos roof. The dolls' house that he made over in the orchard, an exact replica of the Vicarage itself, was a much greater success. Tom dragged it over in a wheelbarrow, grumbling. I think it had electric light.

The village of Chilton was—and still is—haphazard, mainly consisting of a thirteenth-century church on a hill, a vast Georgian manor, the schoolmaster's house, and the Vicarage. There was a blacksmith (the smell of singeing hooves is powerfully nostalgic as the smell of paraffin) and a village shop, which was the front room of a small, dark cottage—a jumble of bootlaces, pencils, and boiled sweets, in which Mrs. Jessup, a doubled-up old witch no taller than myself, crouched behind the counter, alert as a crab. Until my father, in a frenzy of boredom or enthusiasm, built a Village Community Centre—a neo-Tudor building of quite horrifying ugliness—there was no pub, which is more remarkable for an English village than there being no church. There were a few what my mother disparagingly referred to as "Council houses" and two farms, one owned by Farmer Coles and one by a horrific oaf whose hobby, on drunken Sunday afternoons, was to run over his beagles on a bicycle. For this he was rightly jailed—sentenced, no doubt, by some fox-hunting, rabbit-snaring, pheasant-shooting magistrate.

The Coles farm was separated from the Vicarage garage and outhouses by no more than a narrow, flagged path—the gabled wing must have filled the discreet distance that once was between them. Mrs. Coles was spherical and rosy, with a center parting and a rich chuckle. She had rather pale daughters, as such women tend to have. Her husband's white, curly beard covered his enormous chest; I never saw him without his round tweed hat, and his normal tone of voice was a roar that sent the chickens flying. "You're a rum gal!" he would thunder at me, seeing me perched high and safe on some roof or wall. "You're a rum gal, all right!" By "rum" I now realize that he meant odd, strange, or queer. I had no idea then what he meant, and was flattered to be noticed at all by this old



"You will meet a tall, dark, attractive Reagan man."

man who was obviously related to God.

Children are supposed to busy themselves with a curious occupation called "playing." "Go out and play," "Run along and play," "They're playing in the garden," or even, absurdly, "They're playing in the playroom." I never knew what "playing" was supposed to be, and I don't now. A child has the same pursuits as anybody else: planning, investigating, moving from place to place with or without purpose, manufacturing objects and concoctions, thinking, reading, singing, hopping; in relation to its size, it also spends a proportionate amount of time in boredom, misery, or transports of happiness. Why all this should be considered a form of recreation, frivolity, or skittishness, I can't imagine. A child's life is hard work, for which, financially, it receives, if anything at all, a mere pittance.

My parents' belief was that I "played" a lot in Farmer Coles' farmyard and particularly in his cowshed. True, I spent a lot of time there. It was the most serious place I knew. Chickens laid eggs, cows were milked, pigs were slaughtered (their screams appall me now, but didn't then), cats ate mice, dogs ate rats, the horse pulled a wagon, the rabbits became stew, the geese were for Christmas, and everything cultivated in the garden was edible. I raked the hay down through holes in the loft floor into the cows' and horse's mangers; I collected eggs, and carried milk in a slopping pail, though I never milked a cow, because I was scared of them. For the same reason, I rode a hay wagon but never a horse. I suppose there were times when I took a few moments off, listening to the swish and thud of the cattle, throwing stones at the ducks; became slack-mouthed and gormless from inhaling dung and hay and the sweet, icy air of the dairy. Perhaps it was these moments that caused Farmer Coles to call me "rum." Perhaps it was my evil eye, careering wildly in the opposite direction to its twin and trapped, from the age of three, behind supposedly corrective glasses.

I buried these glasses again and again, with doglike determination but human reasoning, in the rose bed, under the laurel bushes, in the sandpit. There were many more final and destructive things I could have done with them—dropped them in the water butt, burned them on the bonfire, trampled them to death. But for some reason I preferred burial, as less final and more ceremonious. I was always asked (kindly, I think) where I had buried them, and always obediently unearthed them, though often they were bent or cracked beyond repair. I suppose this was the reason for the indestructible steel frames, securely latched behind the ears, that weighed down my face for so long. I also had a large, heavy instrument of medieval design which was meant to exercise these wayward eyes. It consisted of two tubes attached to a kind of bridge for the nose—into the end of one tube I would slot a slide of, say, a bird; into the other a slide depicting a cage. With my eyes, and a certain amount of manipulation of the binoculars, I then made the bird go into the cage. There were many slides of this kind, dogs to be put in kennels, sheep into fields, flowers into vases, and so on. It was a satisfactory game, though it appeared to have no effect at all on my eyes, which immediately swivelled back on their independent tracks, the left eager to catch what the right might miss.

MY father's parish extended beyond Chilton to the village of Brill and the hamlet of Dorton, where my glamorous godmother, Jean, lived with a tall lady in an opera cloak and monocle, known as John. Jean was well known—even by me—to be in love with my father, whom she had met in Salonika during the First World War while she was girlishly

* *

SUN AND MOON FLOWERS: PAUL KLEE, 1879–1940

First, there is the memory of the dead priest in Norway
Dressed in a straw hat, his tie that's white
But splashed with violet, and the black skirt;
He'll hang forever in the deer park.
Beneath him German officers
Are weaving in and out of trees in a white sunlight.

When there is music crossing over the water from France
The little steamers pull their beds of coal
Slowly up the canal, and, Klee,
You walk back to your room saying,
What on earth happened to us?

Any simple loss
Is like the loss of all of us. Nothing's secret?
Just look straight into the North Sea.
And, then, tell me there's anything they can keep from us.

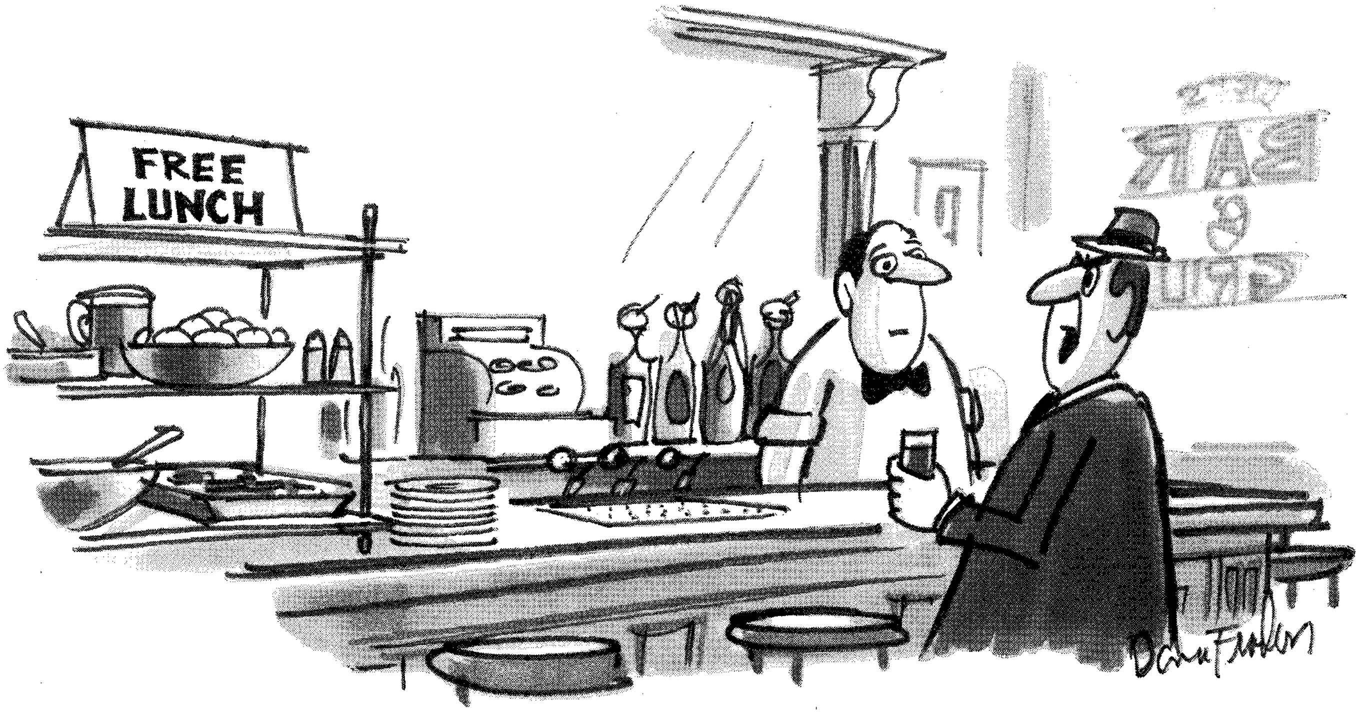
The matron who walked you through the orchard at Orsolina
Should have said, There's a black star with conifers.
Klee, don't listen to them. Next Wednesday your heart
Stops like a toad. You're dying of a skin disease.
They are not telling you about this war, the Luftwaffe,
The Nazi who's resting on a sofa beside a stream,
And, Klee, this Nazi is inside Poland. And
In Poland your moon flowers have already begun growing!

The opaque dice in your painting can no longer
Be mistaken for some weathered houses by the coast.
The woman sick with tuberculosis says to you
That a war will clear the air!
The war puts priests in trees. Puts a sparrow's nest
Beside a sleeve in a train station in Tuscany.
You and your friends saw the unlikely, ruptured ceilings
And painted them, but not as premonitions, or images

Of war—
The war your family won't acknowledge or discuss.
But an orderly who has news of Poland whispers
To the day nurse; she touches her blouse.
You ask her what is happening.
You make a scene. And then she says what is necessary
By slipping you a morning tray

With its ice water, blue spikes of lupine, and morphine.

—NORMAN DUBIE



"There's no such thing as a free lunch."

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nursing the wounded. So great was her passion that she had bought a house in Dorton in order to be near him. John was presumably some sort of alibi. Later, and perhaps out of spite, John changed her name to Marie, making the whole thing even more confusing. My mother appeared to take it all in her rapid but ladylike stride. Jean, who always wore ruffles at her wrists and throat and the finest of silk stockings, took little interest in me; indeed, she probably found me repellent. John, on the other hand, taught me about birds' nests. They were both, I think, wealthy.

I know that my father did not conduct services at Dorton every Sunday. The place was so small that even the obligatory two or three would have been hard—without Jean and John—to gather together more than a few times a year; the church was so small that even two or three made a crowd. However, my father would sometimes take me with him to Dorton, perhaps as chaperon, but ostensibly to open the gates that protected the estate from hoi polloi. I would ride the running board of the Morris, or even the hood, slithering off to unlatch the white gate, hold it open, close it again. I was useful. I was very seldom useful, and I enjoyed it. Of my godmother's house I have, except for a faint sense of discomfort, no memory at all.

I imagine that most children brought up by clergymen list churches very high in their memories of places. To me, a church was an office to which my father, reluctantly and with a great deal of fuss, went once a week. I was taken (I presumed) to watch his performance, though at Chilton I was always removed or sent away before the sermon. During the week, however, I sometimes went with my mother and pottered about while she arranged the altar flowers or changed the frontal or hung up a clean surplice for my father or checked the supplies of blood and body—she was an indefatigable Martha in those days, and had no faith in miracles.

In the Chapel where my father kept the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials there was an elaborate monument to a family called Croke. Sir John and his wife, Elizabeth, who died around the beginning of the seventeenth century, lie stiff, with praying hands, their feet flexed, their noses pointed toward heaven. They lie on top of their tomb, and round it kneel the tiny figures of their eight sons and three daughters—symmetrical, devout, but entirely out of proportion to their huge, stern parents. The whole edifice is protected by iron railings: I would stare through the railings at the miniature but adult children (two, I believe, were judges) and then up to the knight and his lady who, whatever they were, were not at rest. I couldn't understand why their children were such midgets, or why they occupied such an inferior position, diminished down there as though they were in hell. I never told anyone how much this troubled me.

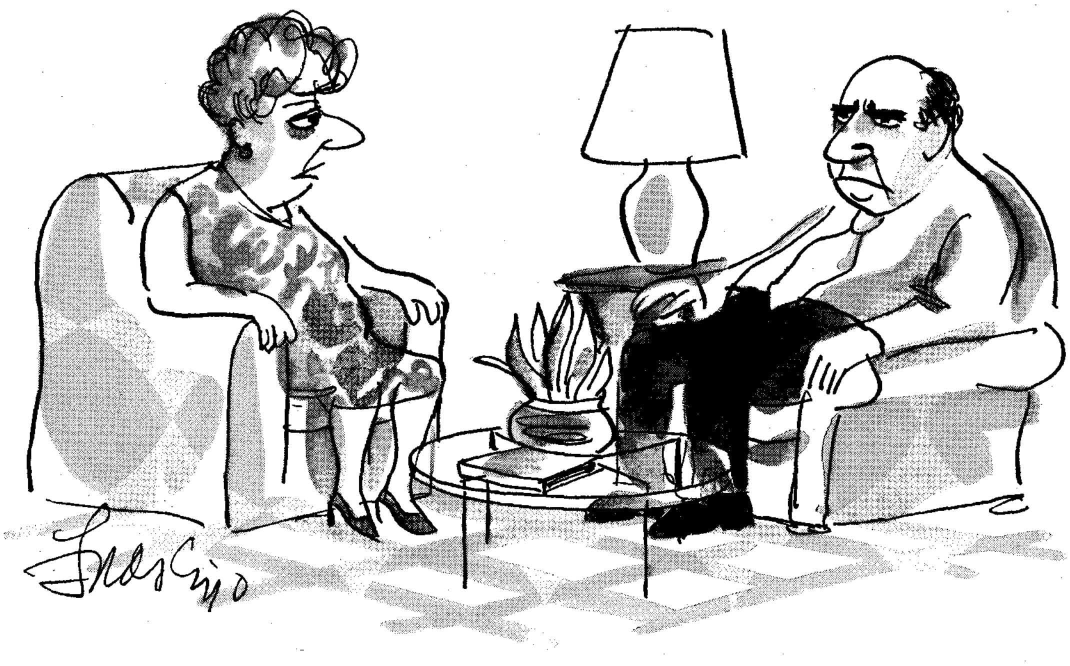
The only other thing I remember about the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Chilton, was another memorial—a tablet on the wall which must have been one of the first things I ever read, puzzling through the confusion of f's and s's:

JULIA FRANCES CARTER
youngeſt Daughter
of GEORGE RICHARD CARTER
of Chilton House Eſq$^{\text{r}}$
and
JULIA his Wife
died November 2nd, 1780 in her 14th year
and
is buried here in the Family vault.

She was a pattern to thoſe of her age & promiſed, had her life been extended, to have been, as was her beloved Siſter Lady AUBREY, *an ornament to her sex and an honor to her station.*

I think I was a little jealous of Julia Frances for being, potentially, so ornamental and honorable; and, indeed, for dying—an experience which, in those days, interested me a good deal.

On the whole, however, churches didn't interest me. They were cold, dank, and dull, except at Harvest Festival, when my mother's imagination ran riot with vegetables and fruit, Michaelmas daisies and wheat, so that altar, pulpit, choir stalls, lectern, and font looked like exhibits at a county fair. I was taught practically nothing of conventional Anglican religion, apart from its songs—in which, like those of Cole Porter, I was for many years word-perfect. At that time my father was unable to transmit to me his bewildered dismay at the degenera-



"Let's face it, Warren. You're my kind of man and I'm your kind of woman."

• •

tion of God, and my mother, as usual, kept her own counsel. Much later, and in a very different place, I had a brief love affair with Christ; perhaps if I had grown up with him I wouldn't have taken it so seriously.

The nearest town was Thame, where a dramatic gentleman called John Fothergill kept a famous pub, The Spread Eagle. It was famous because of its owner, who wore velvet jackets and buckled shoes, and was reputed to be a close friend of Augustus John and other distant luminaries. For a short while I attended a dancing class there. Perhaps we lolloped around being elves, rabbits, frogs, and blossoming tulips; or maybe Mr. Fothergill, with his artistic connections, inclined toward Isadora Duncan, and we staggered about trying to express woe, radiance, and social conscience. All I can vouch for is that the experience was not, in my memory, enjoyable. However, there were treats in Thame—the market, the Fair, the extraordinary, flickering image of Jackie Coogan thrown onto a collapsible screen in some church hall, barn, or misappropriated chapel. Going to Thame—which was about four miles away—was always exhilarating, my first experience of travel.

Driving to Oxford—a journey of fifteen miles at the most—was an expedition. I believe I was left to "play" in the gardens of St. John's College while my mother went shopping; and I believe I found the gardens very dull. But coming down the steep hill from Headington there was a delicate footbridge, apparently leading from treetop to treetop, slung across the dark ravine of the road. I looked forward to that, and to driving out into the light at the bottom of the hill, the sober tower of Magdalen (frivolous on May Day with boys' voices in summer carols) and the flat green river, the jostling High, the Corn, and the Broad (my father was always very careful to use Oxonian terms for these places—he also frequently called breakfast "brekker," which somehow embarrassed me).

Such expeditions were rare. I don't think I ever went to London, and, indeed, nothing very memorable happened to me in the town of Thame or the city of Oxford. I must have stayed at home for years and years, waddling or trotting, scurrying or scuffing round the garden, the orchard, the farmyard. On one of my birthdays my father constructed a very ingenious obstacle race on the tennis lawn. And one Christmas he, or he and my mother, or he and my mother and governess, or—more likely—he and my governess turned the whole of the dining room into a dark but glinting cave with an enormous cracker, dangling presents, slung from the ceiling; and in a firelit corner my father, dressed as a witch (not Santa Claus—but why not Santa Claus?), stirring a cauldron of yet more presents while inappropriately chanting (in his church voice), "Double, double toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble. . . ." I was terrified, and burst into tears, and could not explain why.

A long and expensive term of analysis, or a few conversations with my brother, might yield more memories of Chilton. In the first case I would distrust them—I have had obedient dreams and wishful recollections too often—and in the improbable second, I wouldn't believe them. This (since it is in a way a destruction or deprivation of place) is as good a moment as any to mention that my brother was sent away to boarding school at the age of four, probably at the time when my mother—then in her early forties—found herself pregnant with me: a fact that would probably have filled her with no more gladness had it been announced by Gabriel himself. The act seems heartless and cruel, and my parents, though frequently misguided, were neither. It seems unjustifiable—and my mother, it's true, only made the most feeble attempts to justify it, muttering about the lack of suitable schools in or around Chilton and apparently forgetting that when I was in the same dilemma she brought education to me, along with the Little People and, I hope, a small financial profit.

Perhaps an inadequate explanation lies in the fact that both my parents were, in their different ways, snobs. The sons of the local gentry were being sent away to become, in another half a century, Judges and Lord Chamberlains and Speakers of the House. Perhaps they thought that if my brother toddled in these illustrious footsteps he might, in time, "get to know the right people." I never knew what my father thought of his son, but my mother loved him—painfully. I don't think he ever got to know "the right people." And he never came back.

Oh, there was a moody figure, a kind of small, embodied tension around in the school holidays; I remember a red tape tied round a child's grey flannel sleeve after a smallpox vaccination; I remember hearing of academic brilliance and scholarships and shining hopes for his future—but that is all. I didn't realize for years how much—whether he knew it or not—he must hate me, connecting my birth with his exile. Until I was about sixteen he existed for me far more infrequently than my father, or even my other relatives. His memories, like his life, must be very different from mine; his memories, like his life, are deeply buried, securely hidden from me. I suspect they may be jaundiced, and might disrupt this time of equilibrium and even happiness that I am trying to recapture.

He wasn't there, I'm certain, the day Mr. Ravenscroft was brought to the orchard. I have a feeling it was early September, the apples not yet ripe, the leaves rusting. "We are moving to London and this is Mr. Ravenscroft, who will be coming to live here"—they said something like that. And Mr. Ravenscroft smiled and smiled, barely creasing his tight red skin, little black shoes stamped firmly in the grass, black hat set perfectly straight on his loathsome head. Nobody had asked my permission. Nobody explained why. My mother didn't even indicate that her heart was broken, and that for all she knew she might have to manage for the rest of her life on the shattered pieces. There it was, a fait accompli: childhood over.

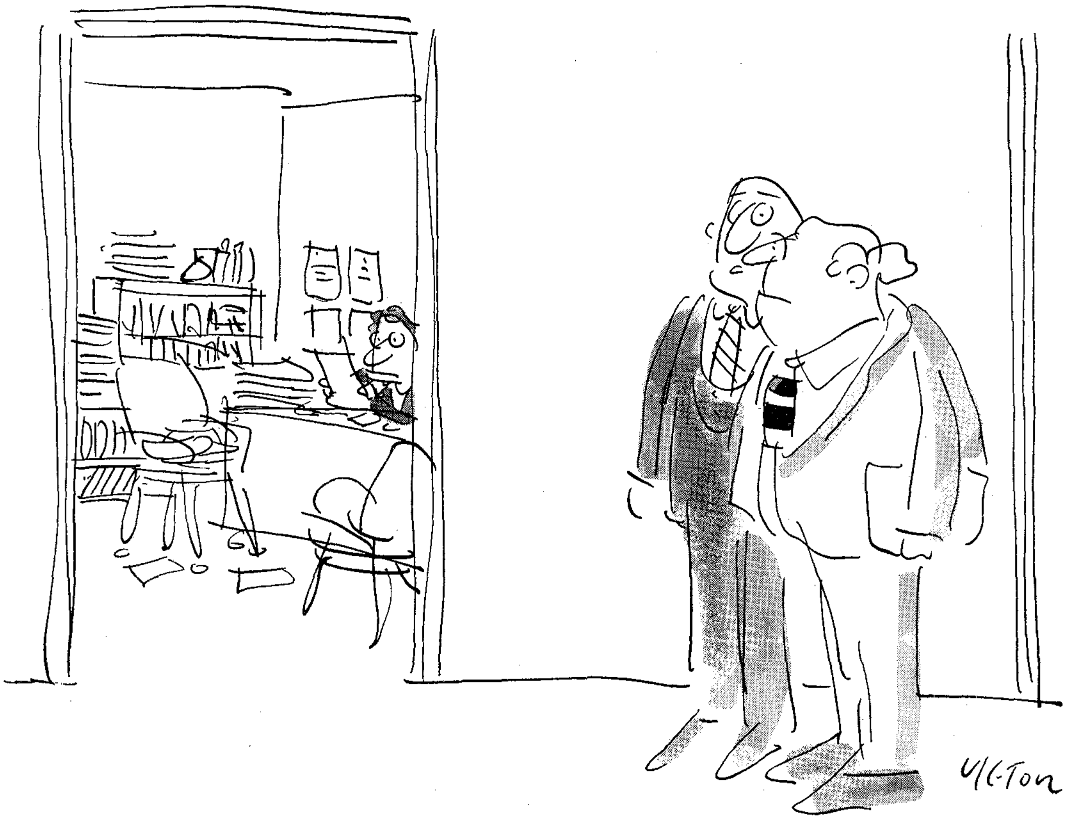
THAT, of course, is a dramatic curtain. Far from being over, childhood dragged on for years, for decades. Nevertheless, something did come to an end that day in the orchard: and my impression is that what set was some kind of perpetual, clement, domestic, and endearing sun. The light changed. Though people—my parents—remained constant for a while, we lived in a different place and climate. In order to survive we had to alter, or to use parts of ourselves that had so far gone unexercised. This was not to the good. Therefore it is in a way accurate to say that Mr. Ravenscroft destroyed some kind of innocence.

Places don't crop up chronologically in one's memory, so there is no reason why I should now plod on to The Vicarage, 1 Norbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, near Croydon, Surrey—except that I am already and unwillingly there, staring in disbelief at that apparently doll-sized, gabled, and stuccoed house, identical with all the other houses on that side of the road; at its long, thin, grimy patch of garden, ending with the railway line; at the pavements, lampposts, shops, and grisly privet hedges, the towering buses (still open on top) and tram lines; listening—until I stopped hearing it—to the indistinct roar and snore of Greater London, constant as the ocean.

Thornton Heath is not actually in London at all; it is merely attached to it by a sprawling network of suburbs, most of them within the County of London boundaries, but so far removed from the city I would know in later years that they still seem to me, insular as I am, provincial. "Our" electric railway line, its destination Victoria, passed through Streatham Common and Wandsworth Common; but by bus one could range from Mitcham to Penge, south Croydon, Purley, and Coulsdon, north to Balham, Clapham, Tooting, and the hideous delights of Lewisham. They must be the ugliest names in the world. It is impossible to imagine all those "hams" as hamlets, which I suppose they once were, and until one reaches Greenwich and Blackheath to the east, or Putney and Richmond to the west, the architecture seems (from the top of a bus, anyway) unrelievedly hellish and haphazard, Victorian initiative at its ruthless worst. If Sir John Betjeman had spent some of his formative years in The Vicarage, 1 Norbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, I doubt whether his passion for Victorian Gothic would have bloomed as perversely as it has.

Anyway, that was our new place. We stayed there for about four years; or rather, my parents did, as after a time I was sent away to school to find places of my own. I remember my bedroom, which my mother was constantly redesigning to surprise me; my father's bedroom, or rather, bed; the sitting or drawing room, with French windows leading out to that pathetic garden, where my mother willfully tried to grow her roses; my father's study, to the right of the (with a stained-glass panel?) front door, where I found him once with his head in his hands, weeping; and my mother's as usual rather elegant bedroom in muted shades of wine and oak, an alcove in it where one afternoon there was a new trunk with my name on it, packed with new clothes, ready for my immediate but unexplained departure.

I remember Tom (they brought him with them, but he didn't last) in the kitchen, grumbling about wilted and polluted parsley; and the very end of the garden, by the railway line, where nothing grew but rhubarb and weeds, and where for a short while I kept an ill-fated rabbit—a blue flash, a sizzle, and Galahad (possibly in a feeble and rabbit-witted attempt to escape) was no more. I remember Purley and a high, open hill called Riddlesdown; Mitcham Common, where one Good Friday we went for the only family walk of my life—though I don't think my brother was there—



"I don't know whether to be grateful to Watkins or apprehensive. He always seems to be thinking of something."

my father presumably gasping for air after a lengthy service, and nervous about the Easter Offering. I remember answering the front doorbell to find an old woman selling sprigs of white heather for sixpence; I wanted a sprig of white heather, and my father gave me sixpence; I danced into the kitchen, where my mother was making pastry, waving my silly sprig and crowing. My mother threw down her rolling pin and screamed at me (was it a scream? was it a shout? I never heard it before or since, and am still too shocked to distinguish the exact pitch and timbre of that terrifying noise)—"You!" she screamed or shouted. "You *always* get what you want!" But it must have been sometime around then that she took me, alone, to a performance of "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall, giving me more than I even dreamed I wanted. And I remember the Davis Theatre, Croydon, where, at a special showing for the clergy, my father took me to see "King of Kings." The Bishop's children were kneeling in prayer on the red-carpeted staircase and my father was so disgusted by the whole thing that he bustled me out before the Crucifixion.

That was Thornton Heath. And because that place was so awful, we started having holidays away, either at my grandmother Charlotte's (in which case my father didn't come) or at strange Vicarages, Rectories, and even Deaneries in the country, where my father would take a "locum" while the resident cleric went to Penzance or Salzburg. I remember vividly the excitement of arriving at these temporary homes, all of them made more glamorous by the thought of the dismal, urban house we had left behind. One of the first things to do—though strictly under my mother's supervision—was to strip all the rooms of their religious bric-a-brac, palm crosses, photographs of dead bishops and live curates, and put each roomful of junk into its own, labelled cardboard box. Then my father started moving the furniture and my mother brought in flowers, wild if necessary. She unpacked her cookbook—even in those days the pages were loose and dog-eared—and put on her apron. On Sundays my father startled a congregation of strangers, and my mother cut the dead heads off somebody else's roses.

If all this seems to indicate that the three of us (I remember my brother only once on these visits, when we mistakenly found ourselves in Southampton) were intimate in any way, a closely knit family, I am pointing in the wrong direction. Our only genuine contact was through my mother's cooking. Perhaps I took friends to these places, perhaps I didn't. It doesn't matter. It is the place I remember: a conglomerate of Devonshire, Wales, and Norfolk, of unfamiliar attics and cellars, of bushes and plots of ground I could at least temporarily call my own.

Southampton must have been a mistake, because it was another city; and also, very grandly, a Deanery; and also my brother was indisputably present. The summer began well, by my waking on the first morning to find a travelling circus camped at the bottom of the garden, an elephant chumping the hedge, a monkey, hand in hand with its owner, walking to the water tap. After that, for two shillings each we sped to the Isle of Wight and back in a speedboat called Zip. My father took us rowing on the Solent, but the tide went out and we were stranded in miles of mud; my father lost his temper and called my brother "an insolent young pup." It was not a happy day. Young people (not children) from Thornton Heath were there, girls with lipstick and tall boys in blue suits. My hair was clenched back with a huge tortoiseshell hairslide, which had an extraordinarily intricate mechanism of springs and levers to keep it in place. I don't remember whether the young people were staying with us, or whether they were independently in Southampton—I do remember the deck of a boat where, by some miraculous feat of clumsiness, I managed to introduce the sharp edge of this hairslide into the eye of one of the tall boys, Basil by name.

In Southampton, for the first time since Bath-hound, I staked my own territory: a room or small loft above a garage or stable. I furnished it with an oak table found somewhere, and a jam jar full of marigolds. Tutored by my mother, my tastes were not, I think, insipid; but they were definitely sweet. Sweetness infected me for years—oak beams, lattice windows, the paintings of Margaret Tarrant, Flower Fairies of the Spring, Summer, and Autumn, lavender bags and rambling roses and willow pattern. I believed that colors, even of flowers,

MINING IN KILLDEER ALLEY

One a penny, two a penny, they settled in the driveway like
flakes of air,
In the gravel halfway up the hill, their splayed toes mingling
With the generous shadows the grass tufts held,
scratching softly
In the book of the guardians, you could say, as their crazed flight
Had mimed a calligraphy when they came down
From the fluent air to wobble on dumb straws
Like any stilted creature, off balance, hindered by strangeness.
The shadows were blue and voluminous, and their toes lost,
And the pronouns confused, and they staggered and took flight
Again as I drove over their place, and when I had entered the house
And called my wife to the window they were back, settled,
Settled into the dark; and in the morning of mountains
They parted, again, for my descent.
They were there
The last seven months before the gift,
Every day, flanking my passage
Like wings, their crooked wings, her shoulder blades
As she bent awkwardly before the sink, mornings, in the ninth month.

So that my father, who we thought was dying,
Could see him, we carried his grandson
Up the back stairs of the hospital. The light was broken
All over his blanket and our child swam in his glasses
With pieces of that broken light.
Their russet throats,
The sun shattered in the gravel,
the gray veins
Of his impeccable wrist,
Lord, for the life of me.

When we brought him home they had flown away.

—Dabney Stuart

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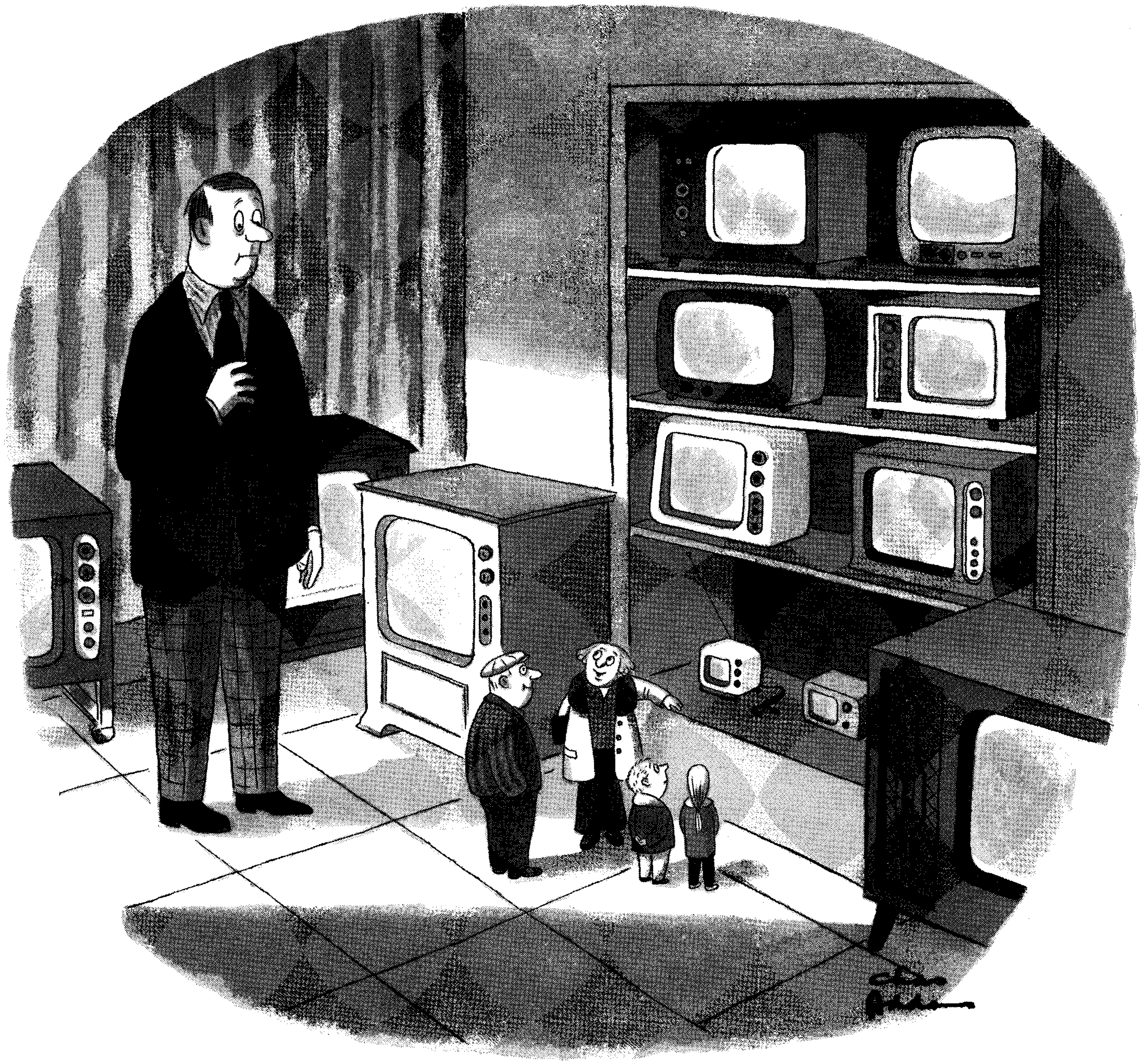

"We'll take it."

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could "clash" (a poppy never grew next to a peony in my mother's herbaceous border) and that all innovations were, prima facie, "ugly." Picasso had been painting for three decades, but if my parents had ever heard of him they kept quiet about it; the most avant-garde pictures on their walls were scribbled by a lady of their acquaintance while in a state of trance, for the supernatural was acceptable and, as it turned out, remarkably dainty. If they had ever seen the work of Hieronymus Bosch, or even Brueghel, they kept quiet about that too. They were not philistines, but I think considered art as a luxury that, like foreign travel and languages and wine, they could manage without.

Hence the perfectly pleasant, inoffensive arrangement of "my place" in Southampton, to which my imagination added nothing but roses round the door, a kettle singing on the hob, and a pixie or two. Hence the anemic, undernourished, obedient verses I was beginning to write. Hence—in healthier, infant days—Bath-hound. "Think about your dolls," my mother would tell me, when I woke with a nightmare in the night. What can you think about dolls? The two most memorable pictures of my childhood were a Doré engraving of Satan being cast into hell and a picture, in the Bible, of Solomon ordering the baby to be cut in half—the baby dangling by one foot, the soldier's scimitar at the ready. This last upset me—or disturbed my fantasies—a great deal. It was removed from the Bible, which then lost all interest for me.

How I would like to shatter it all now with a blare of Bach, an explosion of Shakespeare; bring the witches cantering out from the bushes, the demons howling from their hideaway. But all I see is a nursery frieze painted in muted porridge, with little girls in tutus and gauze wings, standing on tippy-toes; and a hollyhock, goddammit, with a human face.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

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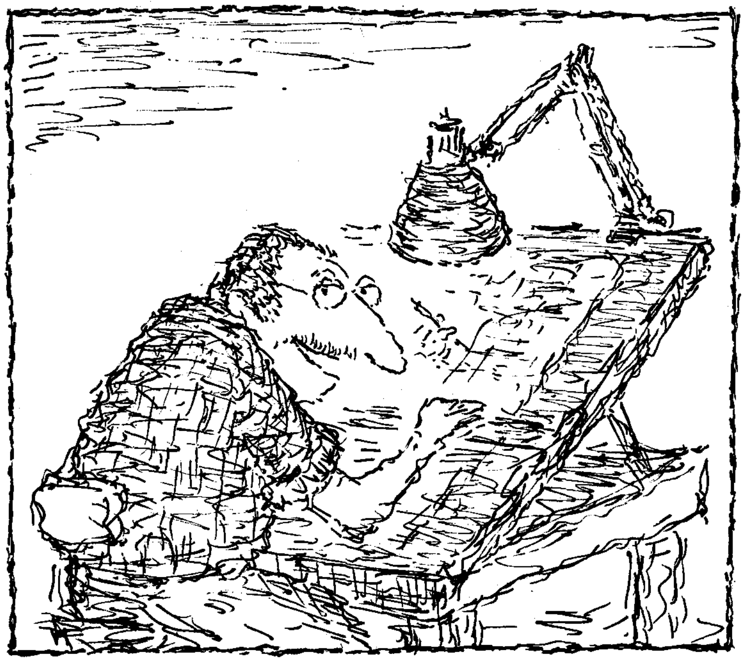
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Eastchester* (*N.Y.*) *Record*]

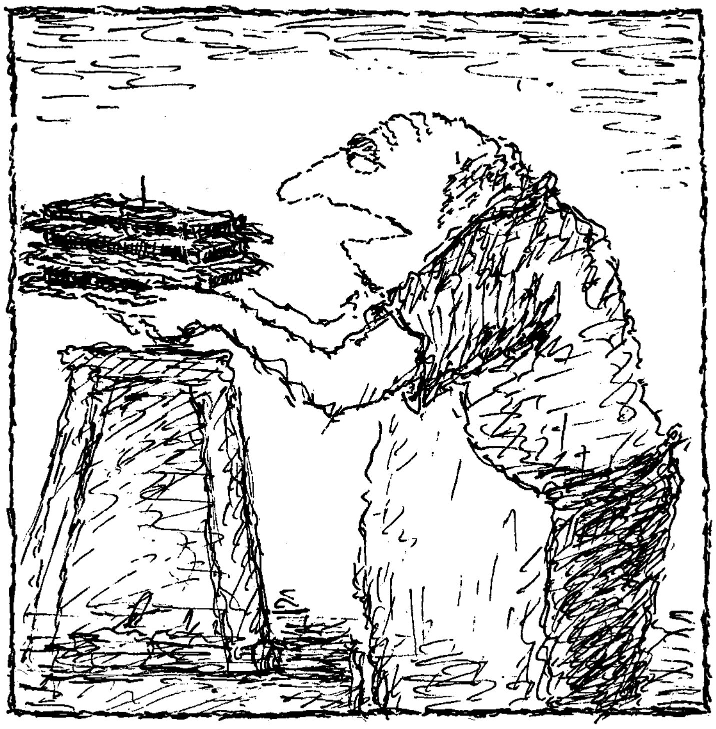
Tennis is slowly but surely becoming the fastest growing sport in America.

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

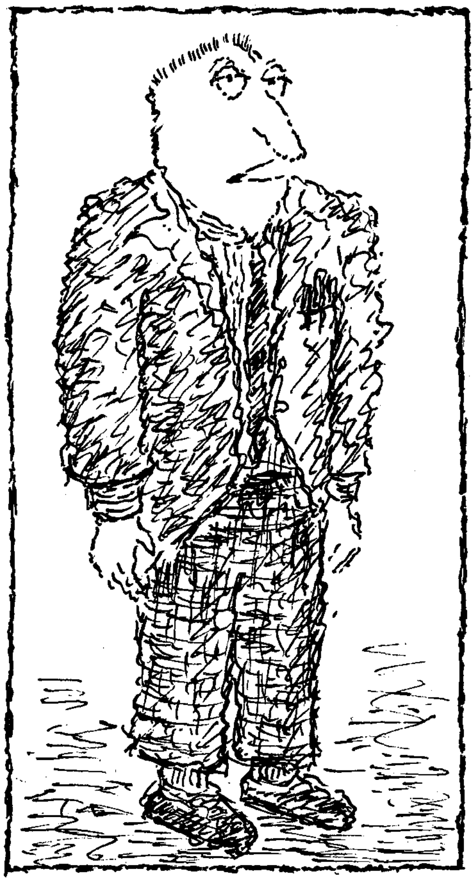
THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: HOW HAS NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL EMERGENCY AFFECTED YOU?



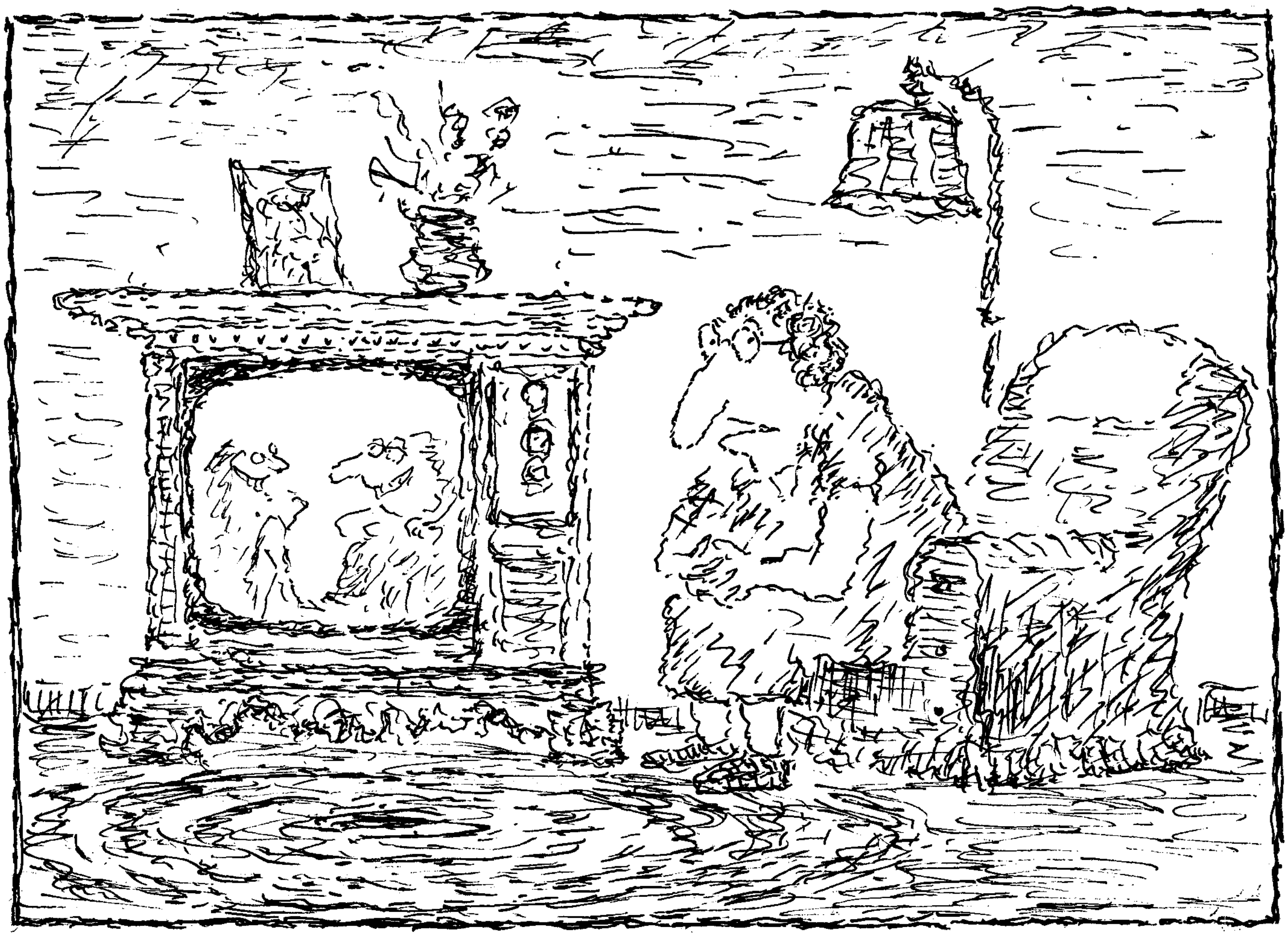
Martin W. Higgins, City Planner, Indianapolis: Well, as I understand it, if New York does fold up in the end, Indianapolis will get the United Nations—that is, if Phoenix agrees to take the Broadway theatre, thus leaving Toledo free to take modern art, so that the Statue of Liberty can go to the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport. That way, Minneapolis will have the fashion industry and Jackson, Mississippi, will take Wall Street and Omaha will get Mrs. Onassis. We really sort of wanted the television networks, but I understand they'll all just go on full-time reruns.



Max Gold, Proprietor of Max's Super Sandwiches, Manhattan: If you think this is an emergency, buddy, you must be from out of town. You want *emergencies,* we got emergencies. When the lights go out, that's an emergency. Getting on the I.R.T. Express going uptown at five-fifteen would be an emergency any day of the year. Trying to get someone to give you change for a quarter in midtown is already an emergency, maybe a crisis. This business about the city going down the drain might pass for an emergency in Akron or Oklahoma or one of those towns, Mister, but this is the Big Apple.



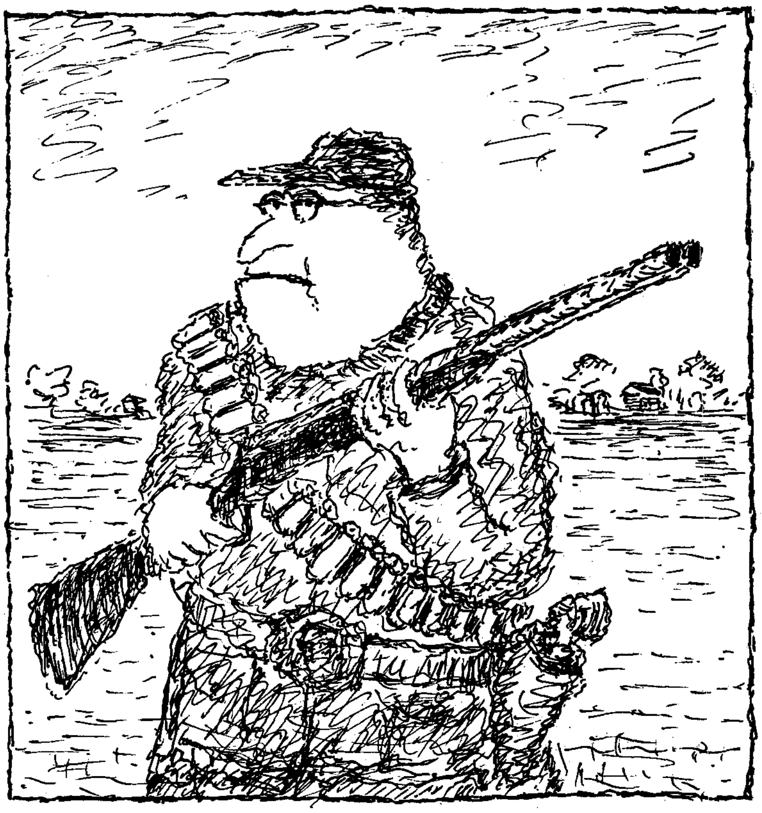
Richard R. Maxwell, Real-Estate Broker, Des Plaines, Illinois: In college, I had a roommate from New York who really made me feel like a rube. Now his town is in real trouble. Ha! On the other hand, when I visited him there last week, he had his chauffeur pick me up at the airport in a Bentley and he put me up in a suite on Central Park South. Then he took me to a dynamite French dinner at Lutèce, and all through dinner he held hands under the table with a dynamite blonde who looked very much like Julie Christie in "Shampoo." It turns out that he's always had his money in a secret Swiss bank account. I have my money in New York municipals. I still feel like a rube.



MRS. VERNAL G. HAWKINS, HOUSEWIFE, CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA: You know, even before the whole place went to pieces, I was always so relieved that Jack Paar and Mrs. Paar and Randy lived in the suburbs instead of in that city. I think we should all be thankful that Johnny Carson knew enough to get out of that place when he did. Tell Barbara Walters we're all praying for her.

JIMMY BUSHMILL, MAYOR AND DUCK HUNTER, MARTIN'S CROSSING, KENTUCKY: I don't think it'll have any effect on other cities, because New York isn't your typical American town, if you get my meaning. I mean, what you have living there is mainly foreigners of one kind or another. Plus your minority people. Also pansies. And prostitutes, of course—lots of prostitutes. And welfare chisellers. Unwed mothers. Left-wing Communists. Newscasters. Washington bureaucrats. Pornographers. Draft-card burners. Let me see, I mentioned pansies, didn't I? Well, then you have foreign welfare chisellers. Pansy minority-people welfare chisellers. All that. You get eight million of those kind of people in one spot, you're bound to have trouble.

—CALVIN TRILLIN
AND EDWARD KOREN



A REPORTER AT LARGE

AN APPEARANCE ON THE SEA

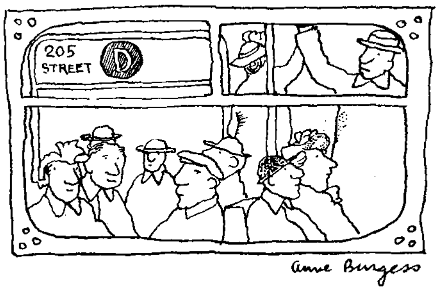
IT is perhaps unthinkable that herring fishing might, like handmade cricket bats and the wooden clothespins from which the English gypsies used to scrape a living, dwindle away and disappear altogether. Nor is it immediately likely. But what is certainly true is that the ancient practice of taking fresh herring from Northern European waters has recently been going through a stage of perilous change. Fishing for herring has always been something of a lottery. But overfishing and the intrusion of offshore oil into traditional fishing grounds have put herring in a context of hazard and readjustment quite at odds with its fairly tranquil history, as I discovered during a recent visit to the northwest coast of Scotland, where fishing for herring is an ancestral dedication, and where the conversation rarely gets around to anything but that elusive silver fish and its proclivities.

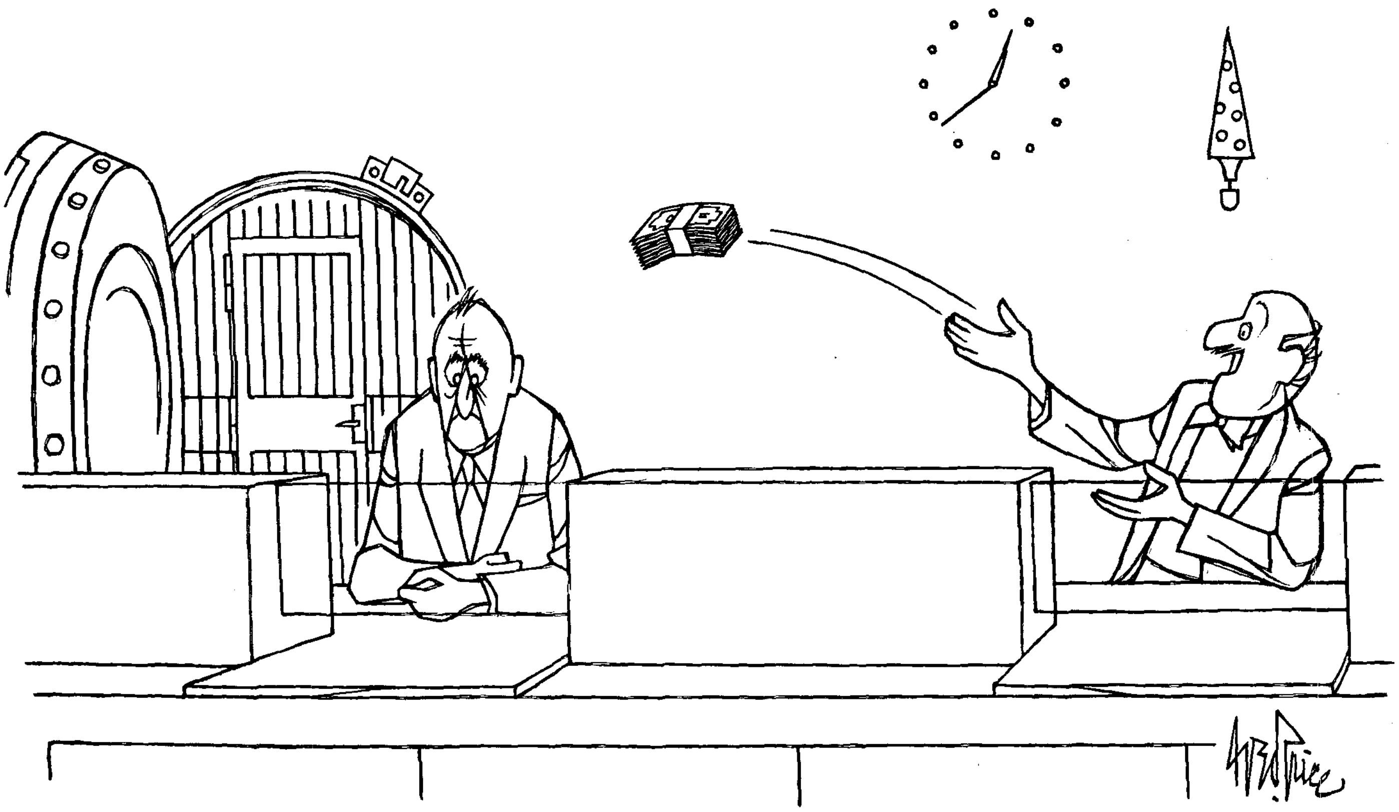
When I lived in New York during the early fifties, Europe was still feeling the pinch of postwar penury, and every time I returned to Scotland, where I grew up, I lugged along with me a bag of assorted bluejeans (what mysterious prestige bluejeans enjoyed then in Europe!) and an anthology of material unattainables. Yet whenever I would get a letter asking if there was anything I wanted from home in return, I would always reply, wistfully and unhesitatingly, "Fresh North Sea herring," for it was one thing I truly missed, in exactly the way that Americans stranded abroad will suddenly be overcome by a lust for hamburgers. Once, I remember, a friend who was flying to New York brought with her a gradually soggying packet of herring, only to have it pounced on censoriously at the airport by a representative of United States Customs. Even had she managed to conceal it in a false-bottomed briefcase, it would have been a sad and lustreless shadow of its fresh self, its sea tang diminished by distance. I remember W. H. Auden remarking once that whenever he returned to England he would find himself instinctively seeking out the dishes of his childhood, however much his palate had refined itself in the interim. He remains absolutely right: whenever I return to Scotland, my first hunger is for fresh herring, dipped in oatmeal, seared in hot fat, crisp and exquisite to the taste, a reassurance in itself. But quite apart from its eatability, herring has something of an aura for me. As a child, I used to watch the herring boats go out in handfuls from the small, stony harbors of the west coast of Scotland in the evening, and I would be hanging about the piers again in the early morning, gaping at the showers of silver fish being brailed out of the boat holds into boxes or baskets—a currency peculiar to the sea.

It was only after I became preoccupied with the sudden eruption of oil activity off Scotland's North Sea coast and the changes already afoot in the country that I began to ask questions of the herring fishermen, and so found out to what extent their whole fishing life had altered and what difficult problems they were facing. In one sense, the herring fishing has never been more rewarding: the markets run higher all the time, the boats and fleets have grown bigger and more efficient, the means of distribution and preservation (herring, with its rich oil content, deteriorates rapidly) have been speeded up and improved, the fishing has become much less of a gamble than it was before. All these elements add up to a kind of boom for herring fishermen, to a degree that makes the older ones shake their heads in disbelieving wonderment. But a boom generally comes before a fall, or, at least, has the ingredients of a fall in it, and a whole new crop of questions has intruded into the daily business of fishing—questions that not only refuse to disappear but loom dangerously larger every year.

SO much written attention has been given herring—*Clupea harengus*, one of the most fished-for fish in the seas of the planet—that there is every reason for regarding them as a separate and powerful race with an influence, inarticulate but decisive, on the changing destiny of Europe. ("You don't get songs about cod and haddock, now, do you?" said one herring historian to me. "But we have any number about herring—that means something.") Much of the recent scientific study of the movement of herring in North Sea and North Atlantic waters divides them into vast families, moving independently of one another, and not in the great general patterns that until recently they were firmly believed to follow. I have come across several histories of the herring which invoke a passing reference by Solinus, in the year 240, to the inhabitants of the Hebrides as "living on fish and grain," the fish assumed to be herring. References to the herring begin to abound in Saxon times, and it was clearly a prized staple, as much among the Norwegians, the Danes, and the Dutch as among the Anglo-Saxons; by the sixth century prayers were being offered up by the Danish occupiers of the Anglo-Saxon territories for the continuing fruitfulness of the herring fishing. Not until the thirteenth century, however, did herring become a crucial medium for trade; that was when the north German towns formed the Hanseatic League, the prosperity of which relied heavily on herring. By the sixteenth century, the Dutch had usurped the bulk of the herring trade, partly because they had improved the methods of curing the fish. (Legend has it that the foundations of Amsterdam are herring bones.) The Dutch and the English fought a running war during the seventeenth century for control of the sea, according to historians; but since the Dutch were fishing for their herring mainly off the coast of England, and since Charles I and Cromwell continued to dicker with Holland over the question of tribute payable by foreign powers for fishing English waters, it makes perfect sense to read the history of this maritime war as essentially a war for control of the herring trade.

Foreign complications notwithstanding, the British herring industry kept bustling on relentlessly, with some semblance of a rhythm, through the succeeding centuries, until it had achieved a volume greater than that of all the other European countries combined. But what had grown to be as important as catching the herring were the ways of curing and preserving them; here the Scots, with their various methods of kippering, or salting and smoking, the fresh fish, began to assert a kind of exclusivity over the whole business of catching, treating, and trading in herring. I cite one of my heroes, that most assiduous and painstaking London bookseller John Knox—not to be confused with the





"For a full year of loyal, efficient, and selfless service, Joyeux Noël to you, Howard Whitlow Zinbach."

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horrendous John Knox, who scourged Scotland during the sixteenth century and saddled it with his special brand of naysaying Calvinism. My John Knox made a number of visits to the Highlands of Scotland during the seventeen-sixties and published, in 1784, an extraordinarily perceptive work called "A View of the British Empire, More Especially Scotland; with Some Proposals for the Improvement of That Country, the Extension of Its Fisheries, and the Relief of the People." Scotland's greatest strength, Knox maintained, lay in its fisheries and fishermen—the security of the nation and the prosperity of its fisheries coinciding absolutely. "The whole coast of Scotland," he wrote, "may be considered as one continual fishery." I wish he were about now; I would welcome his observations on the overfishing of the herring and the hazard of offshore oil. But the point he made remained true for centuries, and it is only in the past ten or fifteen years that the fury of the technological race to produce has removed their ancient livelihood from some of those small sea towns in Scotland which either have been unable to keep up with the race or have suddenly found themselves deserted by the fish they had come to count on: continuing proof that the sea is not territorially exclusive—that fish, in fact, have no nationality.

Not that the progress of the herring fishing has been steady—far from it. During the thirties, demand dropped off to a point where the fishing brought no livelihood, and I remember reading, as a boy, gloomy reports in the newspapers of whole catches' having to be dumped into the sea—a waste that today would be unthinkable. In the mid-thirties, the British government had to intervene with financial help to save the herring fishing from total desolation—a circumstance that put the industry on an uneasy footing. Government intervention has continued, through the agency of the Herring Industry Board, which announced last year that the industry had attained "very satisfactory levels of profitability." Such prosperity, after the lean years of the thirties and then the postwar confusions, meant something of a triumph for the herring fishing; yet at the same time so many disturbing signs and pressures persisted that it would have been impossible to look on the future as one of gathering momentum, or one with the kind of steady rhythm that fishermen feel to be an essential element in their search for fish.

NOT just fish but herring, one should always say, for there does exist about the herring a peculiar allure that does not touch other fish; those who pursue herring seem to feel an affection for the elusiveness and unpredictability of the moving shoals. I have watched a healthy catch of herring being brought aboard a boat in the early hours of the morning, and the care with which the fish are scooped up and stashed away in the fish holds suggests something more intimate than greedy—as though the fish were a form of tangible luck, not just a commodity that would bring a predictable price at the morning auction. It must have something to do with quantity, because one never thinks of a single herring until one is preparing to eat it; catching is a matter of a mass of tumbling fish, and when, at the sight of a full trawl net, a skipper is able to say to himself, "A hundred and fifty cran," you feel his satisfaction growing. (With British membership in the Common Market, decimalization has caught up with the Scottish herring fishermen. Herring, which have traditionally been measured by volume in "crans," or baskets, are now estimated in "units" of a hundred kilograms, the equivalent of just over half a cran; but the skippers and crews—and, in fact, all herring men—go on talking in crans, as obstinately as anybody resisting a new coin.) Herring are beautiful fish to look at—silver-sided, steel-blue-backed, some twelve inches long when full-grown—but mostly it is their shoaling habit, their moving uniformly in great masses, that whets the eagerness of the fishermen, who can count on catching them in quantities that make them a more desirable prey than any other species of fish in those waters. The whole business of fishing them—when to put to sea, how to tell variations in seasonal habits, the state and quality of the fish, where to strike the great shoals—forms the fabric of an intricate calculation, a reading of the sea that makes a gambler's chance out of the act of shooting a net. The excitement spreads from the skipper to the whole crew, who, as I found when I went out with the boats, would get caught up in each shot, peering avidly over as the abundance of the catch revealed itself alongside. The crew (varying from about seven men to about twelve, according to the type of boat) draw a direct share of the profits from the catch, and that may help to explain the zeal with which they tumble out of their bunks into their oilskins, and out onto a freezing, hail-sharded deck to take in a net in the middle of the night when they might still be sleeping on top of a half-full hold of freshly expiring herring, poured in there within the hour. An almost instinctive coöperation takes place among the crew, as though what requires to be done took blunt precedence over what anyone wants to do. And, back in the warm galley, the talk, surprisingly, sticks close to herring—to last week's fishing, to next week's fishing. As one of them said to me, "At least, you know it will keep happening."

A
B
Bernard Schoenbaum

But it is just that ancient predictability which has diminished so much in the last few hectic years. For a very long time, the pattern of British herring fishing remained stable, beginning in the extreme north in May and June, and spreading down the east coast of Scotland and then the east coast of England with such regularity that all the trappings of the trade—the boats and crews, the fishergirls who gutted and barrelled the herring—could move south following the shoals. But eventually fishing patterns make guessers and soothsayers out of fishermen and scientists alike, and the most dramatic variation in the pattern of British herring fishing over these last years has been the drastic decrease in catches from the North Sea, the traditional haunt for centuries not only of the Scottish and English herring fleets but of those of Holland, Germany, Norway, and Denmark. A welter of scientific explanation exists—climatic conditions have been affecting the richness and the fat content of the plankton, wind variations have been moving the sites of the spawning grounds, and so on—but the conclusive opinion of both experts and fishermen is that the North Sea beds have quite simply been overfished, and that breeding stocks of herring there appear in danger of extermination, for if a stock is thinned out excessively it will stop regenerating altogether. At any rate, by 1967 the amount of herring landed in North Sea ports had fallen well below half the annual average of the late fifties, and was continuing to dwindle; so, inevitably, since fishermen are practical animals, their attention began to wander to other grounds. They turned to the stretch of sea in the extreme northwest of Scotland, between the mainland and the spindly string of islands forming the Outer Hebrides—the waters known as the Minch. So when I began to look for the center of the British herring industry at present, I found it to be by common consent Mallaig, a small fishing port in Inverness-shire, on a protuberance of land between Loch Morar, to the south, and Loch Nevis, to the north. It seemed improbable to me that Mallaig should have fallen into such eminence, for I remembered it from my boyhood as a frail village with a single stone pier, and later visits had not made it seem any more likely to be a capital of any kind. But when I studied the figures of herring

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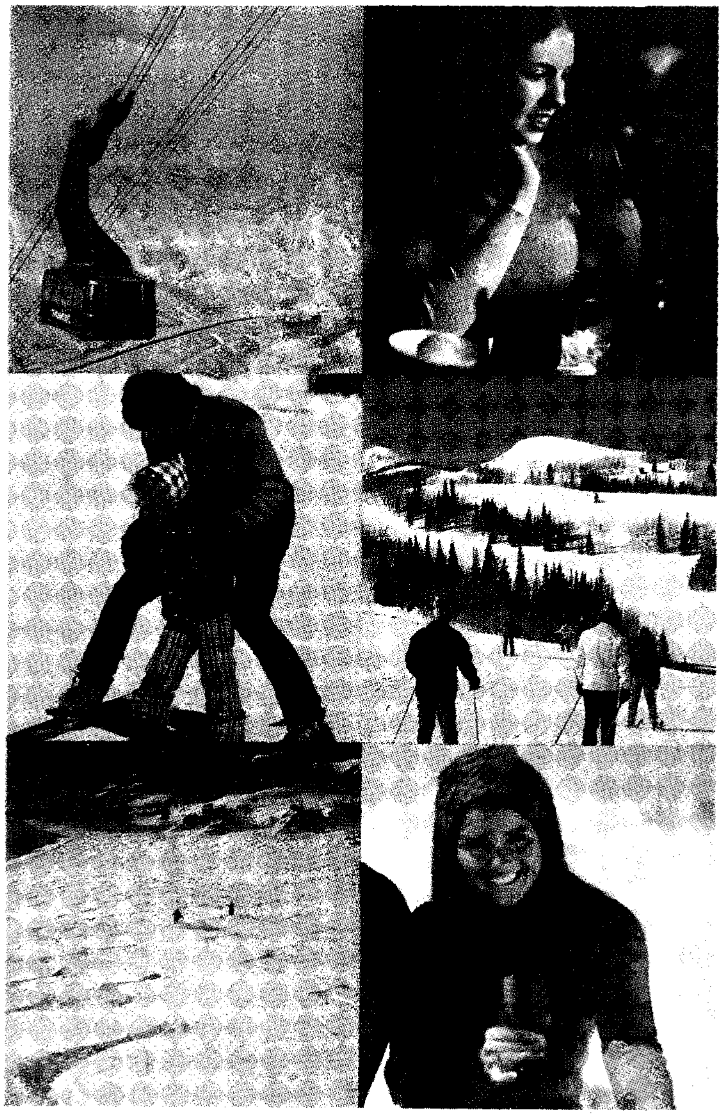

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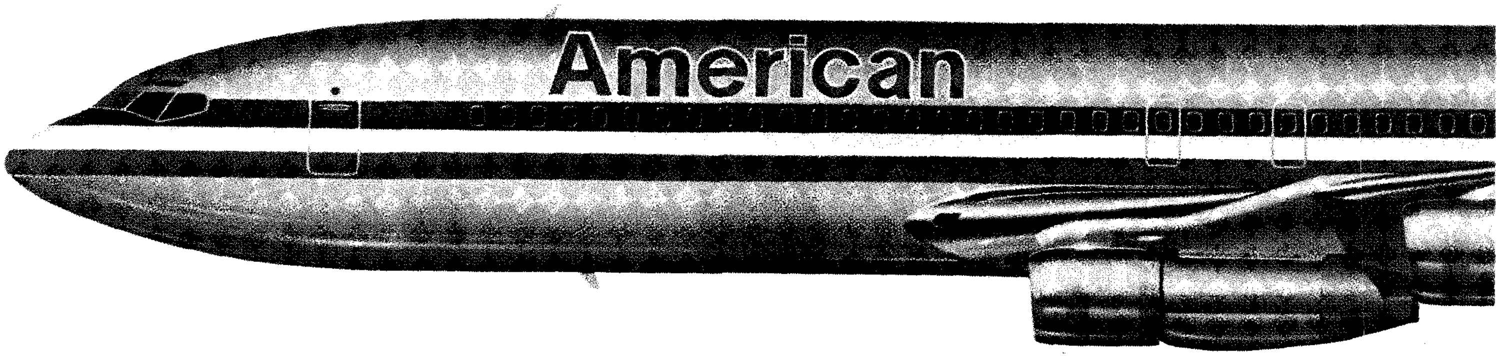

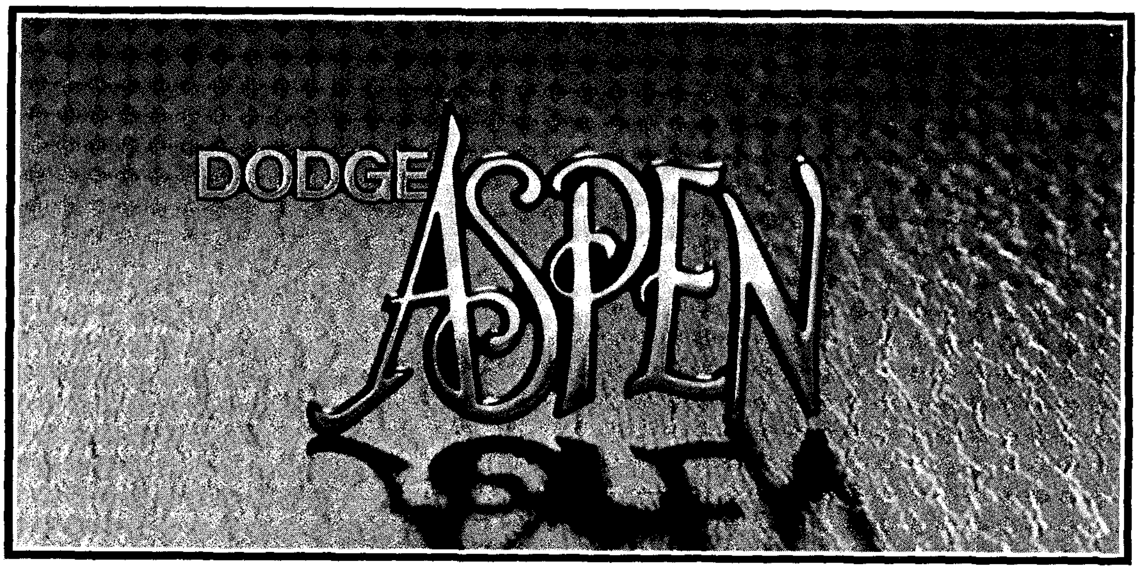

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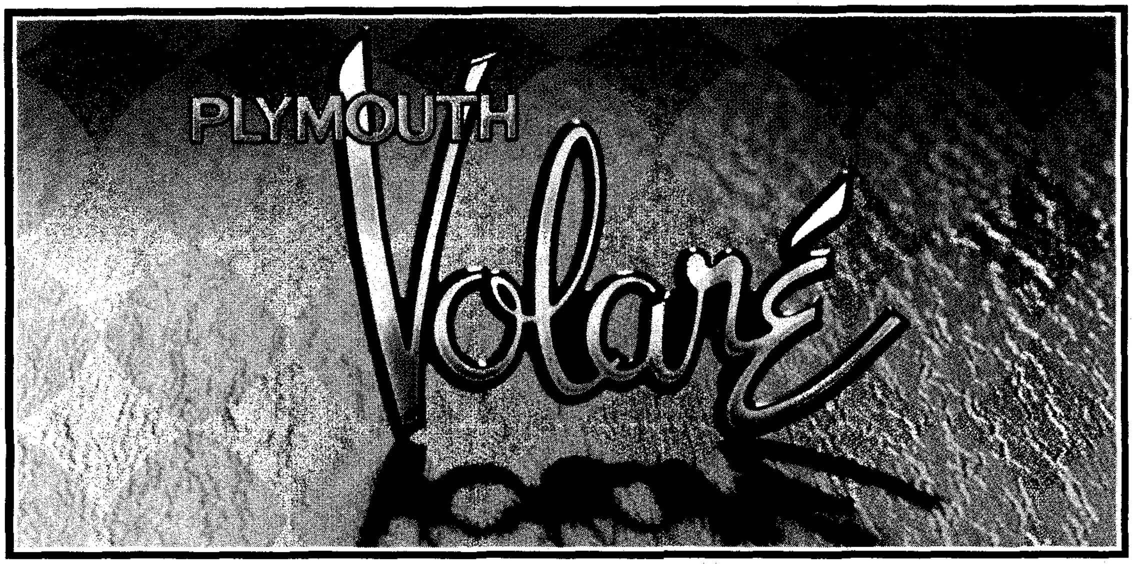

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This means that for the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of your 1976 Dodge Aspen or Plymouth Volaré we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, **regardless of mileage.** Of course, the owner is responsible for normal maintenance such as changing filters and wiper blades.

With three body styles, your choice is not restricted.

These new small cars are offered as a 2-door coupe, a 4-door sedan and a 4-door station wagon—in several versions. Our new-size wagon weighs up to 1,200 lbs. less than some bigger ones. That means you'll save gas and even though it's two feet shorter than a full-size wagon, you can carry 92% as much weight and up to 76% as much bulk. Compare what you can carry with competitive wagons.

SIZE	LENGTH OVER-ALL	TOTAL LOAD CAP.	CU.FT. CARGO SPACE	PAS-SENGERS
FORD COUNTRY SQUIRE	18.8 ft.	1,200 lbs.	94.6	6
CHEVELLE WAGON	18.0 ft.	1,100 lbs.	85.1	6
OUR NEW WAGON	**16.8 ft.**	**1,100 lbs.**	**71.9**	**6**
PINTO WAGON	14.9 ft.	850 lbs.	57.2	4

They're even easy to service.

We included all of our electronic advances. That means you can forget about replacing points and condensers. And, under normal driving conditions, there is no recommended transmission maintenance.

We wanted you to be able to order the options you wanted.

Many small cars are limited in the number of convenience options you can add. Ours can take all the important ones. For example, air conditioning engineered to provide comfort levels comparable to larger cars, power seats, power windows, electric door locks, tilt steering wheel, 4-speaker stereo, sun roof, power steering, power disc brakes, 50,000-mile battery, Sure-Grip axle, 4-speed manual overdrive transmission.

The price may be the biggest surprise of all.

You will find it hard to believe that you can get so much car, so much value for such a low price.

We made two versions . . . with two names . . . Dodge Aspen and Plymouth Volaré.

Aspen at your Dodge dealer's. Volaré at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. See them now.

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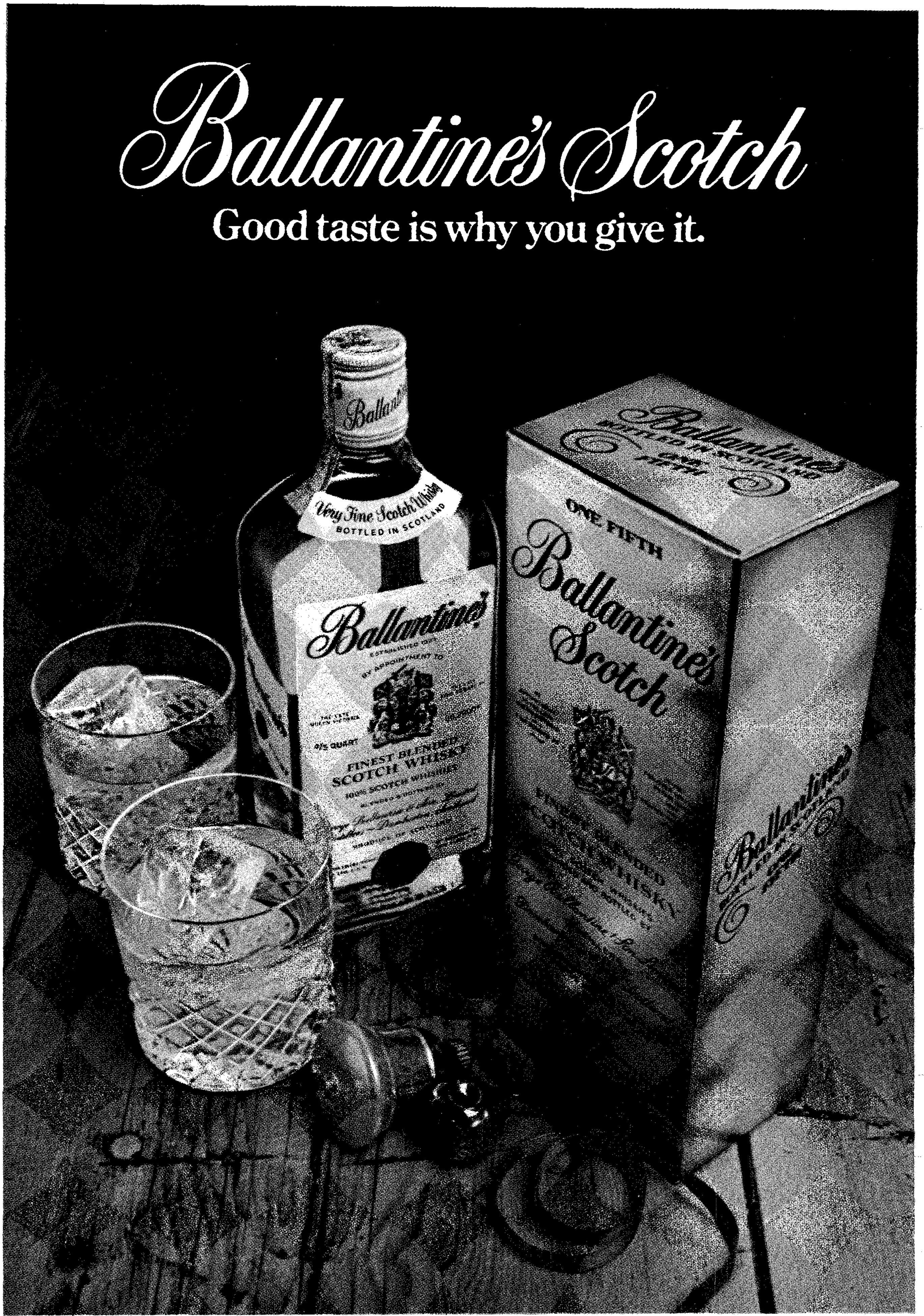
Ballantine's Scotch
Good taste is why you give it.
Ballantine's
Very Fine Scotch Whisky
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SCOTCH WHISKY
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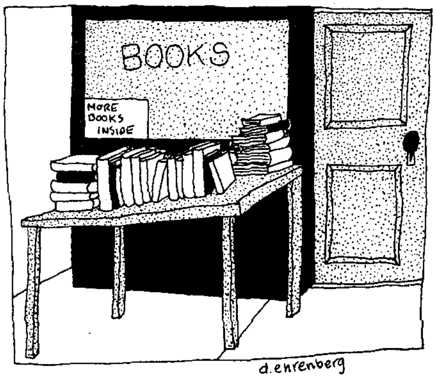
©"21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

landed, I found that I was clearly wrong, and I took off from Edinburgh for Mallaig, my disbelief willingly suspended.

TO reach Mallaig, you must mean it, for it is literally the end of the line, the line being that of the old West Highland Railway—a turn-of-the-century intrusion into the rusticity of the Scottish Highlands which is now one of the most northerly arteries of the dwindling British railway system. I had to catch a train from Edinburgh at four-thirty-five in the morning, an hour when that stately city is as sound asleep as the monument it properly is. At the station, one sleepy-eyed porter nodded me in the direction of the single lighted platform, and, once aboard, I fell asleep and did not wake up until the train had left Scotland's industrial belt well behind and was chugging its way across the Rannoch Moor in a chilly, rain-swept Highland morning. Except for the summer months, when it shimmers all night under a mysterious twilight, a Highland landscape must be the most mournful of human outlooks, and as I gazed out across the uninhabited acres of browning bracken I felt myself to be in a kind of railway limbo, with one stony, bleak valley following another, on and on, without end. But after we reached the railhead at Fort William and took on miscellaneous supplies and weather-beaten passengers, the train set its head for Mallaig along the last section of track, which was laid down, amid much controversy, in 1901, when the railway was looking for a sea outlet from its main, north-and-south lines. The run still feels improbable, as though the track might founder at any point. Below the small village of Glenfinnan stands the ancestral monument, like a stranded lighthouse, on the spot where Prince Charles Edward Stuart summoned the ragged clansmen to his banner in 1745 and proceeded south, to come within an ace of taking over England—an activity that his latter-day countrymen still pursue with zeal. The train threads its way round the shores of lochs until it hits the sea itself, and around noon it chugs into Mallaig station, where a few locals hang about, ostensibly for the day's papers but mainly for curiosity's sake—for the train comes to Mallaig from the Outside World and might as well be a rocket splashing down, so remote does that world seem.

Mallaig happens to be one of the two jumping-off points for the Isle of Skye, which lies in the Minch; in the summer months tourists with Highland mystery in mind march steadily down a glass-roofed platform to a ferry that shunts them across the Sound of Sleat to Skye, which is clearly visible across the water—small white-washed cottages dotting a long, low headland. To the southwest, on the horizon, lie the islands of Rum and Eigg in silhouette, the one humpy with mountains, the other as thin as a wafer, both purpled by distance, almost unpeopled, firmly at anchor in the sea. "The Road to the Isles" keeps cropping up in Hebridean folk song, for beyond Skye lies the thin string of the Outer Hebrides; on that road, Mallaig is emphatically a way station.

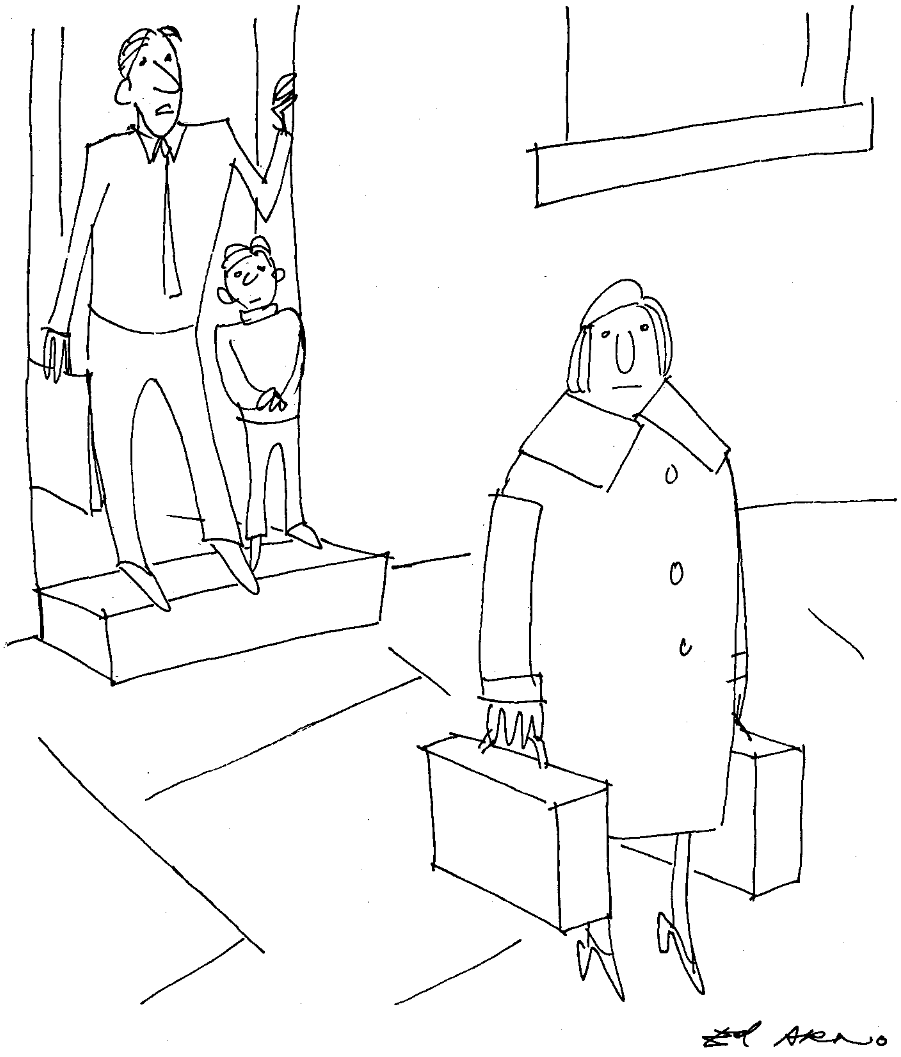
Mallaig at first glance might be a child's model of a fishing village, put together out of the most basic of elements. At the center are twin piers now, with a clutter of warehouses, workshops, and small wooden shacks; two streets, at right angles, with their few basic shops selling everything from candy and day-old newspapers to sea-boots; a large, imposing summer hotel, with an air of more elegant, leisurely days; the post office; and the two churches, Catholic and Protestant, situated so as to glare at one another architecturally. Straggling along the headland in both directions are houses huddled together against the dubiety of the weather; the school, the view from whose windows seems sufficient to lure boys to sea; and the Coastguard lookout, set like an eye into that coastline—all dwindling away into rocks with a topping of grass and bracken. And always, down below, beyond the single track of the railway, the constant seethe of the sea outlining the bay. In Mallaig, one does not look in; one looks out, inevitably, to the islands, to Skye, to the seascape, to the changing sky. Mallaig stays as bleak and bare as its postcards, but it scarcely rests at all, for what is behind it is a running activity, a steady rhythm: that of going out for fish and bringing them in, almost without pause—except, of course, for Sunday, which in the Highlands is still a day of such paralyzing silence that it disposes anyone out in it to speak in a whisper.



But the town serves only as setting. It culminates in the harbor, in every sense: it funnels itself to where the boats lie, lashed to one another in lines alongside the stone walls; it comes to a head in what is constantly happening around the boats, at almost any time of the day or night—for the pier scarcely ever subsides, or, at least, it looks as though it were always in motion. I grew used to haunting the pier at odd times of day, because there was always someone to fall into conversation with, always something to watch, always something going on that had to do with herring. Mallaig itself does not boast a great fleet of boats, although there are a number of locally registered boats involved in the fishing; its importance now is as a landing port for herring, and this means that all the elements of selling and distributing the herring—the fish auctions, the attendant buyers, the trucks waiting to be loaded—keep the port humming. Days on the pier have a distinct rhythm to them. From first light, the boats begin to straggle in from the night's fishing—with some urgency, since quayside space is so limited that a kind of unloading queue has to form. As each boat comes in, one of its crew must make for the Fish Market with a fair sample of the night's catch (a sample should contain at least forty herring) and an indication of the quantity of the catch. Fish merchants and buyers stamp about in the morning cold until the auctioneer sounds his hooter and the first sample is spilled out onto a red concrete slab, to be scrutinized expertly. ("What you're looking for, y'see, would be a fatness along the spine, a good size, a fair waist to the fish, enough flesh to turn into fat kippers, since most of what we're buying now goes for kippering.") The auction is held at various points throughout the day, as boats keep coming in and as trucks keep arriving and readying themselves to haul the fish away. In the past, much of the fish was shipped by rail from the station in specially prepared fish cars, but a kind of transport war broke out between the railway authorities, who at the time seemed more involved in cutting down the spiderweb of their services, and the trucking companies, who proved that they were able to deliver fresh fish more reliably to the huge kippering factories on the east coast. (Because of the terrain, rail transportation in Scotland has always run more efficiently from north to south than from east to west, and the trucks are able to manage the traversing of the country with infinitely more efficiency than the trains could ever have done.) Throughout the morning, the quayside rumbles with the maneuvering of trucks and of arriving boats, the screech of derricks, the loading and spilling of herring, the thump of rubber boots, the hosing down of boats, the scurrying of cooks to the cluster of provisioning stores on the two streets, the conversations of merchants and skippers, and, every now and again, the arrival of a klondyker—a foreign storage boat that has put in precisely for the purpose of buying available herring, taking them aboard, and salting and freezing them, thus providing the kind of instant market that gives the herring fishermen immediate satisfaction, which the long-range home market cannot supply. (In 1973, klondyking boats, mainly from Denmark, bought up almost a fourth of all the herring landed in Scotland.) The fishing boats vary in their provenance: trawlers from the northeast fishing ports like Peterhead and Fraserburgh; an odd Norwegian purse seiner; local boats, some of them built in Holland but bearing distinctly local names. There is a confusion of accents but a ruthlessly single-minded intention: to get back out to the fishing grounds as quickly as possible.

Over the harbor at Mallaig hangs an almost stationary canopy of gulls, hunched in hovering attitudes of greed, dropping every so often on their flat pink feet to gulp down a loose herring, keeping watch in rows from the roof of the icehouse, waiting for anything eatable to come within range of their beaks. Gulls are to herring like attendant spirits—at sea, when the huge purse nets are being hauled in, they materialize in clouds, supervising the closing circle of the net, poised to pounce on any surfacing fish. It would be only proper to think of Mallaig as populated not just by its thousand human inhabitants but by the separate races of fish, gulls, and sheep as well. By Highland tradition, the sheep have free grazing rights, which they exercise along the road verges with an abandon that, considering the grinding progress of the huge fish trucks, can only be considered wanton. The sheep, however, seem to have adapted imperturbably. There is more doubt in the minds of the human inhabitants. Although those notorious days are over when Highlanders were brutally hounded from their crofts by the agents of absentee landlords, who saw more economic possibilities in sheep than in human beings, the people of Mallaig seem a bit perplexed by their own fairly recent well-being. “In two months’ fishing, I cleared more money for my cash share of the herring we took than my father earned in thirty-odd years of crofting,” a boy on one of the boats told me, shaking his head out of awe more than anything else. Certainly, in economic terms, sheer survival no longer preoccupies the Highlands, as it has done for most of their gloomy history. Over these last few years, the Highlands have been doing fairly well for themselves, with tourists padding out the summer months, and the sudden huge demand for fish bringing in revenues and pay packets that continue to bewilder the fishermen—for the price of herring has been clambering upward from one year to the next. “It’s not as if we’d just discovered herring,” a fisherman told me. “My grandfather had his own boat, and we’ve never thought of another kind of life. But the cost of a new boat nowadays, with all the equipment you need, has risen two hundred times, so that we can only buy it with a huge loan, and it’s a chance to take—that your luck will hold, that you’ll find the herring, that the shoals will *be* there. We’re taking a bigger risk than a man who is just wondering if he’ll have a better or worse harvest than last year; and we could suffer *badly from the risk of keeping at it*, just as abruptly as we profit from the luck of a good night, a good week, a good season.”

The weather over the Sound of Sleat is a separate presence in itself. In the course of a single day, there will pass a whole panoply of cloud color, weather omens, dire figurations, sun, rain both black and gray, sleet, the suspicion of snow. Stumping into the village from where I was staying, I might dress for a storm, and sometimes it would come and go before I had finished the mile walk. People greet each other on the street in the manner of survivors. Mallaig is well wizened by its belting weather, yet it can suddenly transform itself into a place so benign and green as to erase in a moment the memory of its sudden blusters. I have an old friend there—an American painter, Jon Schueler, who came on the place in the fifties and bent all his energies to getting back there to settle



“Please, Valerie! Think of the Bicentennial!”

There are times when only the very best will do.

A birthday.
Happy homecoming.
Welcome to fatherhood.
The Holiday season.
Bon voyage.
Welcome to the neighborhood.
Thank you.
Father's Day.
An anniversary.

...these are just some of the times you instinctively feel the gift should be equal in every way to the thought. You wish the best; you give the best.

What is best?

We'd like to give you an easy answer. We'd like to say that Maker's Mark is the finest whisky to come out of Kentucky.

But Bill Samuels, our president, won't let us say it.

He says there's no such thing as a universal "best" in whisky – that it's always a matter of personal taste.

We do know this, Bill set out to make the very best whisky he knew how – and as a fourth generation Kentucky distiller, he knew how.

And in his own eyes, he succeeded. In other words, he believes Maker's Mark is the best Kentucky whisky to be had at any price. And we can say that there's a large and steadily growing number of people who agree with him.

There is no way our little distillery can put up enough Maker's Mark to go around everywhere. So you may not be able to find it the first place you try – but that's another reason why those who receive a bottle will value it all the more.

it tastes expensive
...and is.
Maker's Mark
WHISKY
Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof–Fully Matured.

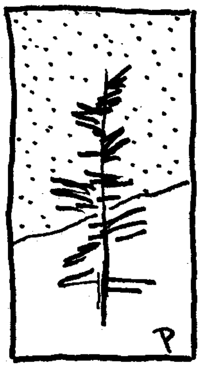
Just for giving?

So far, we haven't touched on those times when you yourself might feel especially deserving. All we can say is this: Try a bottle of Maker's Mark. There's a good chance you will consider it the best you've ever tasted. And if so, you'll be all set for those times when only the very best will do.

You're invited...

...to visit our little restored distillery on Star Hill Farm. It's the only one in Kentucky to be entered in the National Register of Historic Places. We think you might enjoy "discovering" it in the rolling Bluegrass countryside near Loretto. Meanwhile, our full-color folder offers you an armchair tour. Write for your free copy.

and paint. It is a choice whose wisdom keeps surprising him, for his obsession is the changing sky, and from his studio—a disused schoolhouse that stands on the shore, facing Skye and Rum—he looks out on the paradox of a view that is constant but always different. We had many conversations about Mallaig and its obdurate cast of mind, and I looked back through his paintings, which took on a peculiar intensity under the sky that occasioned them. Schueler talked about his relations with the local people. "At first, I suppose I seemed something of a crank to them—painting seemed by their standards too insubstantial to live by. Then once, just before a show I was having in Edinburgh, I mounted a bunch of pictures in the village hall. It was a fascinating occasion, for they'd wander in, some of the fishermen whose boats I'd gone out on, and after a bit of head scratching they'd say, 'Well, Jon, that's what we're seeing all the time. You mean people will buy these?' Then they'd come back for a second look, and I had some startling talks with them, for I think it gradually began to dawn on them what I was doing—that I was painting change itself, that my paintings were both familiar and strange to them. I think it made a big difference to them to find something to recognize in what I was doing." That certainly was true, for more than once I heard one of the locals exclaim "It's a real Jon Schueler sky today!"—as though Schueler had signed the sky for them, permanently.

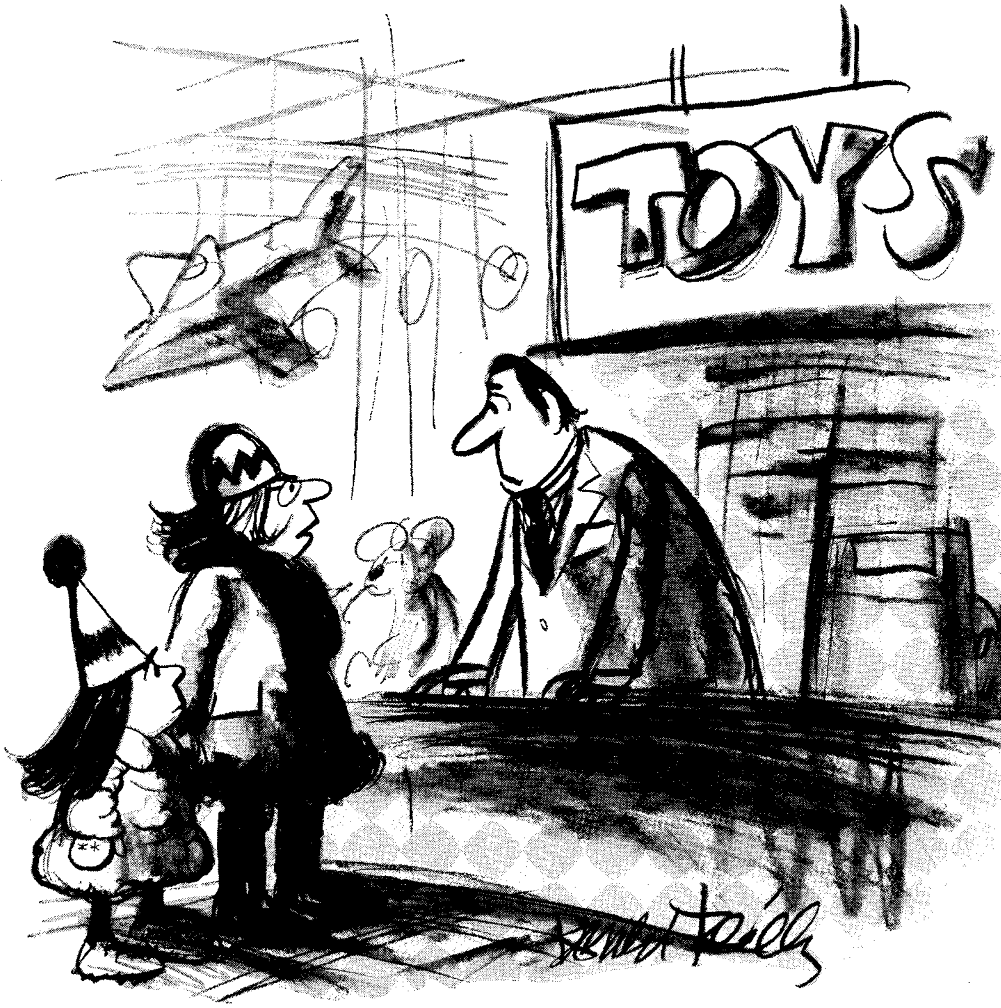


MALLAIG has a long fishing past, considerably more primitive than its high-powered present and yet easily within the recall of a number of the inhabitants, for old fishermen, even if they leave the sea, cannot bring themselves to leave the scene, and are usually to be found mending nets, watching the auction, hanging about the harbor. But almost everything has changed before their eyes—methods, mechanism, scale. In the old days, herring fishermen relied on drift-net and ring-net fishing. The first of these methods involved a long wall of net, suspended by floats behind the boat, in which the herring would entangle themselves by the gills, and required a long and brutal hauling-in; the second was good for small, enclosed water, like inshore lochs, in which two boats would sow a circle of net and, working together, bring the catch into its ever-shrinking circumference. While drift- and ring-netting prevailed almost exclusively until a dozen years ago, they have now virtually disappeared before newer methods, some of them imported from the Continent. The two methods currently in ruthless commercial use are mid-water trawling and purse seining. The mid-water trawl net, like an extended basket, is usually drawn behind two boats, at a variable depth, over an extended distance, its mesh designed to take in the swimming shoals of herring in its path, so that it does not have to rely on finding the shoals at their thickest; the trawlers, moreover, usually work in company, off-loading the catch onto one of the boats to take in, so that the others can stay out at the fishing. The purse seiners bristle with technological innovations. When the enormous purse seine (some three hundred fathoms long by eighty fathoms deep) is cast, the boat moves in a circle around a herring shoal, pulling the net into the shape of a pocket in a pool table. A bridle wire shuts off the bottom, and the net is drawn in hydraulically until the bottom of the pocket is alongside the boat, whereupon the herring are pumped aboard hydraulically into a series of tubes and flushed directly into the holds. Both these methods—and, indeed, all herring-fishing methods now—depend heavily on a variety of electronic equipment to pinpoint the disposition and movements of the shoals; without sonar recorders, echometers, and the like it would be unthinkable to go after herring today. I asked the old fishermen in Mallaig how they found the herring in pre-electronic days, and they came up with a variety of strange touchstones, some of them verging on the mystical: "Well, now, there would be a certain appearance on the sea," or "The sea would sort of brown over and you'd know herring had to be there." Or they'd watch for gannets diving, or use a device that they spoke of with some awe—a length of piano wire with a heavy weight on its end, which one of them who "had the feel" would finger so skillfully as to be able to tell the thickness of the shoal below. However remote all that may seem, a fundamental superstition still hovers over the fishing, and, even with all their electronic assistance, skippers will sometimes pause on the brink of shooting a net as if they were looking for an "appearance." A number of other superstitions remain: you must never mention the word "salmon" aboard a herring boat, or the word "rabbit;" and if you leave your house on the way to sea and run into anyone dressed in black, like the parson, you must go back home and start out again. These may have lost their edge, but there is no question that the herring men believe strongly in luck, as I can testify.

One night, I went out on a purse seiner, leaving Mallaig in the dwindling afternoon and running past the darkening shapes of Eigg and Rum and across the Minch toward the Sound of Barra, where the herring were rumored to be. Indeed, when we turned southward across the sound enough masthead lights showed all around to make the place look like a bus terminal; there were also some boats with flashing lights, which indicated that their purse nets had already been shot. Where herring skippers might be expected to be secretive, they are, on the contrary, loquacious—apparently pleased at finding herring anywhere in the sea and anxious to spread the news on the radiotelephone. When I first went aboard, the members of the crew (ten is average for a purse seiner) all greeted me, ominously, by saying, "Hope you're no' a Jonah." Nothing could have been further from my intentions, but when we had circled and speculated for a while, eyes anxiously on the sonar, the skipper, seeing the signs of a fat shoal on the graph paper, shouted for the purse net to be let go and switched on the flashing lights. Almost at once, everybody in the wheelhouse appeared to be pressing all the alarm buttons within reach. The sonar tube, which projects below the boat and is usually retracted automatically as the net is shot, had remained down and had run across the purse net, ripping it and becoming entangled in it. We came to a standstill, switched on the masthead floodlights, and tentatively tried to bring the net in, but it was thoroughly fouled and would not budge. At that point, I felt a few Jonah-barbed glances thrown in my direction, and I shrank deeper into my oilskins. Another boat hove to alongside, adding its masthead floods to light up the dark-green water as one of the crew went over the side in a wet suit, where he bobbed up and down for almost an hour before the net was freed. Down below the wheelhouse, on the fish holds, the crew stood about in yellow and orange oilskins, peering over the side, smoking, pacing, waiting. Once free, the net was wound in as far as the ripped portion, which was thereby isolated enough to be sewn.

Meanwhile, on the radiotelephone the sonar operator was calling a man in Aberdeen to find out how the sonar, which had been dented, could be retracted manually. Our companion boat went off to fish on its own account, and the net, now mended, was let out and hauled in. To my relief, instead of limping back to Mallaig, which, I felt, would have occasioned my leaving town at once, we turned south toward the lower Hebridean islands of Coll and Tiree, shot the net a couple of times, took in what seemed to me a bellyful of herring, and turned north again, arriving in Mallaig about ten the next morning with a catch that the skipper maintained was "no disgrace," though his headshaking clearly indicated that a catch of about ten times as much would have been needed to make him smile. A sonar mechanic was on his way to look over the mechanism, but the boat was preparing to unload, store up, and go out again that afternoon. I stayed ashore, however, in case anything dire should happen. For me to become an agent of bad luck was as risky to me as to them, I felt.

Fishing for herring has very definite seasons, which vary according to the spawning times of the different families. On the west coast, April and May are the slack months, since the spring spawning has by then completed itself, and the herring are what are known as "spents"—thin, indolent, not worth the catching. It is the summer herring that bring a light to the fishermen's eyes, for, although fewer in quantity, they are full-grown, fat, and oily, and fetch the highest prices of the year. But the crucial date in Minch fishing has become Halloween, after which the herring swarm in great shoals and can be taken in the mass. Autumn is the season that brings all manner of boats to land their catches in Mallaig, some of them enormous by the standards of the past—up to eight hundred cran, or a hundred and forty thousand kilos. While I was in Mallaig, in the autumn, a thousand tons were landed on two successive days—catches that, since the annual total is around sixty thousand tons, had the resources of the little port working at full stretch. The season of good fishing lasts until about mid-February, when the quality begins to fall off; then the boats are likely to look for new grounds, and other kinds of fish, sometimes out in the Atlantic, beyond the Hebrides. Ideally, with a steady demand, a regular fleet of boats, an efficient system of distribution, a stable seasonal pattern, and a substantial degree of international coöperation, the herring fishing would seem capable of continuing inexhaustibly, always assuming that the herring themselves stayed faithful to their patterns of movement. But in fact every one of these factors varies unpredictably, and estimating the possibilities for next year's fishing is more a matter of crossing fingers than of counting on anything. Talking at idle moments, most of the fishermen looked ahead gloomily, wry about the chances that demand would hold up, troubled over the rising cost of keeping after the herring, fearful that the intrusion of more and more foreign boats would soon leave the Minch barren. A number of them told me, as a kind of cautionary tale, about running into a huge Russian fishing fleet in the waters off the island of Saint Kilda earlier in the year. "It was like coming on a bloody city in the sea at night—upwards of forty boats swarming in the sea around a bloody great mother ship that swallowed up and processed their catches and kept them fishing away for weeks," one of them said. "Enough to make you give up there and then." Except that giving up, or even dwelling on the hazards ahead, never preoccupies them for long, with the night's fishing ahead. Quite the reverse: I noticed in the herring men more than once an itch, an impatience, a positive jumpiness to put to sea. "The only miserable herring fisherman is him with a full boat, for he cannae fill it" is their legendary attitude, and it bears a lot of truth. The boats put out when they can—about midday in the waning year—to reach the fishing grounds as dark falls. (Herring move closer to the surface to feed as the light fades, and so come within the range of the types of net currently being used.) Once on the grounds, you can feel impatience in the constant glances at the sonar recording sheet (which shows the presence of herring as a brown smudge), at the sky, and at



"Have you something that's unstereotyped, nonexploitative, and fun for under ten dollars?"

boats whose lights are already flashing, and in the hunched, expectant attitudes. They have come there to catch herring, and everything else is an irrelevance, even sleep—and since most boats fish four or five nights of the week, regular sleep is something long left behind.

IN Mallaig, I spent some considerable time talking with the secretary of the Mallaig Harbour Authority, Mr. Gordon Jackson, who is a slight, wiry, bushy-browed man in his sixties. He kept materializing all over the harbor, keeping a sharp eye on the slow and cumbersome business of moving the herring from the boats to the buyers and then to the trucks, and the trucks onto the road—a process that he admitted was becoming more of a nightmare all the time, as bigger boats brought in heavier catches, and the trucks, some of them driven all the way from Holland, grew unmanageably big. (I would often have to thread my way through traffic jams and gesticulating drivers to get onto the tiny piers.) But the secretary was engrossed in herring, and he would answer all my questions with great enthusiasm, crisply and humorously. "When I came to Mallaig, I was practically retired," he told me. "And then I began to be involved with the place, first through investing in a group of boats, then in building an ice company. But you must understand that Mallaig then had nothing like the volume of fishing it has now; in fact, it was running down. It needed leading and pushing, and I got involved in a bit of both."

I asked him if he had foreseen the present situation at all.

"*Nobody* could have foreseen the Mallaig we're living in now, the amount of fishing we're doing," he replied. "Any prediction in, say, 1960 that Mallaig would become the leading herring port in Europe would have seemed ridiculous. But it would have seemed equally unlikely earlier on to predict that the herring shoals in the North Sea would dwindle away to next to nothing, as they have done, after having been fished for centuries. The more you have to do with herring, the more you learn how impossible prediction is—even the scientists are always confessing to being mystified by their movements. Yet how can you keep doing anything without forming reasonable expectations for the future? Take 1974. The previous year, most of the herring taken off Mallaig were fished in the North Minch, and most of my calculations rested on the expectation that these would be the best grounds for the following year as well. Then what happened? The first three months of 1974 turned out to be the richest fishing ever recorded on the west coast of Scotland, except that there were virtually no herring at all in the North Minch. The shoals turned up thick in the South Minch, and made a complete mock of my predictions. I was extremely annoyed, but I should know better by now. You end up never being sure, yet you must continue planning—at least, in some general way."

He showed me plans in his office for the enlargement of the harbor, with new piers and berthing facilities, and a section to be filled in with rock to form a vast parking ground on which the fish trucks could maneuver. "Our situation has become top-heavy, and yet the demands on us continue, more relentlessly than ever," Mr. Jackson told me. "The plans for the extension have won Parliamentary approval, but because of Britain's current economic problems the Government has only been able to provide funds for the parking ground. There are so many things that could so easily change from one season to another. Overfishing used to be thought a sheer impossibility, yet it's clear we overfished the North Sea grounds. You must remember that in the United Kingdom we fish herring almost completely for human consumption—not, as they do on the Continent, for making fish meal and oil, to use as fertilizer or animal feed. The demand has kept us pressing forward, and we've been lucky so far in that herring have been there and prices have remained high—so far, Mallaig has been lucky all round. That could all change. With west-coast herring so plentiful, we have naturally attracted not only boats from the North Sea but foreign boats—Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Russians, even Japanese—and overfishing has become a real danger, with the prospect of having to go farther and farther afield to find herring, and all the dangers that go hand in hand with that."

The nub of the present situation—and Mallaig dramatizes it perfectly—is that over a relatively short time fishing has changed sharply in character, from a frail and tentative individual effort on the part of single boats or small fleets to haul fish out of their local waters to a huge and insatiable international industry devising increasingly efficient methods to extract everything usable from any ocean within reach. In Mallaig, that transition has happened within a generation. Now, however, the hazards have reached a point where only large-scale international agreements on rights and limits can give fishing anything like a dependable future, and where government intervention is imperative. The British government has always been conspicuously torpid in its attention to fishing as an industry, but now its hand is being forced.

Since Britain joined the Common Market, in early 1973, United Kingdom fishing regulations have had to come painfully in line with the European Economic Community's Common Fisheries Policy—painfully because the United Kingdom has been until now in a predominantly favorable fishing position, with more fish in its home waters than any of the other E.E.C. countries, and with generally higher standards applied to the taking of fish. The problem now is how to control fishing internationally with some degree of fairness, and it has thrown not just fishermen but everyone involved into despair, for it is very nearly insoluble. The United Kingdom, by its present agreement with the E.E.C., which lasts until 1982, has a minimum fishery limit of six miles, extending to twelve miles in special zones, such as the north of Scotland. But Scottish fishermen complain, to a man, that these limits are much too close to shore and allow foreign boats to fish their waters at will. The trouble with Iceland over fishing for cod in Icelandic waters (Iceland unilaterally extended its fishing limits from twelve miles to fifty, in September of 1972, and to two hundred miles last October) has led British fishermen to seek extended territorial limits in their home waters, although they would prefer that such limits be agreed to internationally. Some steps have, however, been taken. In June of 1974, North Sea herring fishing was subjected to a rigid system of quotas, with each country being allocated a limit to the amount of fish its boats might take. As a result of a meeting of the North-East Atlantic Fisheries Commission in Bonn that month, a similar quota system has been applied to the west coast of Scotland, to preserve the herring stocks before they reach the point of exhaustion. That quota system currently allocates

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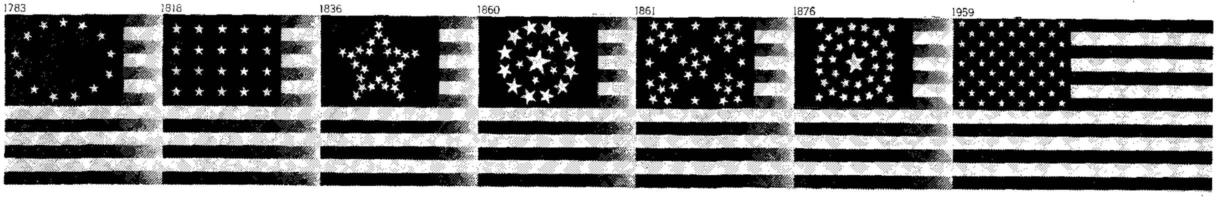

CBS TELEVISION AND RADIO NETWORKS

"It's a goddam jungle out there, Tarzan."

• •

a tonnage to each of the fishing countries; Iceland, for example, may fish three thousand tons, Norway sixteen thousand four hundred tons, the United Kingdom eighty-five thousand tons.

I asked Gordon Jackson if he saw the quota system as a solution.

"The main point about it is that it has put some kind of brake on," he replied. "Some boats have cut their fishing to four nights a week, which is a lot less exhausting to them than the rate of a few years ago. And it might have come just in time to prevent the worst consequences of overfishing—to save our herring stocks. It's a good stopgap, and it's renewable, but we hardly see it as a complete solution. But I think you'll find that practically all the fishermen—and I know this because I represent them on the Scottish Fishermen's Federation—would like to see a fifty-mile limit laid down, for it would make everything that much safer. One of the hazards we run into is that foreign boats, which are much less pernickety than we are, catch small herring near the spawning grounds and use them to make meal and oil, which amounts to slaughter. But to get international agreement of a fifty-mile limit would certainly not be easy. We've all had our eyes on the United Nations Law of the Sea Conference."

Indeed, it is not easy, as the two conference rounds held so far have amply demonstrated—marked, as they were, more by discord and confusion than by any measure of agreement. The three-mile territorial limit, which was originally set as the range of a cannon shot from shore, is now in the process of giving way to a limit of twelve miles, but the two sessions also devoted a lot of their time to discussing the desirability of two-hundred-mile "exclusive economic zones" within which countries would exercise an absolute control over fisheries and their conservation, and, of course, over all seabed minerals. So far were they from agreement, however, that the herring fishermen have been left dangerously disillusioned, for it is by now unlikely that any action can be taken soon enough to prevent a dangerous volume of overfishing in the immediate future. The Minch fishermen recently presented themselves in a body at the House of Commons, in Westminster, to protest the growing intrusion of foreign boats into their waters. A twelve-mile limit, they maintain, is ridiculously small, and some of them made ominous noises on national television, causing a number of newspapers to speculate on whether a new version of the cod war might be likely to break out in British waters.

The trouble with fishermen, when it comes to watching over their own interests, is that anything like sitting on a committee means to them only one thing—a loss of fishing time. Anything that keeps them from the perpetual round of fishing, unloading fish, and preparing to fish is an annoyance, with the result that they usually turn out to be the victims of events, rather than their architects. "We all know the arguments for conservation in our bones, better than anybody, almost without being told, but the trouble with us is that we can't stop," one skipper said to me ruefully. "Fishing's something that never lets you stop. And we've never been much good at organizing ourselves, us fishermen." Certainly there has always been a woeful lack of communication between scientists, politicians, government bodies, and the fishermen themselves, but there are some signs that this may soon change. For one thing, the E.E.C. Common Fisheries Policy provides for the setting up of producers' organizations among member nations to represent the interests of the fishermen and fish processors, to negotiate minimum prices subject to E.E.C. support, to look after common fishing and marketing standards—in fact, to deal with just those uncertainties which dog international fishing at present. It has been a complicated business, bringing United Kingdom policies into line with those of the E.E.C.

Another, more immediate cause for alarm is that oil has been rearing its sleek black bulk in Scottish waters these last few years. In the North Sea, fishermen have already grown used to the presence of oil, with all its accompanying hazards, for the North Sea fields (there are close to twenty of them so far) will begin to yield their oil in quantity in the spring of next year, and the huge oil platforms will become fixtures in the sea, like islands. During 1976, licenses for further oil exploration are due to be granted, and some of them probably will be for the waters round the north of Scotland, and in the Minch itself. Already, sample drillings have given signs of the presence of oil there, and some of the fishermen see their fishing days as numbered, though not their working days. One of them said to me, "If you come back to Mallaig in something like seven years, you'll only find a few lobster boats in the harbor, maybe the odd herring boat, but you'll see a whole great port serving the oil industry—stores, warehouses, service boats, offices, helicopters, the lot. It'll smell of oil, but it won't smell of fish, that's sure." Others are as vehement in denying that Mallaig will ever "go under," as they say, to oil. "Fishing's too rooted in the bone here for it ever to go under," one of them told me. "It may well go down—we can't expect the luck we've been having until now to keep up—but there's no way for it to stop. If the herring go, we'll find them somewhere else, or we'll take whitefish. The sea's rich. And Mallaig's never been a poor place—at least, there's always been work. I think we'd resist the oil coming somehow, as long as there were any fish left."

The more realistic have accepted the fact, gloomily, that fishing and oil will somehow coexist, although they have been relieved to learn that it will take some time before the Minch begins to be cluttered up by oil machinery; the oil from the North Sea has just begun to be brought ashore, and that experience, with its attendant risks—spills, and navigation hazards caused by supply boats and oil platforms—is bound to influence any decisions made about Mallaig's cloudy future. By far the most prevalent feeling in Mallaig, however, is a passionate involvement in the continuity of the herring fishing. "There would be no way for the boats not to go out," one of my friends there said, with a sudden iron note in his voice. "My father fished all his life, and the only thing we ever wanted, my brother and I, was to go to sea with him. But he decided for us, he made up his mind we would not get into the slavery of putting to sea, whatever the day, to go after herring, brushing the weather aside, wearing yourself out in a fishing week—except for Sunday, of course; Sunday was silence, the way it still is—looking for fish, *having* to find fish, hoping for fish, living for fish. So he apprenticed us to a master carpenter, both of us, and that meant five years' apprenticeship, five years' working out our time, and I'm still a carpenter today. But I remember well, in those early days, every Monday morning, when I'd be working in the shop, sneaking out the back to watch the boats putting out. Every Monday in life. And I'd have to dry my eyes before I went in again, because I felt I belonged on the boats. And, do you know, that feeling's never left me."

—Alastair Reid

•

The contestants, most of them dressed in nifty costumes, glided in four-four time to piped in waltz music.—*San Bernardino Sun-Telegram.*

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THE THEATRE

COUNTRY PLEASURES

THE audacious Alan Ayckbourn has written a farce that in sheer, dogged length surpasses "Parsifal" and that tinkers with time and space in a fashion intricate enough to give an Einstein pause. And for what? Why, to tell us a story that could almost certainly be inscribed in longhand on the head of a ha'penny. If I forgive Ayckbourn for the outrageous disproportion between the grand scale of his handiwork and the meagreness of its content, I do so on the best and simplest grounds in the world—that he is a very entertaining writer, and that his farce, which consists of three full-length plays performed by the same cast on successive occasions (at the Morosco), is likely to make you laugh far more often than it is likely to make you look at your watch. The over-all title of the work is "The Norman Conquests," and the Norman in question is an assistant librarian in a small English town. His conquests, unlike those of the warrior race to whom he presumably owes his name, are amorous rather than military; for this Norman, 1066 hints not of history but of the number of a bedroom in some seedy Sussex hotel.

The individual plays that make up the Norman "Ring" are called "Table Manners," "Living Together," and "Round and Round the Garden," and the ingenious playwright has fitted their joins together so cunningly that the plays can be attended in any order and each will appear to be complete in itself. Still, if circumstances prevent you from seeing more than one of them, I'd vote unhesitatingly for "Round and Round the Garden." The cast seems to have a very good time playing it, and the setting—a walled garden attached to a Gothic Revival cottage in the burgeoning English countryside—is exceptionally pretty and amusing. (The settings, as well as the lighting, are by Robert Randolph.) To tell the truth, Norman is the most caddish of men, and caddishness is somehow less unappealing outdoors than indoors; the summer sun and an ambience of roses serve to diminish the offensiveness of the hero's irrepressible lasciviousness.

For Norman, who protests that his only goal in life is to make people happy, is Priapus incarnate. He woos women as other men breathe, and, alas, wins them. His victims are eager to believe the grossest flatteries on their way to his bed; however base his calculations, they invariably prove successful. This is indirectly to observe that Mr. Ayckbourn's merry comedies depict a misery seemingly ineradicable; as anyone familiar with his earlier "Absurd Person Singular" is aware, he regards human relationships in general and the marriage relationship in particular as little more than a pailful of cozily hissing snakes. Of the six characters that compose the dramatis personae of "The Norman Conquests," only one is capable in maturity of giving and receiving ordinary human affection, and it is a clue to our playwright's view of life that this person is the one for whom the worst deprivations of love and self-fulfillment are reserved. Well! It is surely late in the day to manifest astonishment over the pessimism that gives energy to our writers of comedy; what *is* astonishing is that we all go on laughing so cheerfully as the gifted Mr. Ayckbourn scourges us to the gallows. What is it that we are laughing at?

I have put off as long as possible the disagreeable news that "The Norman Conquests" has been gravely miscast. Richard Benjamin, as fiercely bearded as an Old Testament prophet, is ideally unsuitable as lecherous little Norman; Paula Prentiss, being so splendidly American in face, manner, and speech, is also unsuitable in the role of a young Englishwoman unloved and ignored. I admired her valor, as I admired the valor of Ken Howard and Barry Nelson, but in each case I felt that the roles to which they were assigned had gone largely untenanted. Estelle Parsons managed by force of character to make me believe from time to time in her imperious Englishness—what a powerhouse she is! she can blink her eyelids in a fashion that makes solid walls quaver—and Carole Shelley, who is London-born, took to her role with relish, and by her brisk authority underscored the fact that her colleagues were all more or less at sea. The plays have been directed by Eric Thompson, presumably from a point somewhere along the shore.

THE Circle in the Square has mounted an admirable revival (which I saw at a preview) of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie" in its plaid-carpeted catacombs on West Fiftieth Street. Maureen Stapleton is superb as that ironclad battleship of a mother Amanda Wingfield (Miss Stapleton first played Amanda on Broadway exactly ten years ago; she fits the part more comfortably today), and Rip Torn is affecting as Tom, the literary son, who is so transparently Williams himself—humorous, rueful, acute. Pamela Payton-Wright is a winsome Laura, and Paul Rudd is the obtuse Gentleman Caller. I was startled by Mr. Rudd's youth as the Caller, and by the degree to which, as I grow older, the role of Laura seems to become smaller, but these changes in ourselves are what make new productions of plays indispensable to us; "The Glass Menagerie" is so nearly perfect of its kind that one returns to it again and again, only partly in order to find in it what was already known to be there. The setting is by Ming Cho Lee, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, the costumes are by Sydney Brooks, and the direction is by Theodore Mann. Felicitations (as Amanda would say) all round.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Shepard's Play

"Geography of a Horse Dreamer," yet one more work of Sam Shepard's incomparable dramatic imagination, is on view as a showcase production (fifteen performances, the last of them on December 21st) upstairs at the Manhattan Theatre Club, the well-known upper East Side launching pad. A young fellow from Wyoming, who has had and has now lost the ability to dream winners of forthcoming horse races, is being held captive by gangsters in a shoddy hotel

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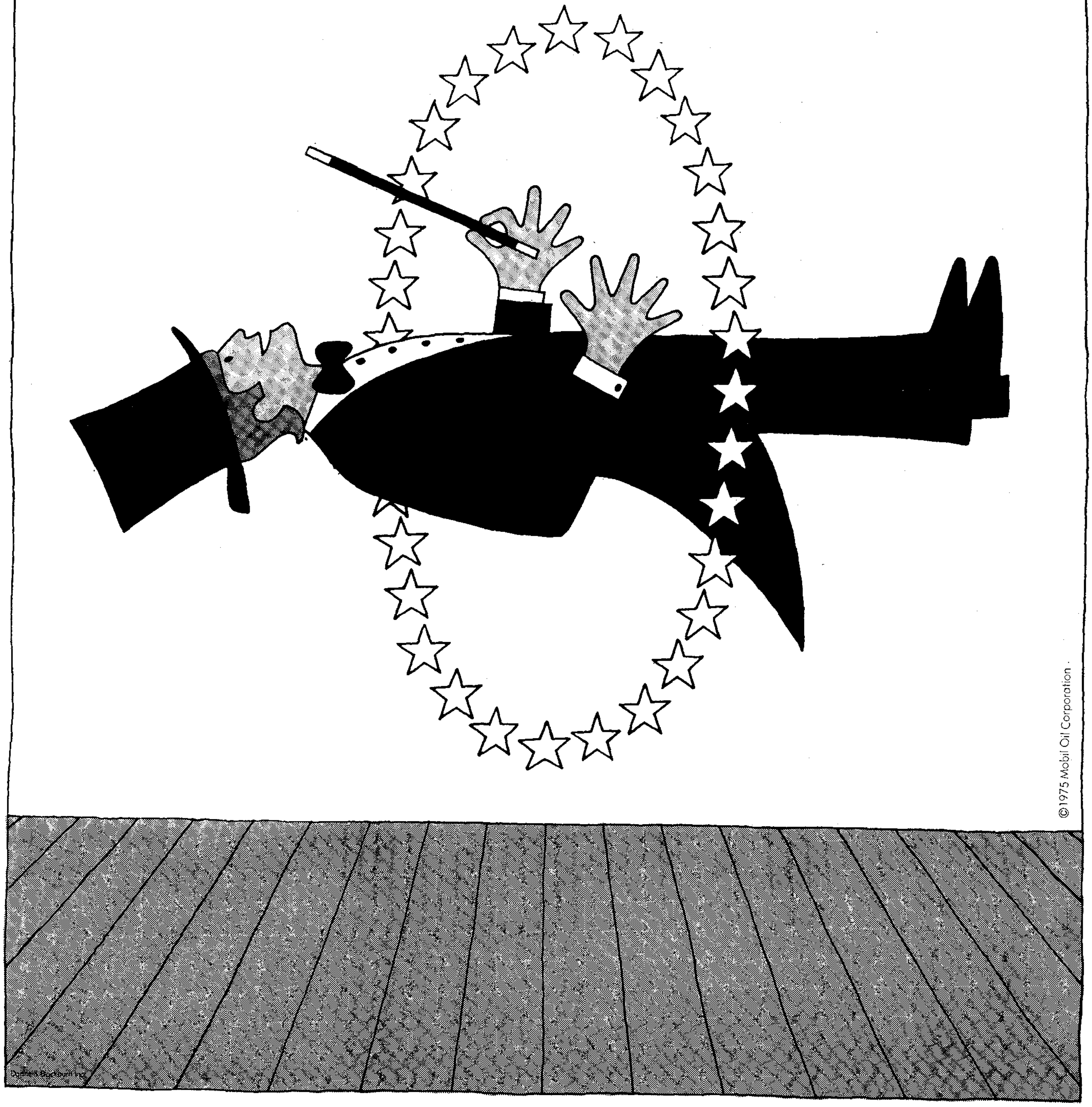

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room, far from the plains of home, in the hope that his gift will return; when the gangster boss switches to greyhounds, the sedated dreamer, all but out of his mind and apparently possessed by the spirit of an Irish dog-trainer, starts guessing right again. The play is edged with mystery, satire, fantasy, parody, and tongue-not-quite-in-cheek nostalgia for the Old West and for old Westerns. In other words, we are in Shepard country—a poet's country. There is much action; there is a lot of comedy and suffering, too; and many thoughts—witty and serious—are expressed. When "Geography of a Horse Dreamer" settles down, as it surely will, to a longer run, I hope to give you a fuller report on it.

The present performance, under Jacques Levy's direction, is good. Especially impressive are J. Zakkai as one of the gangsters, Rick Warner as the captive dreamer, Gordon Hammett as a sinister doctor who appears to be a reincarnated Sydney Greenstreet, and John Mitchell as the gangster boss. Robert Lesser, Paul Andor, Ronald F. Toler, and Lee Jines do well, too. Appropriate settings by T. Winberry.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

DEAR ABBY: Several months ago, my husband and I and a friend were walking our dog in the woods near our house. We all saw, but pretended not to see, a young couple making love in the bushes.

Although we weren't close enough to recognize the youngsters, they couldn't have been more than 16 years old. Ever since then, I've been perplexed about what I should have done. Of course it's too late now, but the best I have been able to come up with would be to have said, "Okay, kids, break it up. We will review the book, "The to 50, and then you had better be gone."

What would you have done?

—*Abigail Van Buren's column in the Pittsburgh Press.*

We would have named the book.

•

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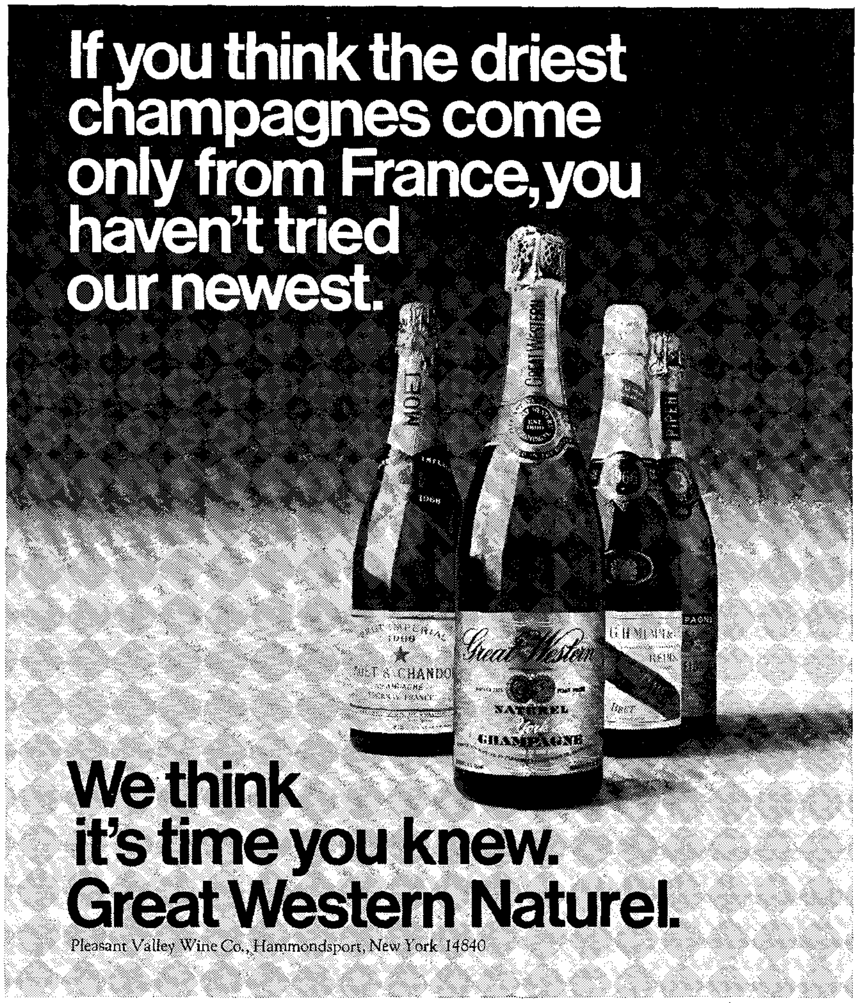
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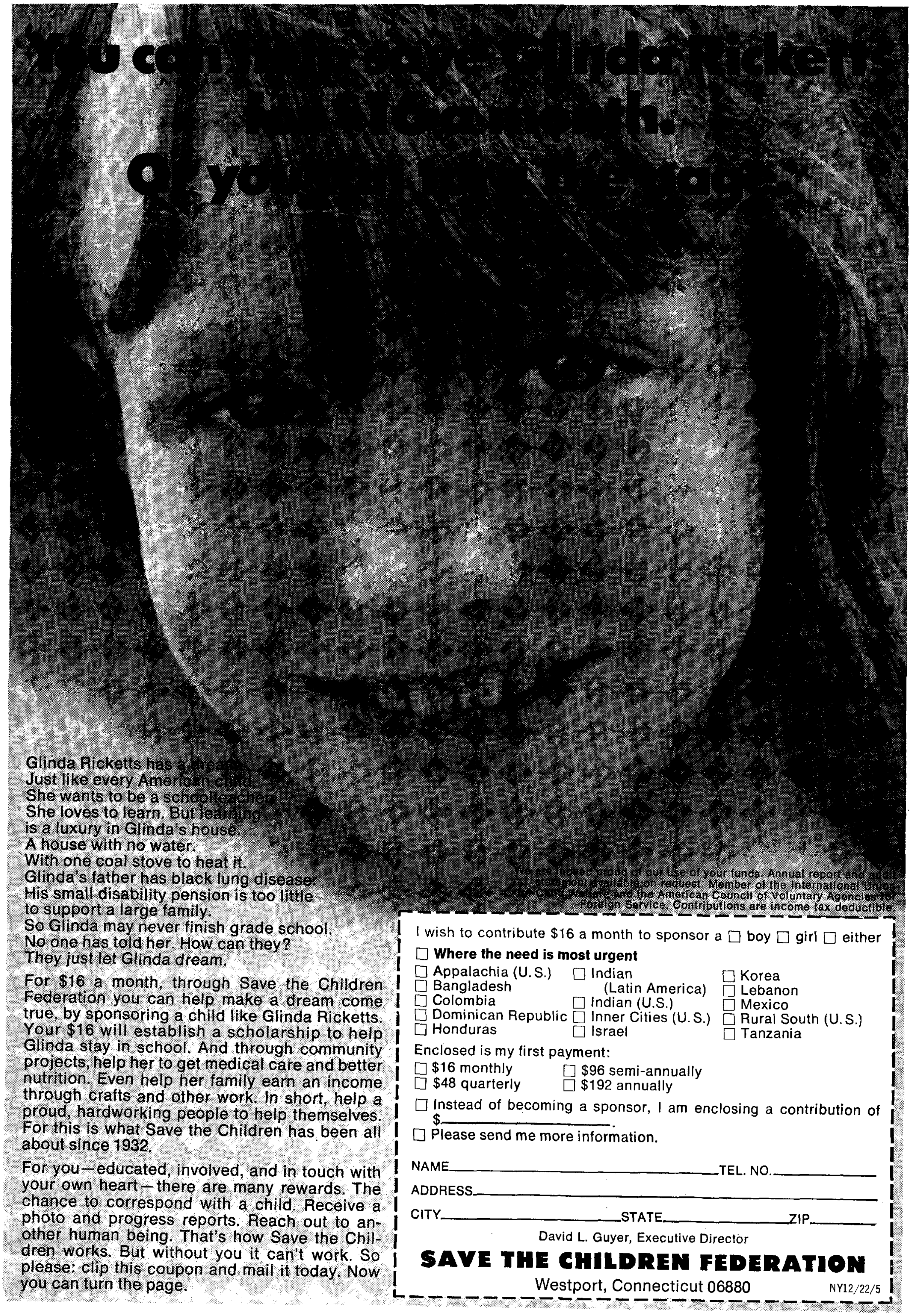
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THE ART WORLD

Jews in Art

NO doubt by coincidence, two large exhibitions are currently displaying paintings and sculptures by and relating to Jews. "Jewish Artists of the Twentieth Century: A Survey," at the Maurice Spertus Museum of Judaica, in Chicago, is a selection, from local collections, of sixty-three works by almost as many artists. Besides being Jewish, the artists are American, French, Belgian, Italian, British, Hungarian, Russian, Polish, and Israeli, and all but three or four are internationally famous—in the Man Ray-Modigliani category. Stylistically, the exhibits have nothing more in common than would any randomly chosen group on the same level of quality: in regard to art, being Jewish appears to be no more than an accident. The Spertus show is intellectually modest (an uncommon virtue these days): it makes no effort to link the works with one another, and it specifically disclaims any intention of asserting the existence of a "Jewish art"—a position obviously well advised for an exhibition presenting artists as divergent as Avery and Nevelson, Victor Brauner and Lissitsky. Aesthetically, philosophically, temperamentally, the Jewishness of the creator is, by the evidence of this show, irrelevant to the creation—a conclusion confirmed by Arthur M. Feldman, director of the Spertus, when he declares that the purpose of the show "is simply to present quality works to the public"—which is the aim of all art shows that lack ideological motivation. To Joseph Randall Shapiro, Chicago's ardent missionary of modern art, who assembled the Spertus exhibition, the exhibit has the virtue of surprising people; it should have been subtitled, he advised visitors at the opening, "I Never Knew *He* Was Jewish." Chagall, Hyman Bloom, Jacob Epstein, Rube Goldberg, Chaim Gross, Chaim Soutine, Adolph Gottlieb could scarcely have been taken for anything else by one who considered the matter. On the other hand, the mere fact of being in the show does not prove the Jewishness of Eilshemius, Anuszkiewicz, Nakian, Caro, Moholy-Nagy—especially since, according to Shapiro, the exhibition came close to including Gorky, whose mother was descended from a line of Armenian Apostolic priests. To all appearances, the research that brought artists into the fold was quite casual—which is harmless enough in a show designed to put on the best art available.

In its intellectual modesty, the Chicago exhibition raises the question Why bring these artists together just because they're Jewish? To this question the concurrent show in New York, "Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," at the Jewish Museum, responds with the ambitious intention of showing recent Jewish history as it is mirrored in the art of our time. Like the Chicago affair, it avoids the temptation to assert the existence of a Jewish art, but, rather than displaying the best art by Jews it could obtain, it has isolated such themes as traditional Jewish life, migrations from one land to another, the Holocaust, and settlement in Israel as the "Jewish Experience;" art, even by non-Jews, that deals with these themes falls within the purview of the show. Comprising two hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, and prints by more than a hundred artists from many countries, but with an emphasis on Israel, it contains a fair percentage of notable works, among them seven Soutines and contributions by artists such as Anna Ticho and Jacob Bornfriend, who deserve to be better known in the United States. Primarily concerned with subject matter, however, "Jewish Experience" ranks far below the Chicago show in quality, though there is, of course, a good deal of overlapping—no exhibition related to Jews in any sense could dispense with Chagall, Lipchitz, Shahn, Agam, Reuven Rubin, and Max Weber.

PAINTINGS are readily recognized as Jewish when they portray Jewish "types" (identified by caftans and round hats, beards and *payess*, certain facial characteristics) and scenes in ghetto streets (peddlers), homes, synagogues, and ceremonial events (women blessing candles, old men embracing torahs, weddings, circumcisions), or when they introduce Hebrew lettering and symbols (the lamb, the Star of David). For Hyman Bloom, Max Weber, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, the Soyers, Leonard Baskin, Chaim Gross, Abraham Walkowitz, Jacob Epstein, the immigrant Jew of the American ghetto constituted a single historical entity that each could realize pictorially in his own manner. "Jewish Experience" does not, however, confine itself to depiction of Jewish fact and appearance; it includes symbolic compositions, with and without overt Jewish references, and even paintings and sculptures that are completely abstract.

The Jewishness of the art of Chagall, the Calder and Henry Moore of Jewish art in both the West and Israel, raises especially interesting questions. Chagall was born into the Orthodox Jewish community of the Russian town of Vitebsk, and his work appears to touch the authentic folk roots of East European Jewry. The most persuasive of his Jewish images is the peddler, or Wandering Jew, in peasant's cap and caftan, plodding above the rooftops with a pack on his back; "Over Vitebsk," at the Jewish Museum, is a version of this motif. Chagall's airborne Jew, however, belongs to the order of his non-Jewish images—his fiddle-playing donkeys, circus equestriennes, levitating lovers, mammoth bouquets, the Eiffel Tower. In his exhibition at the Guggenheim last summer, Jewish motifs were present in only two or three works (Hebrew letters in the upper-right-hand corner of "Fête" seemed to indicate that the holiday was Purim), in contrast to the profusion of Russian landscapes (including churches) and his bestiary and lovers. "Time Is a River Without Banks," in "Jewish Experience," is a loosely brushed composition of a flying fish (with giant wings, and combined with a grandfather's clock) that plays a violin while, below, lovers embrace on the bank of a stream. If this idyllic meditation has anything to do with Jews or the Jewish experience, it must be through the association of the fiddle with other violins in Chagall's work: for example, the fiddler on the roof of "Green Violinist" (not in the show). Or perhaps fish is Jewish because of Friday-evening meals. (Not long ago, Chagall's art of private and folk fantasy, in a unique blend of Cubism, Orphism, and Expressionism, was felt to be too avant-garde to reflect the collective experience of Jews.) When he took refuge in New York, during the last war, he complained that American Jews showed no special interest in his work, and that through the help of Jacques Maritain and his wife, Raïssa, who had written a monograph in praise of Chagall's medieval sensibility, he had received far more support from collectors who were Catholics; at any rate, he busied himself during his stay here with finishing a series of Crucifixions. It is only since the popularization of modern art and the establishment of the State of Israel and of Jewish institutions supporting the most up-to-date styles that Chagall has become the laureate of Jewish art: in the "Jewish Experience" exhibition he is represented by eleven paintings, far and away the largest group by any one artist, and would have had four more had he not withdrawn them.

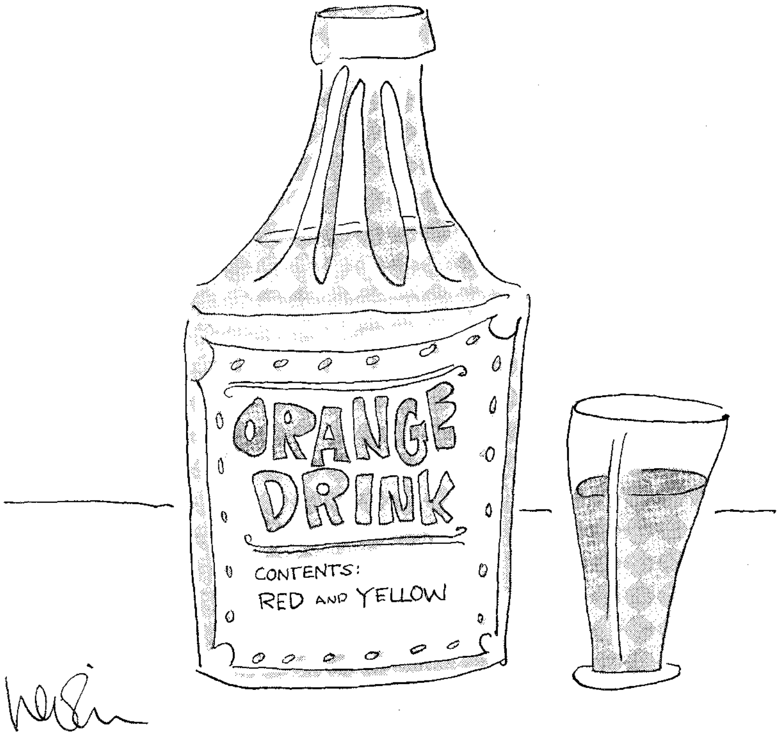
The fiddler-on-the-roof motif is lyrical Jewish angst and prewar Paris modernism fused into a nostalgic stage set. It is the Russian ghetto as pantomime, and it harmonizes with Chagall's canted villages, blue cocks, and doe-eyed nymphs. His Jewish Crucifixions are more difficult to take. "White Crucifixion," in "Jewish Experience," is an adaptation in 1938 of his Crucifixion of 1912 in the Orphic style of Delaunay. A response to German atrocities, "White Crucifixion" is one of his best-known creations; in it, the central figure, wearing a Jewish prayer shawl as a loincloth, is nailed to the Cross in a slanting beam of light. Rotating around him are a synagogue and torahs in flames, the pack-toting Jewish peddler in flight, a menorah in a halo of light, a boatload of fugitives, a destroyed village, and an invading mob; over the head of the victim flying rabbis, adapted from Renaissance angels, gesticulate in despair. The painting is a stage curtain that decorates its theme of terror and slaughter but does not express it. In sum, it is an example of "Jewish" art in which aesthetics predominate rather than a "Jewish experience."

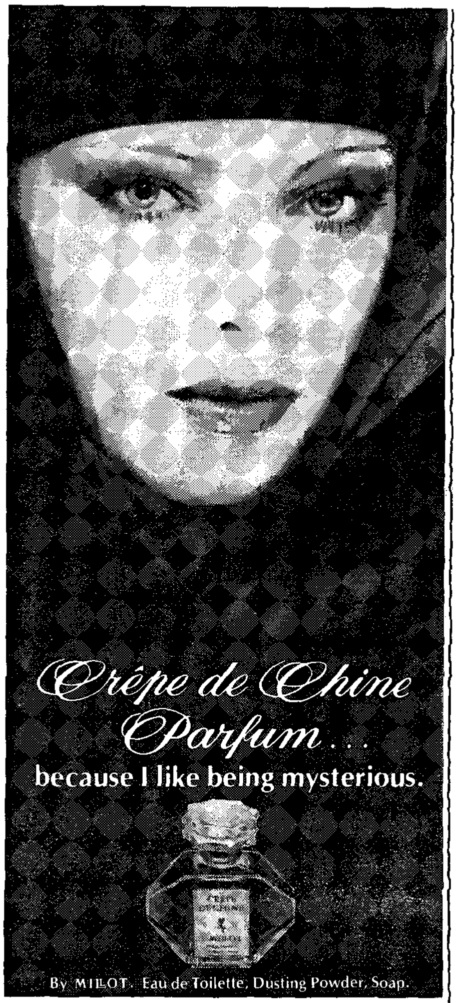
THE relation of Chagall's paintings to the shared ordeals of Jews is a clue to the weakness of the Jewish Museum exhibition. A "Jewish experience" is presumably a response to a collective situation; that is, one in which all Jews, or a representative portion of them, participate. (An experience restricted to Yemenite Jews or the Jews of Japan would not qualify.) Experience, whether collective or individual, makes its way into the art of the twentieth century through styles developed by art movements, which are in varying degrees themselves forms of collective experience. At least up to now, none of these styles have been founded on Jewishness. Paintings of New York's lower East Side by Walkowitz, Levine, the Soyers, Shahn are aspects of American realism with School of Paris overtones; the poor, picturesque Jews depicted in them are aesthetic blood brothers of American outcasts in the paintings of Sloan, Marsh, Hopper—by the same rule that makes Chagall's torah-clutching Jews kin of Picasso's harlequins, Matisse's Moroccans. In representational art, an accord was possible between visual folk peculiarities, a collectively shared scene and appearances, and a historically dominant style in art. All that art needed to be Jewish was that the artist should turn occasionally to the ghetto or the synagogue for subject matter. Chagall's Jewish mythmaking was in harmony with Surrealist aesthetics to the same degree that were Gorky's canvases of a symbolic Armenia.

Leading modes in more recent painting and sculpture tend to exclude imagery that reflects a national or regional consciousness. In the perspective of art since the Second World War, Jewish references in a painting increase the odds against its being a good painting. Works in the Jewish Museum show which represent the Jewish experience are likely to belong to a bypassed style or to be, in a significant sense, outside the art of the twentieth century. Arthur Feldman seems to have had this in mind when he wrote that "Jewish artists were affected by their cultural history, events of the Holocaust, and the establishment of the State of Israel, yet these experiences find little direct expression in the visual arts." The conflict between this view and the attitude responsible for the prolific display at the Jewish Museum relates to the possibility of genuine "expression" in outmoded art forms. The spectator at "Jewish Experience" often finds himself obliged to set aside the responses of his sensibility out of deference to artists who participated more deeply in the trials of their people than in the vicissitudes of modern art. Sentiments of a similar sort occur whenever art is required to be loyal to a cause, be it women's liberation or Canadian landscape painting.

The distinction of Chagall's ghetto recollections lies in his tenderness. Other Paris-influenced painters treat their Jewish subjects as odd human phenomena, and their paintings generate a kind of involuntary contempt. To judge by "Jewish Experience," caricature seems inherent in most of the studies of lower-East Side Jews. (A notable exception is the admirable "Artist's Parents," by Raphael Soyer.) While the filial sympathies of Max Weber are beyond question, I find his Jews odiously reminiscent of the skullcapped, hook-nosed, dwarfish pygmies of Nazi and Soviet anti-Semitic graphics. In Jack Levine's "The Passing Scene," caricatured misery is so pungent that it makes even the fleshless dray horse look Jewish. Figures wrapped in prayer shawls provide a repeated geometrical element, like coffins standing on end in a warehouse, for Jacob Kramer's "Day of Atonement," and Sigmund Menkes' "The Uplifting of the Torah" is crowded with faces that look like painted masks. These are items in "Jewish Experience" that cause one to wonder about the wisdom of displaying in public the whims of artists on so sensitive a subject.

It is a matter of historical fact that the situations reflected in the Jewish Museum exhibition belong to the past—except for the settlement of Israel, which is an experience not of Jews in general





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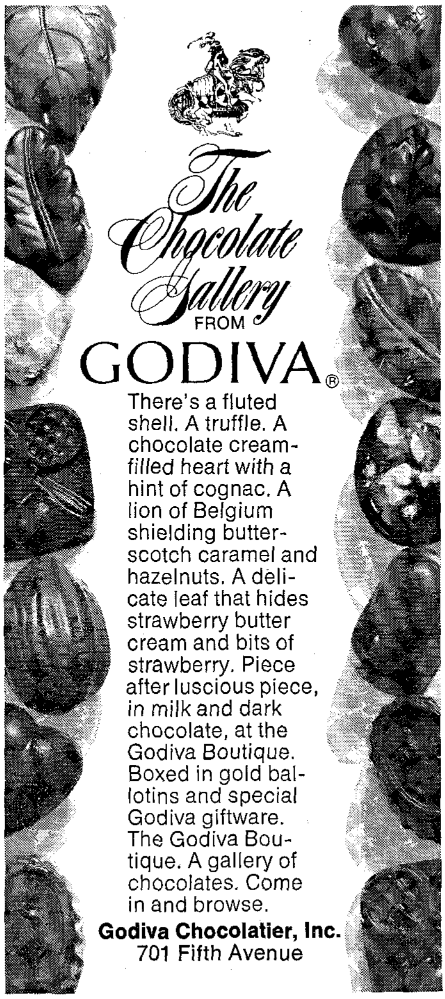

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but of Israelis. The Orthodox synagogue of Kramer and Hyman Bloom has ceased to be typical of Jewish places of worship, and the people in it have little in common with temple attendants in Westchester or Nassau County today. American Jews have departed from the ghettos and trades of their grandfathers, and, save for the Chassidim, a sect in which clothing is as important as it is to the Amish, Jews are no longer recognizable by what they wear. Traditional ceremonial elements in weddings, confirmations, and funerals have been reduced to vestigial details in the aesthetics of seminary graduates, caterers, florists, and funeral directors. What is left of Jewish experience bears little likeness to the images in "Jewish Experience," nor are the campaigns of the United Jewish Appeal, or family celebrations at the Palace Manor, likely to inspire new art.

To avoid bringing its record to a halt in the art of the past, "Jewish Experience" ventures beyond works on explicitly Jewish subjects to include art that can be Jewish only through metaphysical interpretation. Soutine's paintings, for example, have been said to embody the quintessential *golos* misery. But since there is no sign in these portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes of anything resembling a collective experience, Jewish or other, the spectator must project the presumed Jewish feeling into them—which he can do more readily if he reads about them in a book than if he confronts them in a gallery. The paintings of Soutine exemplify the modernist principle that the work of art is a unique creation in which the social and psychological data of the artist's life leave no trace. Avram Kampf, the director of "Jewish Experience," concedes in his catalogue that "there is not a single painting by Soutine which we can identify as being Jewish in subject matter." What, then, is Soutine doing in this show, and with a group of paintings second in number only to Chagall? The answer is that Soutine's presence promotes confusion about what is "Jewish" in modern art. Because Hitler's "Degenerate Art" exhibition of 1937 found all modern art in some sense "Jewish," this confusion is no slight matter. Kampf quotes the critic Waldemar George: "The curse which rests on the painter [Soutine] rests on his race, it decided the whole psychic life of the artist. It leads his hand and his brush." The idea that the Jews are an "accursed race" hardly belongs in a publication issued "under the auspices of the Jewish Theological Seminary;" in any case, it is out of place in art criticism.

Matters are scarcely improved when "Jewish Experience" reaches past Soutine to Constructivists and Abstract Expressionists. Again, Kampf concedes, he has included paintings in which "one might fail to find any points of reference to Jewish experience." The excuse is that these works are modern, and that to be modern is "in itself" to be Jewish—once more, an echo of "Degenerate Art." Speaking of the Russian-Jewish Constructivists Gabo, Pevsner, and Lissitsky, Kampf asserts that "certainly the full participation in the intellectual, scientific, artistic work of this century is in itself a major aspect of Jewish experience." The contrary, however, seems true: "full participation" (whatever that means) in twentieth-century attitudes excludes the ethical and religious beliefs inherited from ancient creeds, as well as the rituals and sentiments by which they are enforced. For an artist in prewar Russia to be modern was a way of ceasing to be Jewish, as was the case with both Soutine and Chagall upon their arrival in Paris. The separation of the Jewish artist from the experience of his folk or national comrades cannot be overcome by affixing to a work a Jewish or Biblical title, as if it were a mezuzah. Luise Kaish's circular construction in polished aluminum is no more Judaized by being called "The Cabalistic Sphere" than it would be Germanized by being entitled "Nietzsche: The Eternal Return." Except for its name, Louise Nevelson's "Homage to Six Million I" is indistinguishable from her other black wallcases of machined wooden forms; while the naming may be valid as a gesture of identification, the work can hardly be seen to throw light on the Jewish experience. Agam's metaphysical christenings of his optical paintings make them no more Jewish than compositions in the same mode by Vasarely.

One small painting by Barnett Newman seems to have been included for the express purpose of appropriating another area of art as "Jewish." Entitled "Joshua," the work is juxtaposed in the catalogue with an illustration from a fourteenth-century Haggadah in which the separation of day from night is rendered by a surface divided into dark and light halves. "If," writes Kampf, "there were a Jewish art, Newman's work would be regarded as its most authentic and classic expression." No doubt it is flattering to be considered the best example of something that doesn't exist. (Newman's widow refused to collaborate on the show, because she feared that the meaning of his work would be distorted in this setting.) Kampf's enthusiasm relates to the imagelessness of Newman's paintings; they seem to avoid violating the Second Commandment's ban on graven images. Newman's paintings are imageless—as is the work of Mondrian and other abstract artists—in the sense that they avoid figuration. His banded paintings do, however, create an image—one susceptible of numberless variations through color, shape, and scale. In his "Stations of the Cross" series, he affirms the conviction that his image—in this instance associated with Christianity—can evoke the most sublime feelings. As for Newman's Old Testament titles, they must, like Chagall's Crucifixions, be read in terms of the privilege assumed by artists of this era to do what they like with the symbols and personages of the religions into which they were born—a privilege that destroys any relation between the paintings and the experience of the community.

The freedom of each artist to conceive in his own way events in the common history lends a maudlin character to the section of the Jewish Museum show devoted to the Holocaust. Philosophers, historians, theologians have not yet developed the means to comprehend that catastrophe, but artists have rushed in, and not the most subtle. Ben Shahn's "Identity," a simple arrangement of vertical stalks that terminate in clasped hands under a strip of Hebrew lettering, presents a readily decipherable and touching message. Other renderings of Jewish torment, ranging in style from the imitation-Renaissance triptych of Samuel Bak to the *art brut* of Maryan, are more ambitious. Erich Brauer's "Persecution of the Jewish People," with its ravening wolves, its figures in Oriental costume, a tower from which hangs a bloody torso and in whose windows a rape and a murder are taking place, its architectural decoration that sheds huge tears, and its setting, which is both plaza and arena, is like the illustration of a perverse and indecipherable fairy tale. Harold Paris, a West Coast artist of "happenings," invisible art, plastic constructions, and floor sculpture, is, for reasons not given, the favorite of the Jewish Museum exhibition: a separate room, a column and a half in the catalogue, and a separate

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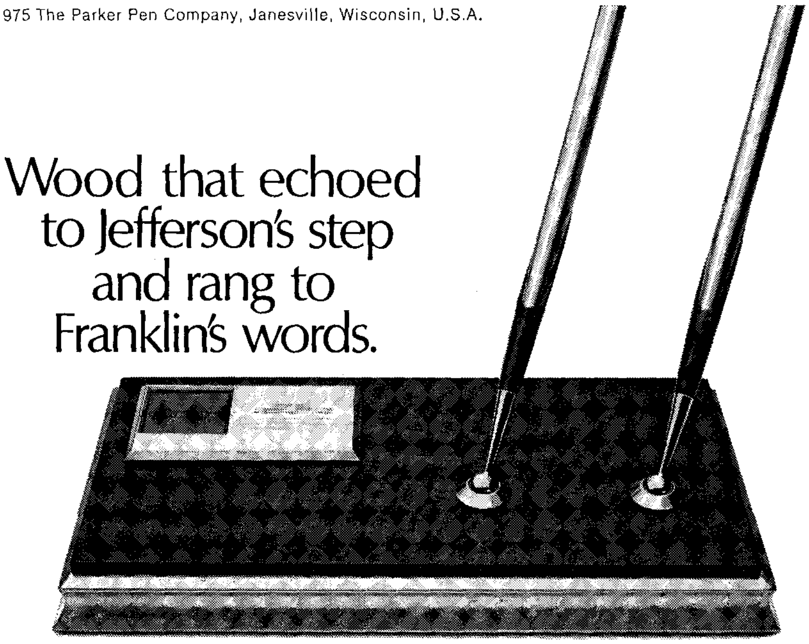

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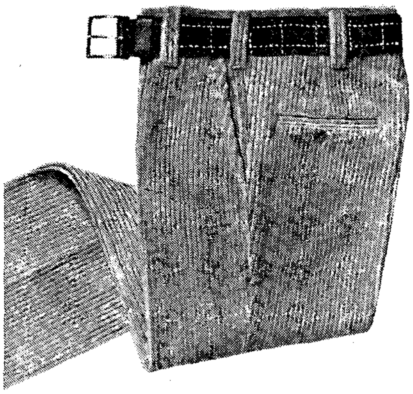

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illustrated leaflet about his "environment," entitled "Kaddish for the Little Children," are devoted to him. One presumes that his pulling at the strings of feeling—visually, and with a poem by a child who died in a concentration camp—has a strong appeal to Kampf. In my mind the "Kaddish" associated itself not with the extermination of European Jews but with nineteen-sixties avant-gardism and with environmental items shown at the exhibition called "Documenta 5," in Kassel.

The conflict that runs through the Jewish Museum exhibition—between the Jewish experience and the art on display—also manifests itself in Mitchell Siporin's "Endless Voyage," in which a shipful of homunculi with stringlike arms who are bound for Israel illustrates the inability of American Jewish artists to approach this subject without caricaturing misery. It may be that the Holocaust is not a subject that art can manage, or can yet manage—though it may be memorialized in other ways. The mass murder of the Jews was not a Jewish but a German act; not simply an episode in a history of horrors. Picasso's "Guernica" unites the terror of the victims with the ferocity of the assailants, while in the "Jewish Experience" paintings the torments seem to come about of themselves. Also, Picasso possessed a vocabulary of symbols—the bull, the horse, the mother and child—with which he could appropriate to art the theme of political violence. To the artists of "Jewish Experience," interpretational stretching is indispensable to fill the gap between picture and subject whenever the artist departs from depiction. This catalogue statement sums up the inadequacy of the artists' means: "Sigmund Menkes, a painter of joyousness of life, turns to a sombre palette in his paintings of the Holocaust." The Holocaust, however, is not a hue.

THE "Jewish Experience" exhibition has exaggerated the possibility of re-creating the scenario of recent Jewish history through paintings and sculptures. The episode of the immigration to the East Side happened to coincide with the urban-scene phase in American art, as the European ghetto episode coincided with the folk-art phase in Russian modernism. (Not only Chagall but Kandinsky and Malevich, among others, dealt with this.) Thereafter, however, Jewish history and art history took separate roads. Avant-garde modes in the art of this century are not hospitable to collective experiences, and Jewish experience is no exception. The inherent individualism of styles since Impressionism is confirmed by the hostility toward them of totalitarian governments, which, like the Jewish Museum show, see art as conforming to a preconceived script. American Abstract Expressionists, among them Newman, Gottlieb, Nevelson, and Rothko (I fail to understand how "Jewish Experience" could have omitted—in view of its interpretative adventurousness—Jewish artists such as Guston, Frankenthaler, Resnick, and, most amazingly, Saul Steinberg), developed a language with which they could embody ephemeral aspects of their identities, in contrast to the social identities conferred by their backgrounds. If the common condition of Jews, artists and non-artists alike, is an ambiguous, or dual, identity, it is a condition that is experienced uniquely by each individual, and cannot be expressed as a common experience. Moreover, ambiguity of definition is a condition that is not confined to Jews but is a general predicament—in this century of persons displaced from their class, their national, religious, and cultural heritage. When, instead of conforming to their national model, Jewish artists commenced to assert an individual relation to life and to art, they did not give expression to a Jewish experience but entered the mainstream of creation in Europe and America. An exhibition that corrals such artists into a national category violates their aims and falsifies the meaning of their work; it was the sensitivity of Newman's widow to this issue that induced her to withhold his work from "Jewish Experience" and to object on other occasions to his being presented as a "Cabbalist" painter. Abstract art cannot contribute to an image of The Jew, however much it may participate in deepening the consciousness of self in Jews as individuals.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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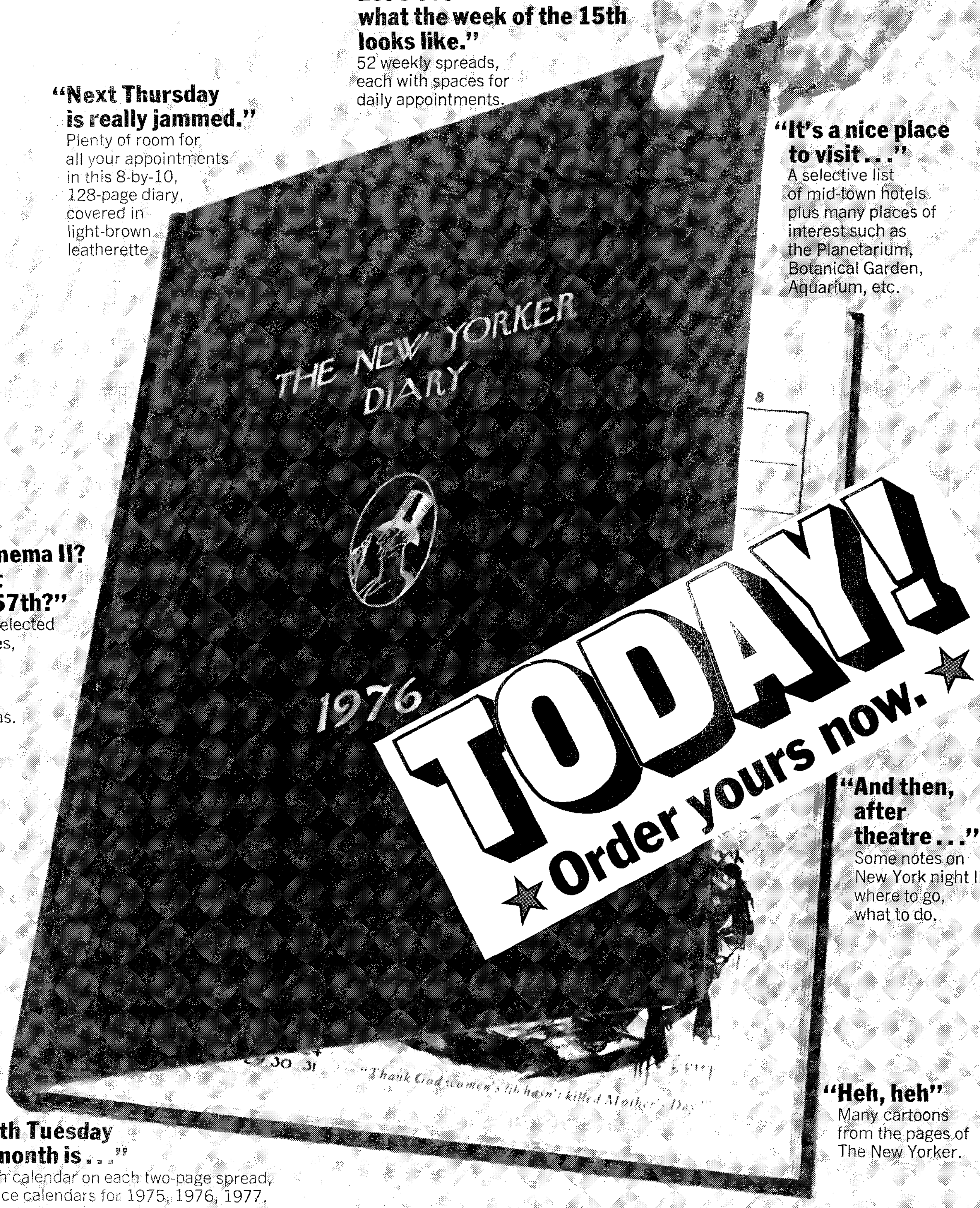

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Killing Yourself with Kindness

AN inhuman amount of judgment is required of a comedy writer-director-star. In his first attempt at a tripleheader, "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother," Gene Wilder fails on the level of judgment, though he's got the talent. He might have brought the film off if only he'd thought out the script. The premise—Sherlock Holmes' bringing in his insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson, to help on a case involving Queen Victoria's state secrets—is so lushly promising that Wilder must have somehow skipped over the fact that he needed to work it up into a story, and gone right on to dream up comic situations without any underpinnings. Or did he perhaps have a story and then panic, discarding the essentials and substituting a batch of lopsided ideas? Whichever way it happened, the plot never thickened. There's no mystery, and since you can't have a parody of a mystery without a mystery to solve, there's no comic suspense. We don't have the expectations that help laughter build and make it satisfying.

The idea has such mouth-watering possibilities that I imagined Wilder's Sigi would be a demented caricature of his suavely assured brother—more brilliant by far but so neurotically indecisive that he didn't follow through on his own deductions. I thought Sigi might be so pettish that he'd resent Watson's position as his brother's confidant, and I visualized competitive fraternal feats of outlandish deduction, and the brothers triumphing over England's enemies by the intuitive exchange of key information, with Sigerson becoming at last a master detective. But the film is a series of missed opportunities. As Sherlock, Douglas Wilmer, who has done the part on British TV, has that fearfully precious Basil Rathbone assurance, the camp polish of the actor whose role gives him all the smart answers, yet the relationship of the brothers isn't developed. Wilder seems scarcely aware of the comic potential in the contrast between his limply wavering expressions and Sherlock's cool fixity—an ideal situation for a satire of sibling rivalry. He just passed it over. He didn't even do anything to account for his American accent vis-à-vis Sherlock's impeccably British snootiness, though what American doesn't feel *that* sibling rivalry? Wilder forgot what he had seemed so conscious of in the script he and Mel Brooks wrote for "Young Frankenstein": the necessity of building on the conventions of the genre and of playing the jokes off against those conventions. Abandoning the beautiful comic idea that's ready to hand, he goes spinning off at cross-purposes into swashbuckling fencing scenes and low-comedy excursions that are so unrelated to anything that in the middle of big showcase sequences you can't remember how you got to them or what they're supposed to lead to.

As Orville Sacker, Sigi's helper, who has a "photographic memory" for conversations, Marty Feldman bats himself on the head to get his instant-replay machine running; he's like one of The Three Stooges making himself his own victim. Feldman doesn't grab the camera as insistently as in "Young Frankenstein," but he still uses his eyes too much. He doesn't pop them (like Giancarlo Giannini in the screechy "Swept Away"); they look fully popped by nature—those white marbles are so startling they seem almost a deformity, and he might be funnier if he deëmphasized them. But Feldman's awareness of his own cunning is converted into eccentricity here; Orville has a secret, locked-in self-satisfaction that just misses being hugely funny. As Jenny, the red-haired mystery-woman songstress, Madeline Kahn misses, too, though she looks sweetly upholstered, in her Gay Nineties costumes, and, with that ladylike control of hers that goes a little awry, she's a perfect comic cupcake—ready to parody Jeanette MacDonald in "The Merry Widow" if only she had the material. Wilder made the awful mistake of thinking that Feldman, Kahn, and he himself were already comic characters. He wrote the roles for the actors but didn't write characters for them to play. He provided lots of lovely, sideswiping bits of business but no conceptions that would allow the actors to surprise us with something new or that would enable us to get involved in what's happening to them. One longs for their scenes to come off better, particularly Madeline Kahn's, because her comic element of sham seems on the verge of exploding into something marvellous. Too bad that there is no logic behind the villains' attempts to bump her off, so we don't even feel scared for her.

Wilder's direction in the carriage-top fight between Sigi and a minor heavy (Roy Kinnear) suggests that when he gets going he may have a directing style halfway between Mel Brooks' and Woody Allen's—not as free-form as Brooks' or with as much concentrated wild energy, yet more all-out, old-movie nutty than Allen's. That's one of the few sequences here that really work. The running gags—such as Orville's replays of conversations and Sigi's feeding lines of a song to Jenny—are dropped before they really pay off, and though Wilder uses flash cards for furtive communication between Sherlock and Watson, he fails to use them between Sherlock and Sigi. And there's real discomfort for the viewer when Sigi, Jenny, and Orville suddenly break into a vaudeville number, "The Kangaroo Hop"—because the format is too much like that of the "Puttin' on the Ritz" specialty in "Young Frankenstein." Whether Wilder is taking from himself or from Brooks hardly matters: the device isn't fresh—it was probably a mistake to use a composer (John Morris) and a choreographer (Alan Johnson) who have done three of Brooks' films. It was probably also a mistake for Wilder to work in England and to attempt an expensive period picture his first time out as a director; the anxiety about the visually over-rich production (there are enough camera setups to have fatigued a veteran director) must have got to him. Sometimes it's better for comedy not to go first class: without the fanfare, the director is forced to keep his attention on what counts, and the performers don't get overpowered by the fruit and flowers. From the way this picture looks, the planning must have gone into the non-essentials.

Wilder is a deadbeat as Sigi. In the passages where he presses Jenny to tell him the truth about her identity, he doesn't have the seer's demented intensity that the scenes seem to require—Sigi's passion for the truth does not appear to be out of control. The characterization is so perfunctory that it's never clear whether he's smart or traumatically stupid. What Wilder seems to want to show is that he, Sigi, is brave, loyal, and good. And where's the humor in that? As the director, Wilder is fatally kind to himself as a performer. In the past, he has had a demonic tenseness in his blurry personality—something so strange we couldn't puzzle it out. Nor did we want to; we wanted to experience that inspired, moony hysteria that is the modern clown's lyricism. Wilder's facial glissandos between confused emotional states expressed the total uncertainty we all sometimes feel. But in "Holmes' Smarter Brother" we can see him sanely producing each effect—acting funny. As he directs himself, he's a second-rate clown playing the hero. Wilder must be trying to fulfill a dated aspiration to be glamorous; he doesn't seem to understand that the heroes we believe in now are the clowns. But, as Wilder demonstrated in the sheep-lover episode of Woody Allen's "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," he's far from a second-rater. I can't think of any other clown, past or present, who could have done that routine so well. His shyly obsessed sheep-lover was the comedy variant of the mad killer who cries out, "Lock me up—I can't stop myself!" His ecstatic, smudgy face said, "You think that the way I *look* is crazy? If you only knew what I feel in my heart!"

Wilder loses his performing rhythm by keeping his director's eye on his responsibilities, but his inventiveness as a writer and a director is evident in the many nice, leafy touches—such as Madeline Kahn's lead-in to the first rendition of "The Kangaroo Hop," and the episode featuring an arch, doggerel version of "A Masked Ball," with Kahn and Dom DeLuise. The words they sing suggest what opera sounds like to people who can't stand opera, and it might be a gem of a sequence if the sound hadn't got inexplicably garbled and the effect lost. As the mustachioed opera-singer crook Gambetti, Dom DeLuise doesn't need to be a character, and he's in his best form—like a highbrow Lou Costello—particularly in his scenes with Leo McKern, who plays a goopy, comic-strip Moriarty, gigglingly evil. Wilder's direction makes McKern more acceptable than he's ever been before. "Holmes' Smarter Brother" isn't the kind of failure you write an artist off for; it got out of hand in the way that ambitious projects by talented people sometimes do, but there's always something to watch in it. With luck, a simpler approach, and less self-romanticizing, Gene Wilder could make it next time.

—PAULINE KAEL

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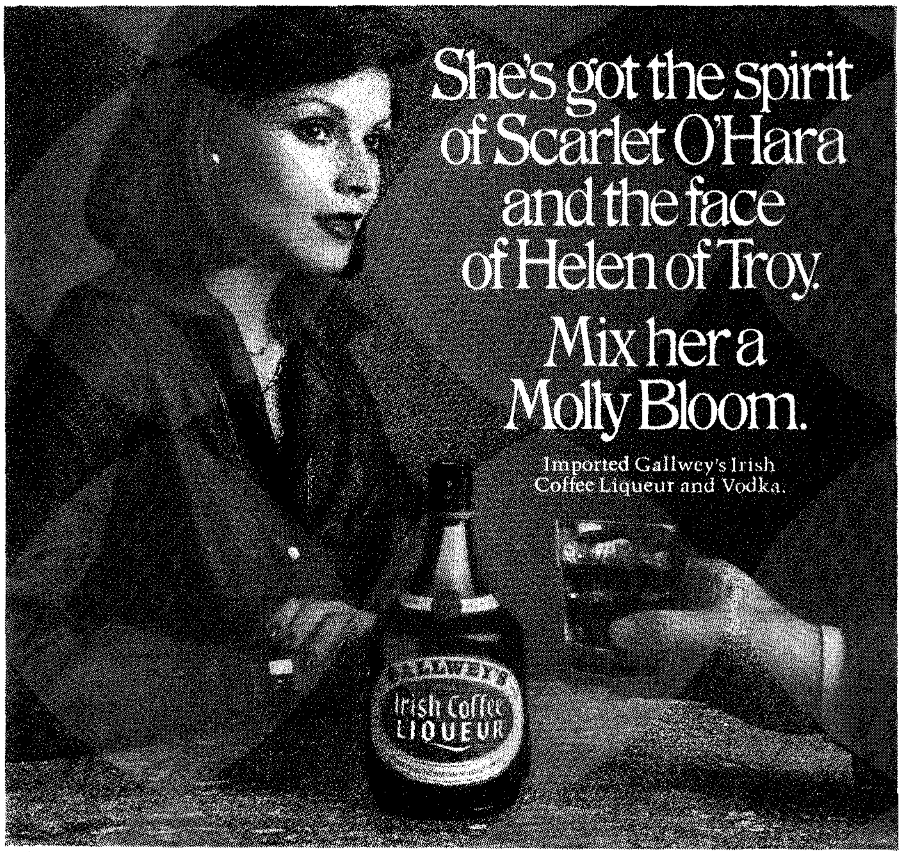
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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

TWO BLUE HANDS

Dean M. Berger is a big, tall, smiling man, and on the night of January 10, 1974—a cold night with a light snow blowing, a night he still remembers with a shudder—he had just turned fifty-two. Berger is a paint chemist. He is associated professionally with Gilbert Associates, Inc., a firm of engineering consultants in Reading, Pennsylvania. His avocation is bridge, a diversion in which he has achieved the gratifying rank of Life Master, and whenever possible, whenever he is not on one of his many out-of-town consultations, he plays in the regular Thursday-night games of an American Contract Bridge League club in the nearby town of Lancaster. His usual partner, until she moved to Michigan with her family, was his daughter Cheryl—Mrs. R. Douglas Crews—also a talented amateur. The Crewses lived in Palmyra, twenty-five miles from Lancaster, and on his occasional bridge nights, Berger would dine with them at their home. January 10, 1974, was a Thursday, and it was such a night.

The event that evening was a tournament, and it was held in a private room at the Distelfink Restaurant, on the outskirts of Lancaster. Berger and his daughter arrived there, in Berger's car, at around seven-thirty. The meeting was well attended, with thirteen or fourteen tables in play, but the room was cold. Everybody complained about it. Berger felt it in his hands, in his fingers. He was warmly dressed, in heavy socks and a flannel sports shirt, but his fingers were like ice. He sat for a while, between games, between rubbers, whenever he was dummy, with his hands tucked in his armpits. Then he tried keeping them warm in his trouser pockets. He went back to warming them under his arms. The room got colder. Finally, a little before eleven, the meeting broke up. Berger and his daughter placed second. They were sitting at their last table recalling the more decisive plays of the evening when Mrs. Crews gave a sudden gasp.

"Daddy!" she said. "Your hands! Look at your hands!"

Berger looked. He stared. His hands were blue—a gray, slaty blue, about the color of a ten-cent postage stamp.

Mrs. Crews said, "Are you all right?"

"I don't know," Berger said. He stared at his hands. They looked dead. "I feel a little woozy."

"I think we'd better go," Mrs. Crews said.

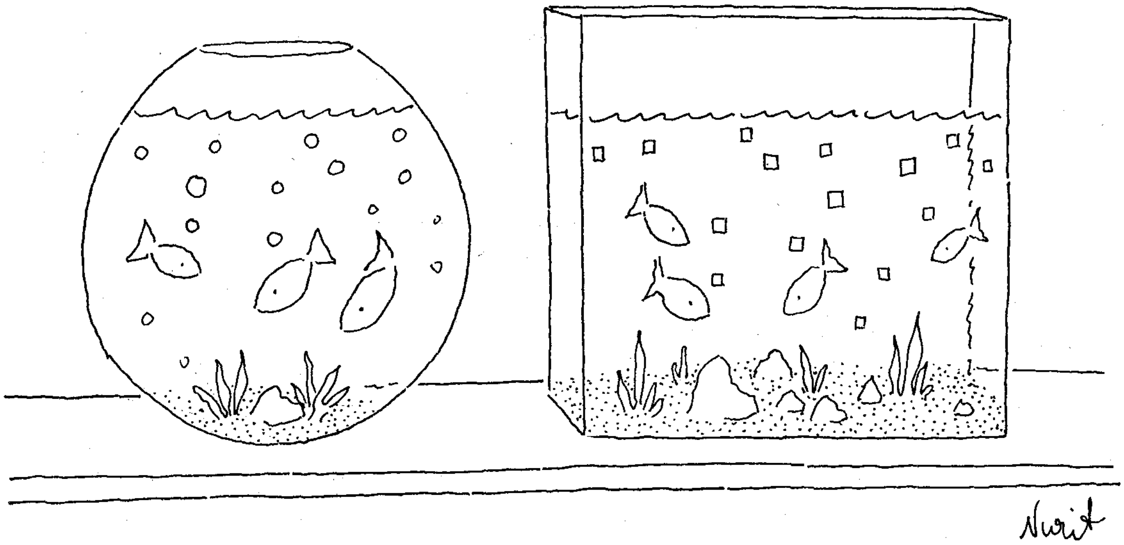
When they got out to the car, Berger gave Mrs. Crews the keys. He didn't feel like driving. It had just occurred to him that his hands looked like the hands of a corpse. He didn't feel he could trust them on the wheel. They drove in silence. Berger was too worried, too bewildered to talk. Mrs. Crews was trying to think what to do. A fork in the highway loomed ahead. She abruptly made up her mind, and took the turn to the left. Berger sat up.

"Cher—where are you going?"

"I'm taking you to Hershey Medical Center," she said. "I'm worried about you, Daddy. I want a doctor to look at your hands."

The Hershey Medical Center, in the chocolate town of Hershey, is no ordinary hospital. It is the Milton S. Hershey Medical Center of the Pennsylvania State University, and it consists of a college of medicine and a teaching hospital—a three-hundred-and-forty-bed hospital—of the first rank. Just before midnight, Berger, with Mrs. Crews at his side, walked into the emergency room there. He was received by a nurse, who took one look at his hands and called the physician on emergency duty that night. The physician was a first-year resident named Robert D. Gordon. Dr. Gordon and the nurse both stood and stared at Berger's hands. They had never seen a case of cyanosis so chromatically arresting.

Cyanosis (which takes its name from the Greek *kyanos*, meaning "blue") is a discoloration of the skin that reflects an insufficient concentration of oxygen in the blood. The presence of oxygen in the protein known as hemoglobin is what gives normal blood its rich red color, and when for any reason the normal oxygen supply is reduced, the color fades and dulls. This phenomenon most commonly manifests itself in the face (especially in the thin skin of the lips) and in the extremities—the toes and fingers. The appearance of cyanosis, if at all pronounced, is a serious sign of warning. It signals either a circulatory problem or some ailment affecting the lungs. The number of diseases in which cyanosis is an early symptom is very considerable. Even those in which the cyanosis involves the hands are numerous. They passed in baleful procession through Dr. Gordon's mind—congestive heart failure, Raynaud's disease, polyarteritis nodosa, Buerger's disease, scleroderma, dermatomyositis, systemic lupus erythematosus, arteriosclerosis, polycythemia, obliterative vascular disease, syringomyelia, congenital heart disease, arteriovenous aneurysm, myxedema, and several forms of poisoning, including the gangrenous agony induced by the ingestion of fungus-infected rye grain which has been known since medieval times as ergotism. The parade of possibilities halted only once: at the phonetic coincidence of Buerger's disease. It then moved evenly, and uninstructively, on to the end. Dr. Gordon had, of course, expected nothing else. Cya-



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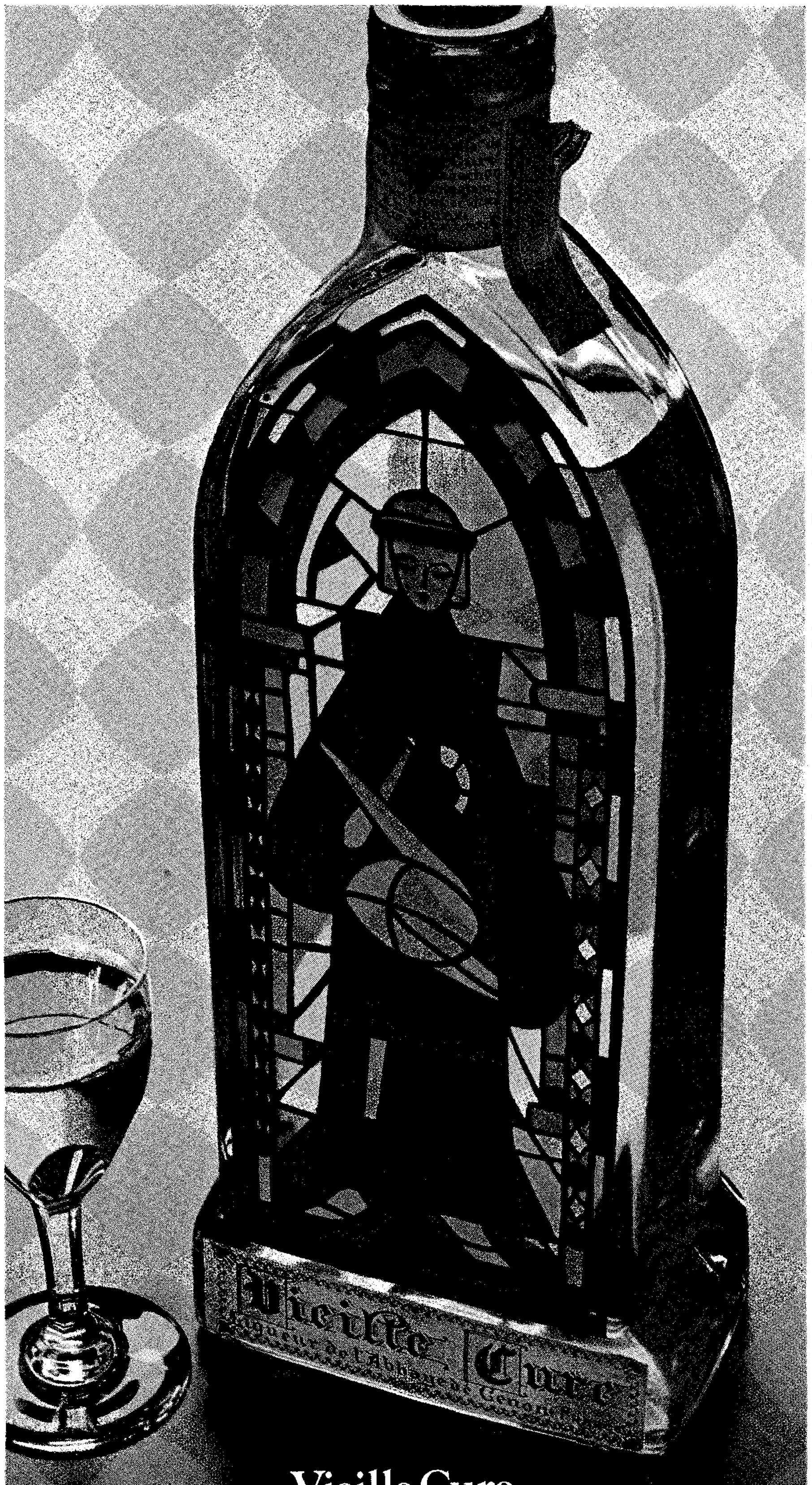

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nosis of even the deepest lividity is merely an indication of the presence of disease. It is not—like certain rashes, like certain lesions, like certain neural responses—a definite diagnostic sign. It is a symptom to be explained.

Dr. Gordon left Mrs. Crews to the hospitality of the emergency-room nurse, and led Berger down the hall and into an examination cubicle. Berger seated himself on the examination table. Dr. Gordon leaned against the wall and guided him through the usual interrogation. Berger's past was uneventful. There was nothing in his medical history (scarlet fever as a child, an appendectomy in 1941, a hemorrhoidectomy in 1961) that cast any light on his present problem. Dr. Gordon brought him up to the present. Berger didn't smoke or drink, but he had that night drunk several—maybe four—cups of coffee. His hands were neither numb nor painful. They were sensitive to the cold. He had no pain of any kind, but that evening he had had a couple of moments of light-headedness. Dr. Gordon interrupted only once. Berger had mentioned eating rye bread at dinner. Did he often eat rye bread? Yes, he did—quite often. He much preferred it to white. Dr. Gordon mentioned ergotism, and explained it. Berger nodded. As a matter of fact, he said, he had found some mold on a rye-bread sandwich the other day, and had simply scraped it off. That sort of thing didn't bother him. In the Second World War, in the Navy in the South Pacific, he had thought nothing of eating bread full of embedded Oriental beetles. Dr. Gordon reflected, looked again at Berger's hands, and put the thought of ergotism aside. Cyanosis alone was not enough. He moved methodically on. Berger continued fully coöperative. He said he suffered occasionally from headaches. He had been told that he had high blood pressure, but had never done much about it. He had an occasional high-pitched ringing in both ears. He had been afflicted off and on for several months with a dry cough. He had no abdominal pain, no nausea or vomiting, no urinary-tract symptoms. He suffered occasionally from constipation. That, to Dr. Gordon's satisfaction, completed the standard review of systems. He made a perfunctory note: "Tinnitus, cough."

The standard physical examination came next. Dr. Gordon took a sample of blood and a sample of urine, and sent them off for laboratory analysis. He then proceeded with the examination. He noted down his findings in the standard mode. He found Berger to be "a well-developed, well-nourished white man, in no acute distress, with dusky hands." Berger's blood pressure, in his right arm, was 212/152. His pulse rate was 80, respirations 12, temperature 36.8° C. (or 98.2° F.). There was no evidence of any intradermal, submucosal, or subcutaneous hemorrhaging. There were normal tympanic membranes. Berger's teeth were "in poor repair," but there was no mucosal cyanosis. There was no neck-vein distension, no back tenderness. Lungs were clear to percussion and auscultation. Abdomen was soft and non-tender. There were normal bowel sounds. Genitalia were "within normal limits." Rectal examination showed normal sphincter tone. Prostate was normal. Examination of the extremities "revealed the absence of peripheral edema." There was "no pedal cyanosis, but the patient's hands appeared definitely dusky in color." There was no calf tenderness. Chest X-ray was normal. Electrocardiogram was normal. That completed the general physical examination. Only one finding was of any pathological interest. Berger's blood pressure was elevated. Even allowing for his history of high readings, and for the usual rise in moments of stress and tension, it was high—ominously high. Dr. Gordon added "hypertension" to his diagnostic notes. The source of Berger's trouble was still anything but clear. There was, however, sufficient evidence to consider his admission to the hospital. Dr. Gordon excused himself and went in search of the admitting resident.

BERGER sat huddled on the edge of the examining table, and watched Dr. Gordon go. Hershey Medical Center felt as cold as the Distelfink Restaurant. He tucked his cold blue hands in his armpits. He sat alone and waited. "I was scared," he says. "I mean I was getting really frightened. What the heck was the matter with me? What was going on?"

THE admitting resident on duty that night was a second-year resident named John M. Field. Dr. Field accompanied Dr. Gordon back to Berger's cubicle. He greeted Berger and looked at his hands—his dusky, cyanotic hands. He was uncomfortably struck by the fact that the cyanosis included the nail beds. He talked with Berger for a moment. He reviewed Dr. Gordon's notes and findings. He rechecked Berger's blood pressure, and confirmed Dr. Gordon's reading. Berger was indeed seriously hypertensive. That, however, did nothing to explain his dusky hands. An explanation of that, at this point, could come only from the laboratory. Dr. Gordon reported that the results of the blood and urine studies were on the way. While they waited, he shared with Dr. Field his lingering suspicion of ergotism. Dr. Field was interested in so exotic a thought, then skeptical. He finally shook his head. The results arrived from the laboratory. Berger's urinalysis was normal. So were certain aspects of his blood chemistry. These included the white-cell count, hematocrit, prothrombin time, blood urea nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, creatinine, and bilirubin. Certain other aspects, however, were not. These were in the category known to hematology as "blood gases." Berger's blood pH was 7.24, or excessively acid. His blood-carbon-dioxide pressure was 38, compared to a normal pressure in the middle thirties. His blood-oxygen pressure was 78, compared to a normal of at least 80. And his blood-oxygen saturation was 92 per cent. Normal is upward of 94.

Dr. Field reread the blood-gases report. He found it disconcerting. On the basis of the laboratory findings, Berger was suffering from both hypoxemia (low blood oxygen) and acidosis. That would seem to account for his cyanosis. But that would also indicate that he was seriously ill. And he didn't seem to be. Except for his dusky hands (and the hypertension, irrelevant in this connection), he showed no clinical signs of illness. Moreover, and inexplicably, his chest X-ray was normal. "Not only that," Dr. Field says. "There was also a conflict that I didn't understand. I didn't think his high carbon-dioxide pressure was entirely compatible with his low pH. Well, we have a rule here on admissions. It requires that we either admit or discharge after two hours. I didn't do either. I couldn't possibly discharge a man with that degree of cyanosis. But I wasn't quite ready to admit him. I wanted some more information. I decided to keep him where he was for the time being. It was now around two o'clock. I wanted his blood pressure taken every hour, and at six o'clock I was going to run another check on his blood gases. Then I would know. At least, I hoped I would."

BERGER was left alone again. Dr. Field and Dr. Gordon had gone. His daughter had been in to say goodbye. The doctors had advised her to leave; she had talked to her mother;

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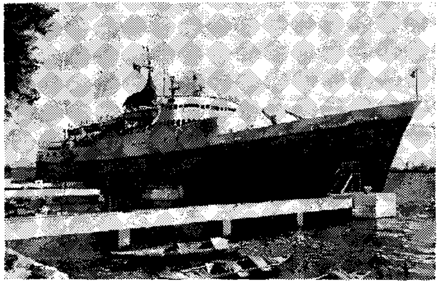

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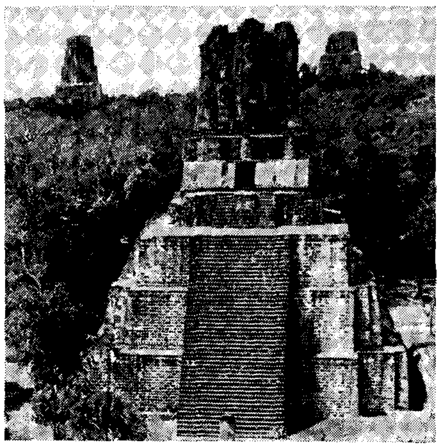

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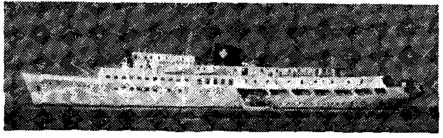

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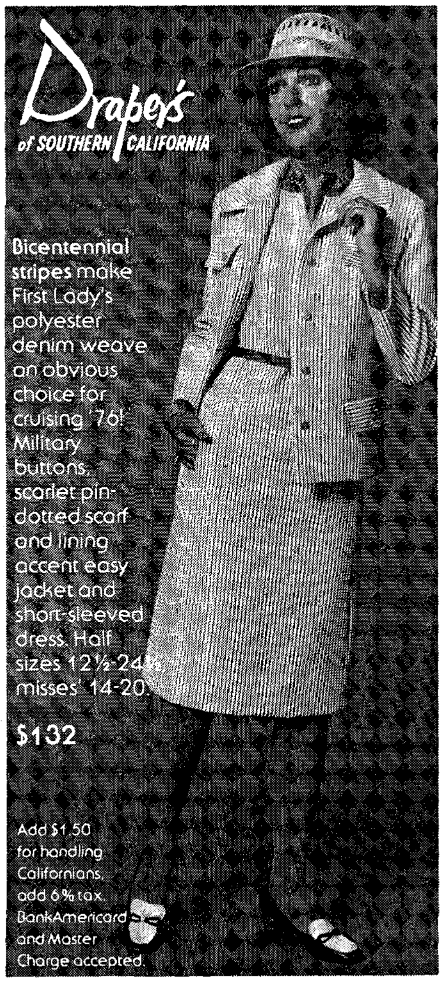

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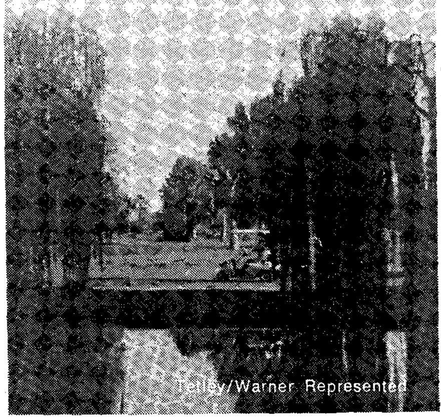

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she would be back again in the morning; she knew everything was going to be all right. The nurse appeared and took the first of the hourly blood-pressure readings. Berger tried to make himself comfortable on the narrow examining table. The room was dimly lighted, and cold. He tried not to worry. He tried not to think. "I wanted to leave with Cher," he says. "They told me they couldn't let me. It would be against their better judgment. But they couldn't tell me what was wrong. I had high blood pressure. There was also something wrong with my blood chemistry. They weren't sure what. But I got the impression it was bad news. I dozed off. Then the nurse came in for another blood pressure. I don't think I slept at all after that."

BUT, of course, he did. He was asleep, hunched up on the table with his feet hanging over the end, when Dr. Gordon looked in a little after six. Dr. Gordon awakened him gently. He took a sample of arterial blood from Berger's wrist. He gave him a reassuring word or two. He then went along to the laboratory and arranged with the night technician for another blood-gases analysis. The results were ready by seven o'clock. Dr. Gordon and Dr. Field read them together. The second report more than confirmed the first. Berger's blood pH was much the same as before. It was now 7.25, compared to the earlier 7.24. But his blood-carbon-dioxide pressure was up from 38 to 41. His blood-oxygen pressure was down from 78 to 62. And his blood-oxygen saturation was down six points, to 86 per cent.

BERGER lay awake after Dr. Gordon had gone. He and his boss at Gilbert Associates were scheduled to fly to a business meeting in New Orleans tomorrow—today. The nurse came in for the seven-o'clock blood-pressure reading. When she left, he got up and found his way along the hall to the men's room. He straightened his clothes and combed his hair and washed his cold blue hands. "Dr. Gordon came in while I was drying my hands," Berger says. "He watched me for a moment. Then he said he'd like to try something. He took me back to the washbasin and had me hold my right hand under the cold water. And was that water *cold!* It couldn't have been more than forty degrees. He kept it there for a full two minutes. And then—my God! It was the damnedest thing anybody ever saw. My hand began to change like a damn chameleon. First it was blue. Then it was red. Then it was blue again. There was something about it that really scared me. That's when I knew I was a goner."

THE attending physician on call from the medical service to the emergency room on Friday, January 11th, was an assistant professor of medicine named Joseph J. Trautlein. Dr. Trautlein arrived at the medical center that morning at his usual time, a minute or two before eight. He parked, as he always did, in the staff parking lot, and came in through the emergency-room entrance. Dr. Field knew Dr. Trautlein's habits. He was waiting for him in the foyer of the emergency room. He greeted him there and walked with him while he put away his overcoat and got into his long white coat. He told him about Berger.

"He said he hadn't wanted to bother me during the night," Dr. Trautlein says. "But he had this man with two blue hands and abnormal blood gases and a negative chest X-ray. And high blood pressure. He said he didn't know what the hell was going on. Would I take a look at *him? Just* a curbside consultation—that's all. Just an opinion. I said O.K.—be glad to. It was entirely appropriate. I was physician of record. And it sounded interesting. So I went along to the examining room and met Mr. Berger and looked at the resident's notes and talked for a while—and I was just as puzzled as John Field was. That acute onset, those two grossly cyanotic hands, those severely altered blood gases. It was strange. I thought, for one thing, that a lung scan was indicated, and a lung scan is an in-patient procedure. Dr. Field had come to the same conclusion. So it was agreed. I admitted him to my service. I then tactfully withdrew. I was the attending, but this is a teaching hospital here, and our residents are given responsibility. It's an observed responsibility—we're always there within an arm's reach. But it's still responsibility. Mr. Berger was Dr. Field's patient."

BERGER was admitted to the hospital under a tentative diagnosis of hypoxemia and acidosis, and shown to a private room on the fourth floor. After a night on an examining table, he was more than ready for bed. "But first I had some telephone calls to make," he says. "I wanted to talk to Marilyn—my wife. She would have heard by now from Cher, but that wasn't enough. I wanted her to hear the

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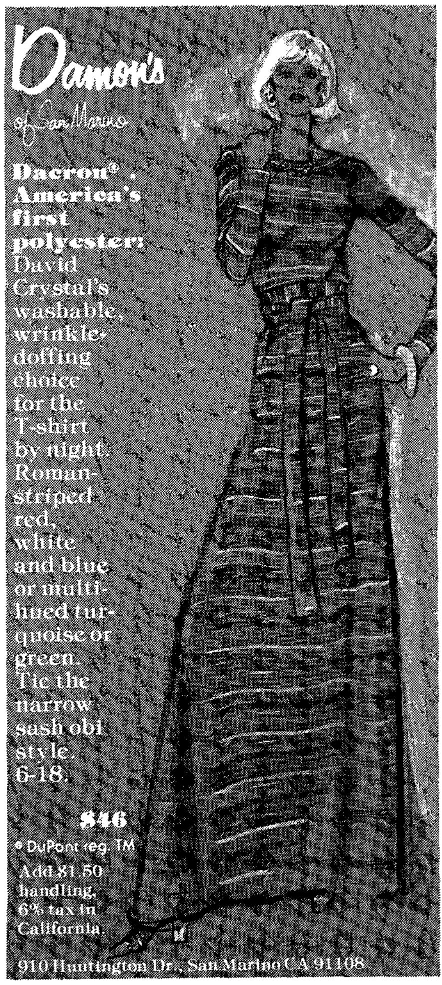
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worst from me. I arranged for some clean clothes and toilet articles and all. Then I called Cher and brought her up to date. Then I called my boss, and we cancelled the trip to New Orleans. I can't tell you how hopeless I felt. When I talked to Marilyn, I told her to go out first thing and increase my life insurance. I was joking—but not really. Then I undressed to my shorts and got into bed. At least I had things organized. That made me feel a little better. And I was warm and comfortable for once. I began to feel hungry. But nothing was said about breakfast. Around nine o'clock, a nurse came in with some apparatus, and the next thing I knew I had a tube up my nose and they were giving me supplementary oxygen. Then a beautiful woman doctor came in and took some more blood samples. I hardly felt a thing. Then I was left alone again, and I knew I wasn't going to get any breakfast. Or any lunch. Or anything. I was too far gone to waste food on."

By nine o'clock, the news of Berger and his perplexing case had spread through his floor and beyond. Dr. Graham H. Jeffries, the chairman of medicine, heard the news as he stepped out on his regular morning rounds, and he at once added Berger to his itinerary. There were eight physicians in his entourage—Dr. Trautlein and two other staff members, and five house officers, including Dr. Gordon and Dr. Field. The group arrived at Berger's bedside at a little past nine-thirty. Dr. Gordon made the presentation. Berger was asked to display his hands. Dr. Jeffries examined them with interest. He had never seen anything quite like them. They made, however, an unusually challenging teaching exposure. Questions were asked and answered. Opinions were solicited. Ergotism was mentioned, and again discarded. Berger's work as a paint chemist was discussed. It was established that he was exposed almost daily to paint and solvent fumes. The order for a lung scan to determine the presence of a possible obstruction was approved. It was scheduled for one o'clock. There was an evaluation of Berger's blood pressure. It had dropped significantly in recent hours—to 160/100. There was still a degree of hypertension, but it was agreed that his condition could satisfactorily be treated on an out-patient basis. It was also agreed that his hypertension was unrelated to his other, more urgent troubles. Dr. Jeffries endorsed the admitting diagnosis, and the reservations of the two residents about it. He thanked Berger for his patience and cöoperation. He and his entourage moved on.

Berger watched them go. "Nine doctors," he says. "Four head doctors and five of the brightest young doctors in a big institution like Hershey Medical Center—and there wasn't one of them could tell me what was my trouble. And it worried them. I could tell they were really worried. So now I knew I'd really had it."

Dr. Jeffries completed his teaching rounds at about ten-thirty and dismissed his entourage. Dr. Field had a moment of leisure. He took the elevator down to the second floor—down to the laboratory. He sought out the technician to whom Berger's latest blood sample had been delivered for still another blood-gases assessment. The results were ready and waiting. They were very different from the two earlier sets of findings. Berger's blood pH was 7.41, or normal. His blood-carbon-dioxide pressure was 36.4, or normal. His blood-oxygen pressure was 109, or normal. And his blood-oxygen saturation was 98 per cent. *Also normal.* "*That shouldn't* have been surprising," Dr. Field says. "It was exactly what we would expect after a course of oxygen therapy. The oxygen balance in Berger's blood had been very nicely restored. But it *was* surprising. It didn't make sense. If Berger's blood gases were back to normal, how come he was still cyanotic? How come his hands were still blue? I had seen them less than half an hour before. There was something wrong somewhere."

Dr. Field went back up to the fourth floor. On the way, he decided to discontinue Berger's oxygen therapy. He wanted him breathing room air again. Then he would take another blood sample for another blood-gases study. Then he would see. He stopped in the corridor for a drink of water, and was joined by one of his colleagues, a resident named James E. Meyer. Dr. Meyer had also been a member of Dr. Jeffries' entourage. He said it had been an interesting round—particularly the Berger case. He said the look of Berger's hands had stuck in his mind. Those hands reminded him of something. And he had just realized what.

"What?" Dr. Field said.

"I don't know if I can explain it," Dr. Meyer said. "But you know how your hands look after you've been shovelling snow? I mean the way they look when you come in and take off your gloves. They have a certain look."

"Mmmm," Dr. Field said. "Yeah—I know what you mean."

But he didn't. He and Dr. Meyer walked together down the corridor. He had no idea what Dr. Meyer meant. But the thought of gloves stayed with him—gloves and skin discoloration. It hung on in the back of his mind. And suddenly it came alive. He stopped.

He said, "Wait a minute."

He cut off to the stockroom. He rummaged around and found a surgical acetone swab. He rejoined Dr. Meyer. Dr. Meyer looked at the swab.

"What's that for?"

"I just had an idea," Dr. Field said. "It was what you said. You gave me a brainstorm."

They came to Berger's room. Berger was alone and dozing. Dr. Field turned off the oxygen supply. He removed the nasal cannula. He asked Berger to hold out a hand. He took the hand by the wrist and gave the back a vigorous rub with the acetone swab. A pinkish pale streak appeared on the back of Berger's hand. The face of the swab turned blue.

BERGER had been almost half asleep. Now he was fully, galvanically awake. He stared at the swab. Then he stared at his striped hand. "I didn't understand it," he says. "I just looked. My head was spinning. It was just too much too fast. Then I calmed down a little and saw something. The blue on the swab looked different from the blue on my hand. My hand looked dead. But the swab was simply blue, an attractive shade of blue. And blue is one of my favorite colors. I raised my head and looked across the room. My flannel shirt was hanging there on the back of a chair. It was the exact same shade of blue. The shirt was new—Cher had given it to me for Christmas. I looked at my shirt, and I didn't even have to think. I knew what had happened. I remembered sitting in the Distelfink and warming my hands in my armpits. And later on, during the night in the examining room. It was as simple as that. The dye had come off on my hands. But how? That stopped me for a moment. But I'm a chemist, not just a paint chemist. The answer was that the dye was fast by ordinary standards. It hadn't come off when I washed my hands. But it was soluble in what Dr. Field was using—in acetone. And in sweat. Sweat isn't just water and a little sodium chloride. It also contains certain solvents and

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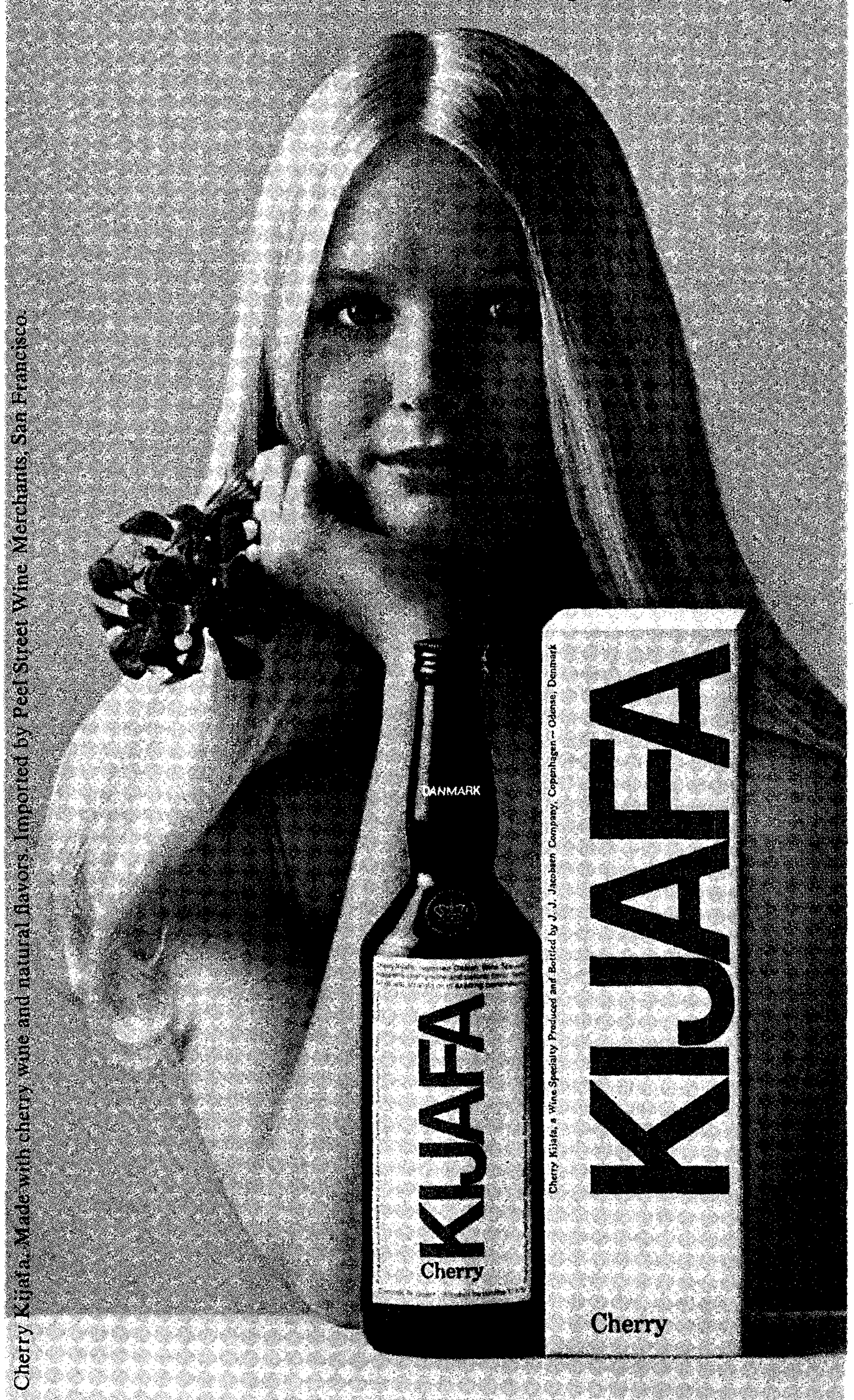
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acids. Acetic acid, for example. And butyric acid. And valeric acid.

"Dr. Field was reaching for my other hand. I gave it to him. And while he was scrubbing it back to normal, I told him what I thought had happened."

DR. FIELD believed him. "It was weird," he says. "The whole thing was staggering. But I knew it was true. It had to have happened that way. The only trouble was that that only explained his hands—his cyanosis. It didn't explain those altered blood gases. Was it possible that there actually was something wrong with his blood chemistry? Well, the way to make sure was to do what I had planned to do anyway. When he had been breathing room air for a sufficient length of time, I drew a sample of blood and took it down to the lab. The technician went to work. Blood gases don't take too long. Maybe ten or fifteen minutes. Then we went over the results. They weren't precisely the same as the previous study, but the differences were minimal. Insignificant. Berger's blood gases were normal. That was the answer I wanted, of course, but still—what about last night? What about those two other studies? No answer. There isn't any absolute explanation. My feeling—everybody's feeling—is that the lab had made a mistake. And that's the way it stands in the record: 'It was felt that evidently some error must have been made in the determination of the blood gases during the night, and it was felt that the patient's apparent hypoxemia was a lab error.' "

DR. TRAUTLEIN says: "They told me that Dr. Field was looking for me. I found him, and he told me the story. Gulp!"

BERGER was discharged from the hospital at five o'clock that afternoon. "I was ready to leave at noon," he says. "But that isn't the way they do things at Hershey. They wouldn't let me go *until* they had done a lung scan. It turned out normal. They expected it to be normal, but I guess they wanted to be absolutely certain. I didn't mind the wait too much. I was thankful just to be alive."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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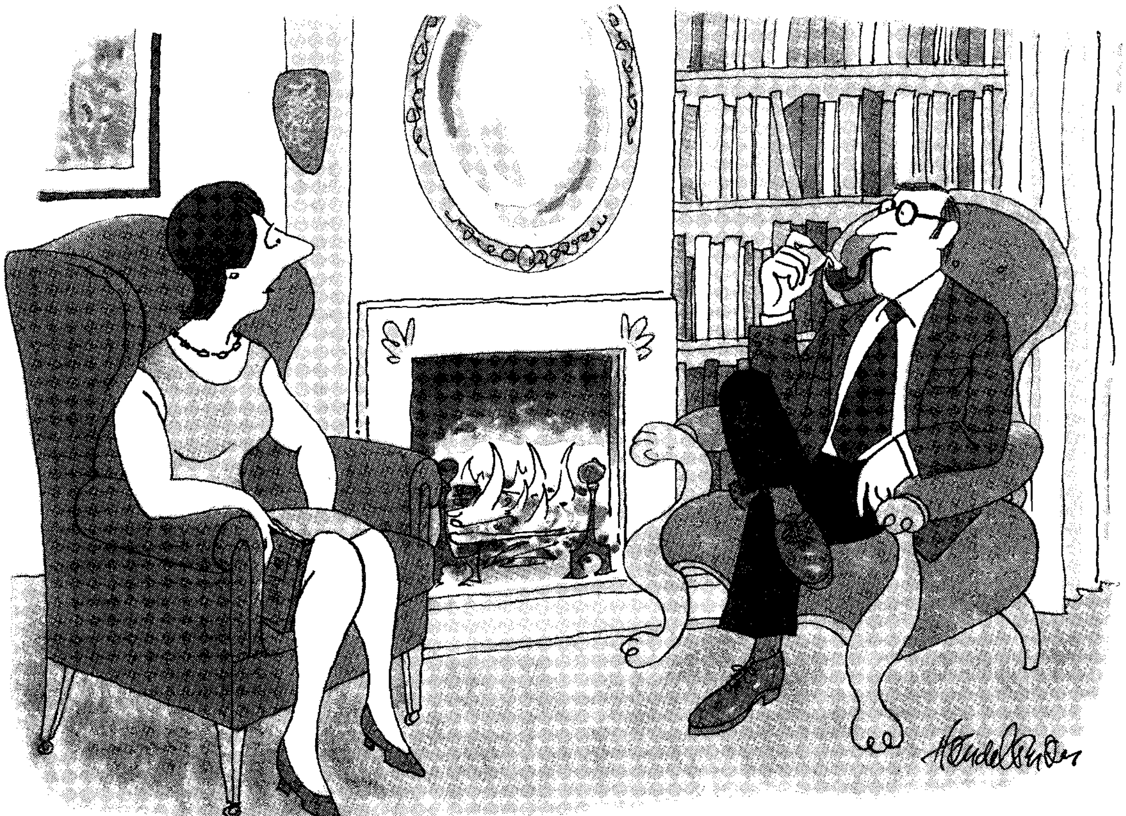
MUSICAL EVENTS

Strange Encounter

AMONG the many attractions of San Diego is the chance it offers of meeting (in its Sea World park) gentle, intelligent, mysterious, attractive creatures coming up out of the water to establish relationships with mere mortals. And so Dvořák's "Rusalka," whose heroine is such a creature, was a natural choice for the San Diego Opera. The performance, this month, was billed as the American professional première. Last month, the Juilliard American Opera Center, in whose productions there is often a sizable professional element, also did "Rusalka." (The American première of the piece is recorded as taking place in Chicago's Sokal Slav Hall, in 1935.) Before the world discovered Janáček, "Rusalka" was probably considered, after Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" and Jaromir Weinberger's "Švanda the Bagpiper," the most exportable Czech opera. All the same, it was not much exported. Every record collector knew Rusalka's lovely aria, "O silver moon," but the first non-Slav production was only in 1929, in Stuttgart, nearly three decades after the Prague première. In 1939, just weeks before Hitler's invasion of Czechoslovakia, Covent Garden announced a performance to be brought there by the Czech National Opera, but after the invasion a postponement, "probably till next season," was announced. (Instead, Beecham conducted a "Bartered Bride," in German, with a cast in which Nazi and Jew, Teuton, Slav, and Briton were mingled.) I saw the British première of "Rusalka," given after the war by the operatic troupe of the John Lewis Partnership (that department store with so many premières, local and, on occasion, "world," to its credit), and then a Sadler's Wells production in 1959. But the opera did not catch on. My reaction was that of many people who attended the Juilliard performance—beautiful music, but an unworkable, untheatrical piece. It was a Prague production of the early sixties, designed by Josef Svoboda and directed by Vaclav Kaslik, that showed me what "Rusalka" could be. In general, operas are best staged as their composers envisaged them. Janáček's "Kat'a Kabanová" needs solid-seeming walls, and the "Ring" needs pinetrees. But "Rusalka" is perhaps a special case, and Svoboda's "magical" treatment of the stage, with a free use of projections, and translucent panels that became rippling water surfaces or flashed into brilliance as the floor of a palace ballroom and then disappeared, matched Dvořák's "lyric fairy tale." The music blossomed as it had failed to do when encased in painted canvas. (Young folk who know only the later, mannered, international, and ubiquitous Svoboda, the designer of the Met's "Carmen" and "Vêpres Siciliennes," can hardly guess how delicately poetic his earlier work could be.)

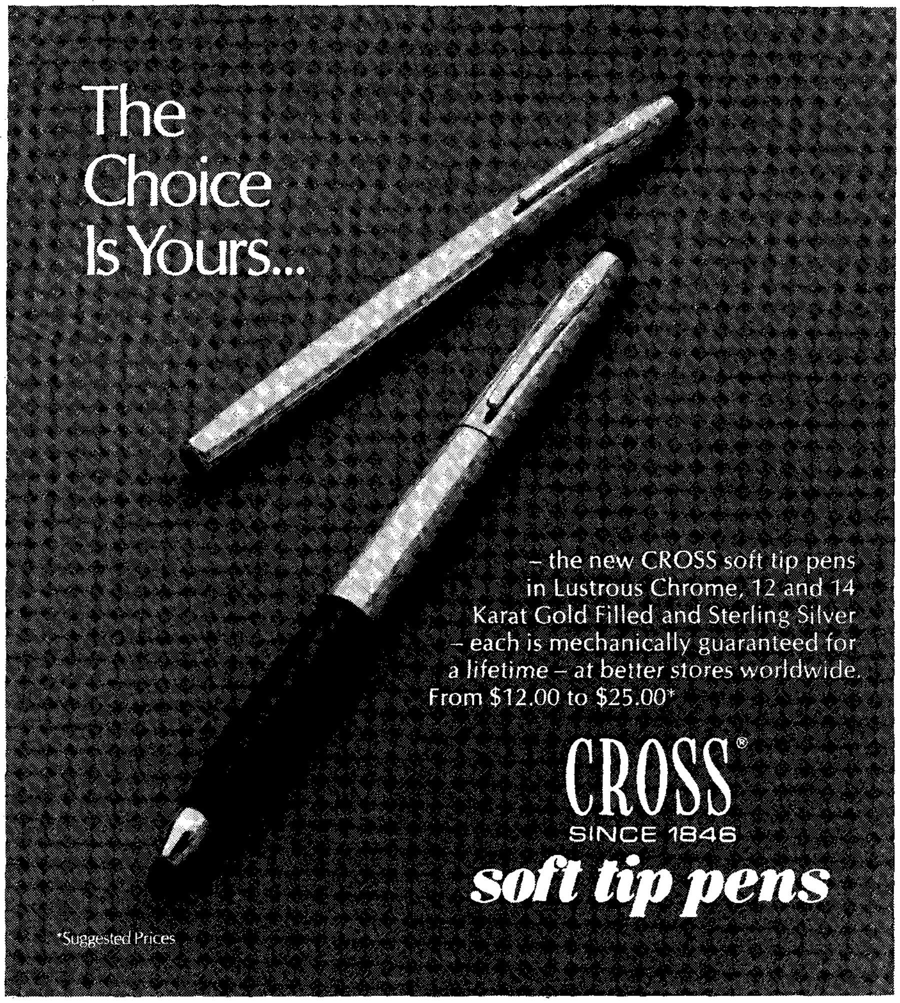
Both the Juilliard and the San Diego productions were well designed (by, respectively, Robert Yodice and Santo Loquasto) and sensitively lit (Joe Pacitti and Bruce Kelley). The Juilliard staging was particularly pretty at curtain rise. The wood nymphs grouped amid the trees looked like a painting by Philipp Otto Runge; the nix, or water goblin, rose from the depths as a spiky blue cylinder and then unfurled wings like those of Blake's Lucifer. (The effect was slightly lessened when he had to refurl them tightly and carefully, like an umbrella, to get down again through his trap. At Sadler's Wells, when the strapping Joan Hammond exactly fitted into the palace well of Act II without an inch to spare, the stage magic was similarly weakened.) The nymphs were represented by dancers from the Juilliard Dance Ensemble, while their voices were piped in from an offstage choir. Such "dubbing" is seldom effective—difficult to bring off even in a large theatre like Bayreuth (where Wieland Wagner on occasion used, in "Parsifal," one team of dancing and another of singing flower maidens), and even more so in a small theatre like the Juilliard's. But the chief reason that the New York "Rusalka" failed to cast a consistent spell was a lack of romance in the demeanor of the principal characters. In San Diego, there was more poetry.

The ninth of Dvořák's ten operas, "Rusalka" was composed in 1900. "Tosca," "Louise," "Pelléas," "Jenůfa," Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Czar's Bride," Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot" are among its contemporaries. The score is a work of late Romanticism, rich and



"I understand you perfectly, Harold. When you say you want to extend your parameters, it means you want floozies."

full in its orchestration, with harmonic and instrumental touches that show Dvořák was alert to developments of the time. Like "Hänsel und Gretel," which reached Prague in 1895, "Rusalka" is a reaction against the violence of verismo. The librettist, Jaroslav Kvapil (not to be confused with the composer of the same name, Janáček's pupil), was a poet with a feeling for the theatre; he became a distinguished director, and died only in 1950. Drawing on La Motte Fouqué's "Undine" and on Andersen's "The Little Mermaid," he produced his own version of the tragic incompatibility myth that underlies pieces as diverse as the ballets "La Sylphide," "Swan Lake," and "Ondine," the various musical workings of the Melusina story, Wagner's opera "Die Feen," Rimsky's "Snow Maiden," and Strauss's "Die Frau ohne Schatten"—the myth whose most profound handling is found in the Helen scenes of Goethe's "Faust." Roughly, it's the story of a fellow who falls in love with a fairy, and she with him. (Wagner reversed the usual pattern in "Der Fliegende Holländer" and "Lohengrin," making the man the supernatural partner.) Sometimes, as in "Die Feen" and "Die Frau," there is a happy ending, but usually the mortal cannot put on immortality, or vice versa, and union in death—at any rate, not in this world—is the best to be hoped for. The myth provides creators with a frame for exploring man's, and woman's, desire for the elusive, the unattainable, the other. But I feel unsure how far Kvapil intended a symbolist drama. His libretto is a sequence of dreamlike emotional scenes—the water nymph singing of her love to the silvery moon, the water goblin rising from the well to pour out his grief, the wood nymphs' merry sport turning to grief as they learn of Rusalka's fate. Contrast is provided by two scenes of robust Bohemian comedy for the forester and the kitchen boy (set in Dvořák's most buoyant vein), the sudden pomp and glitter of the court scene, the proud, Amneris-like scorn of the princess, Rusalka's rival, and the incantations of the witch Ježibaba. Dvořák responded to the dramatic poem with some of the most beautiful melodies he ever composed. For the characters he invented memorable motifs. His scene-painting of the moonlit forest is magical; throughout the work, his scoring ravishes the ear. Charm, tenderness, gaiety, despair, tender passion, rapt contemplation of natural beauty—the strands are drawn together in a long, lyrical song. It is an opera not so much of character as of



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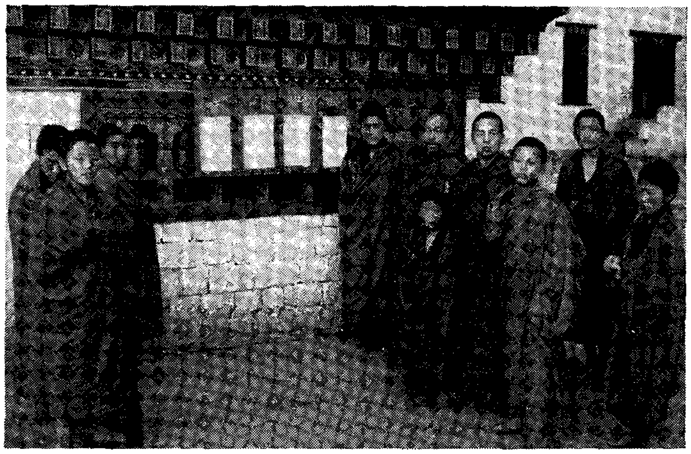

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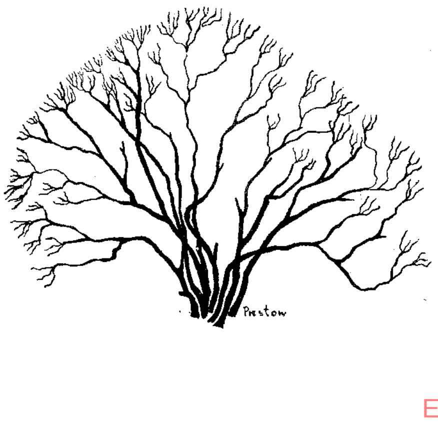
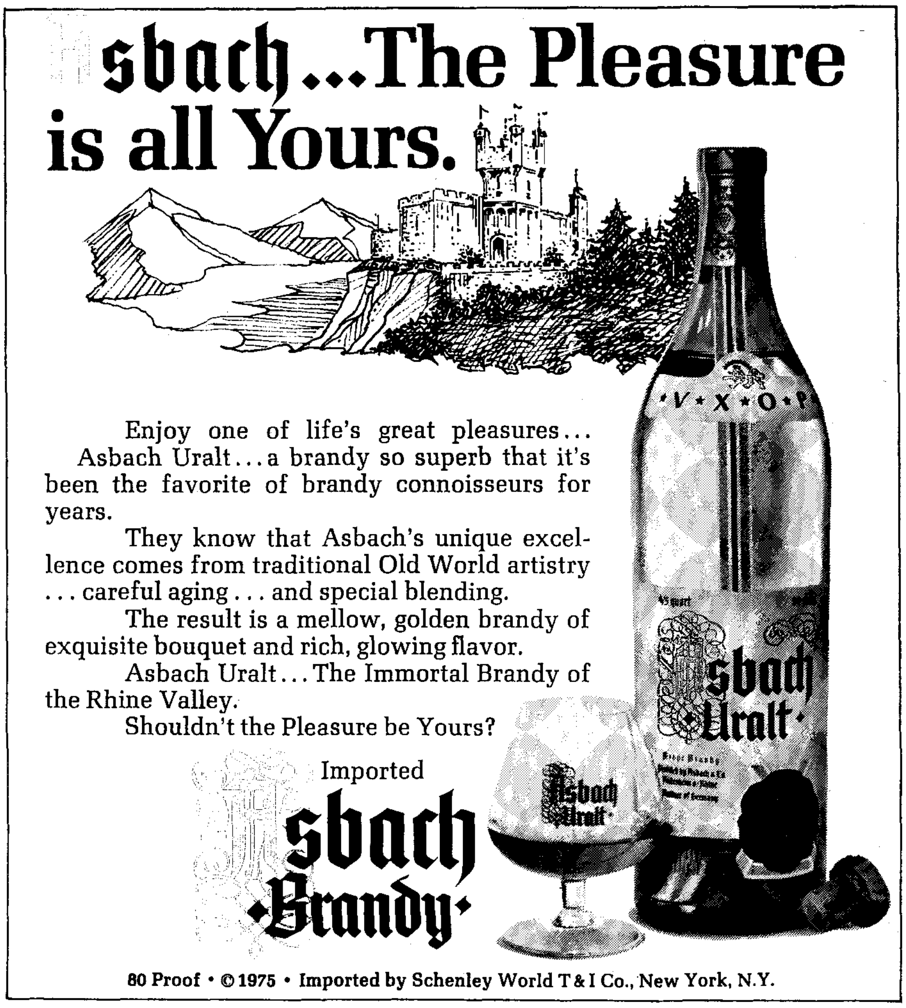
atmosphere, and the effect is that of a symphonic poem given theatrical shape.

Theo Alcantara's handling of this music, in San Diego, was more romantic, more pliant, than Peter Herman Adler's, in New York. Both the Juilliard and the San Diego directors, Moni Yakim and Tito Capobianco, seeking to increase the dramatic interest, had hit on the idea of assigning the roles of witch and princess to a single singer. (They are designated for alto and soprano, respectively, but a mezzo can compass both.) And in San Diego, the princess, at her final phrases in Act II, specifically revealed herself as an incarnation of the witch. The identification of the two added a new and, I think, unneeded twist to the plot; Rusalka and her beloved became victims of an evil agency, rather than of their own doomed, unconsummatable love. Mr. Capobianco aimed generally to concentrate the action. He cut out altogether the forester and kitchen boy, and with them the scenes of light relief. Not a good idea. There were many other cuts, beyond the authorized VI . . . DE's of the published score—among them the moonrise interlude of Act II, the trio of wood nymphs in Act III, and a particularly luscious phrase of the final duet. (I was sorry to lose the return of the nymphs, for in Act I the trio—Elaine Pavlick, Teri Sinclair, and Melanie Sonnenberg—had pretty voices, pretty forms, and an ability to dance gracefully.) Kathryn Bouleyn, in the title role, revealed an aptly silvery voice, clear and attractive after a shaky start; she moved delicately and acted tenderly. The prince, William McDonald, had a small, accurate tenor, very clearly projected but apt to diminish as it rose. Gwendolyn Killebrew was imperious, incisive, not always quite focussed in tone, as witch and princess, and Spiro Malas was sonorous, but not affecting, as the nix. The staging was elaborate and the scenery was aptly magical, though perhaps a shade fussy in detail. The sudden, hard glitter of the palace scene, which strikes across Rusalka's

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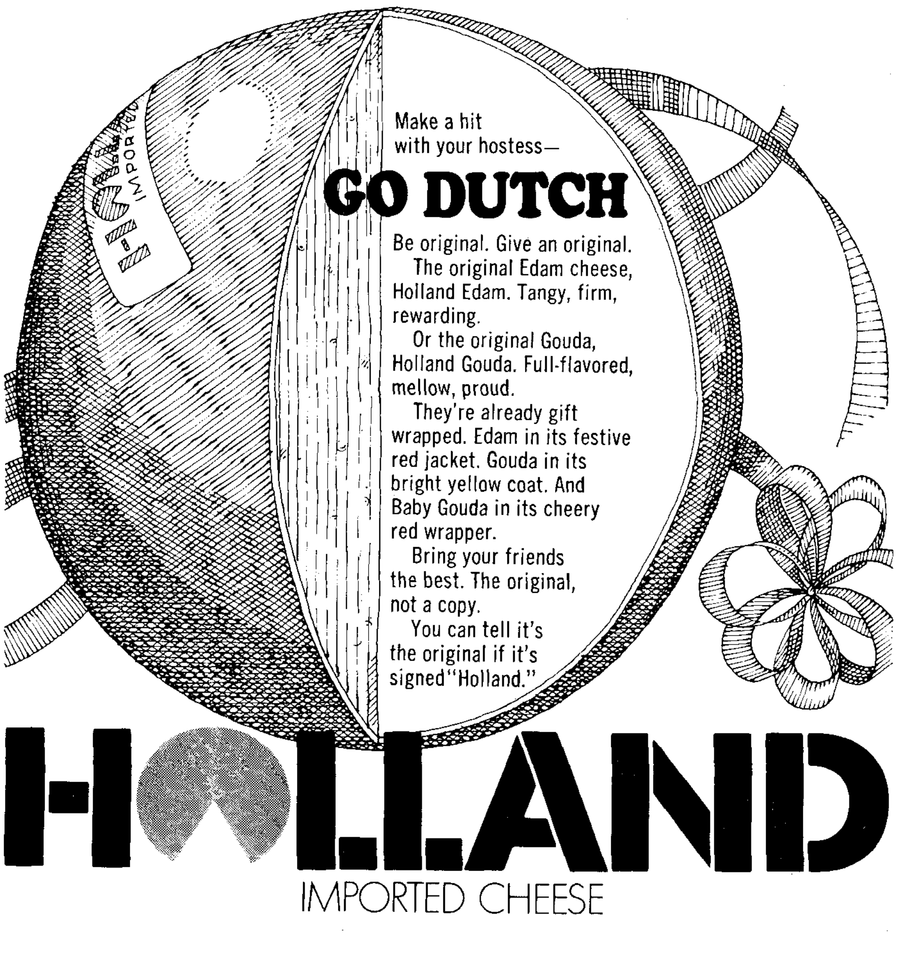
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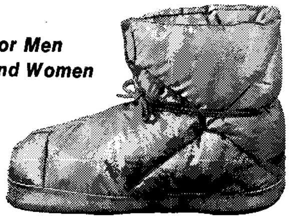

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idyll and shows her the world she can never hope to be part of, was brilliantly evoked by Mr. Capobianco's staging, Mr. Loquasto's costumes, and Elena Denda's choreography.

San Diego's Civic Theatre is large, a three-thousand-seater—too large, therefore, to be a really suitable home for any but the grandest opera productions with the grandest and loudest performers. But in the close-up intimacy of the little Juilliard Theatre it is probably harder to cast an enchanted scenic spell. There, Judith Haddon, as Rusalka, and David Bender, as the prince, were constricted, rather wooden actors. Her singing lacked lyrical flow and his tended to be forceful declamation of notes rather than lines of poetic tone. Willard White sang solidly as the nix, but once again the poignancy of the role proved elusive. Faith Esham, a perky kitchen boy, was the most secure performer, as singer and actress. A doggerel English translation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, was used. San Diego used doggerel by Walter Ducloux. ("Who is calling? It's appalling!," etc.)

There has been talk of the San Diego "Rusalka" production's being taken up by the New York City Opera at the State Theatre, and, provided some of the music is restored, it should succeed there. There may be Czech works with a higher claim to be heard—among them any of Janáček's mature operas still unfamiliar here; in the comic field, Smetana's "Two Widows" and Dvořák's own "The Devil and Kate;" and in the serious, Smetana's noble "Dalibor"—but this imaginative production of "Rusalka" exists, and it could bring a new, romantic ingredient to New York's operatic fare.

—Andrew Porter

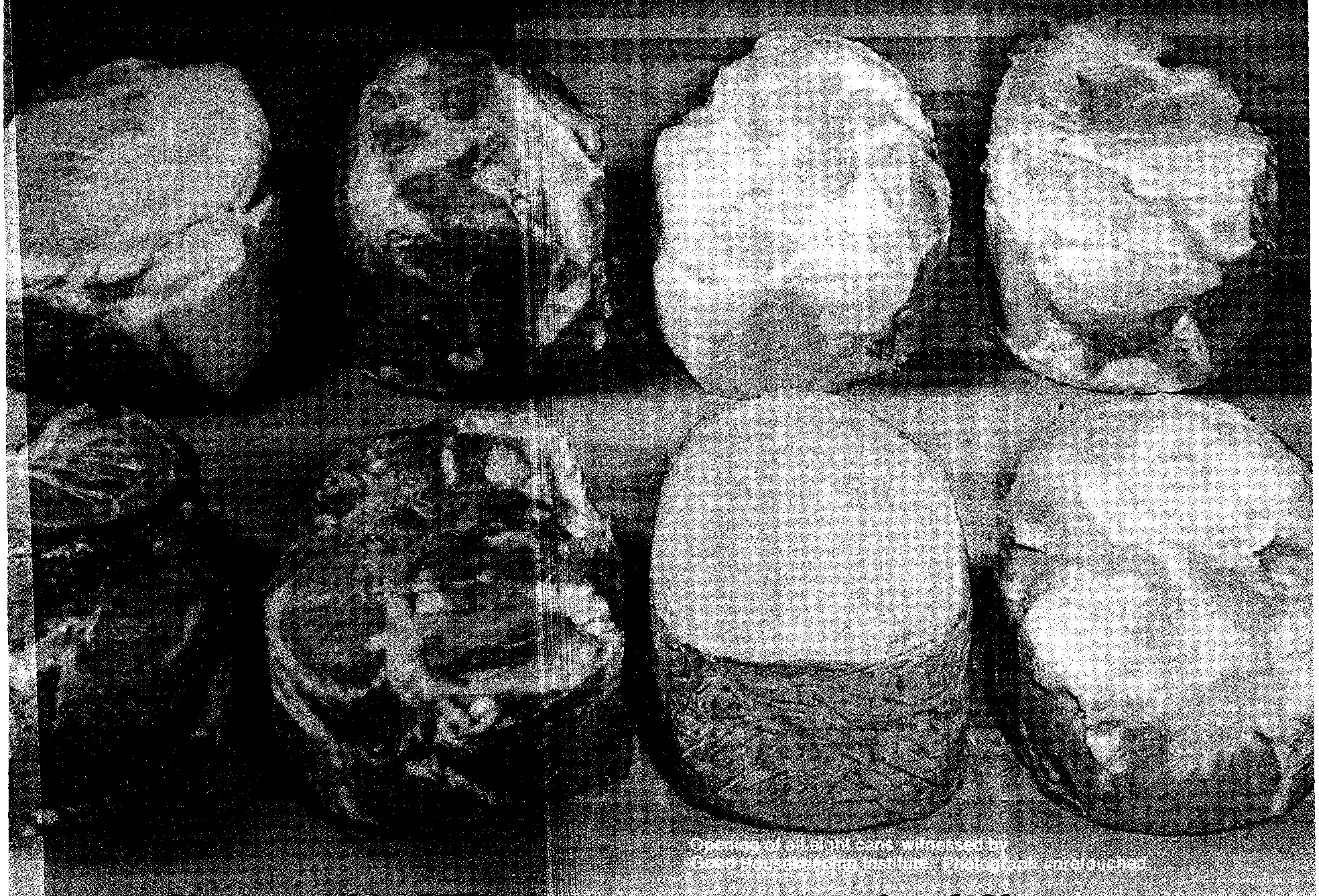
• •

LET IT BEGIN

Snow before dawn, the trees asleep.
In one window a yellow light—someone
is rising to wash and make coffee
and doze at the table remembering
how a child sleeps late and wakens
drenched in sunlight. If he thinks
of a street, he knows it has gone,
a dog has died, a tulip burned
for an hour and joined the wind.
With the others I drift, useless,
in the parking lot while the day shift
comes on, or I stand at the corner
as the sun wakens on a gray crust.
The children pass by in silent knots
on the way home from the burial
of the birds. The day has begun.
I can put it away, a white shirt,
unworn, at the back of a drawer,
but my hands are someone else's—
stained, they shine like old wood
and burn in the cold. They have joined
each other in the fellowship
of the shovel. I stood in the temple
of junk where the engine blocks
turned and the nickle-plated grilles
dripped on hooks, and though
steel rang on the lip of the furnace
and fire rose out of black earth
and rained down, in the end
I knelt to cinders and ice. I stared
into the needle's dark eye
so the peddler could mend his elbow
and gasp under his sack of rags.
Now the cat pulls on his skullcap
of bones and bows before the mouse.
Light that will spread the morning glory
burns on my tongue and spills
into the small valleys of our living,
the branches creak, and I let it begin.

—Philip Levine

Eight hams right out of the can. Can you find the Polish Ham?



Opening of all eight cans witnessed by Good Housekeeping Institute. Photograph unretouched.

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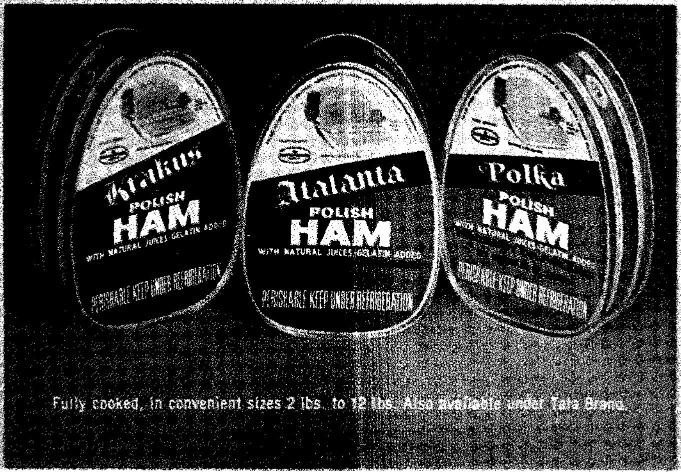
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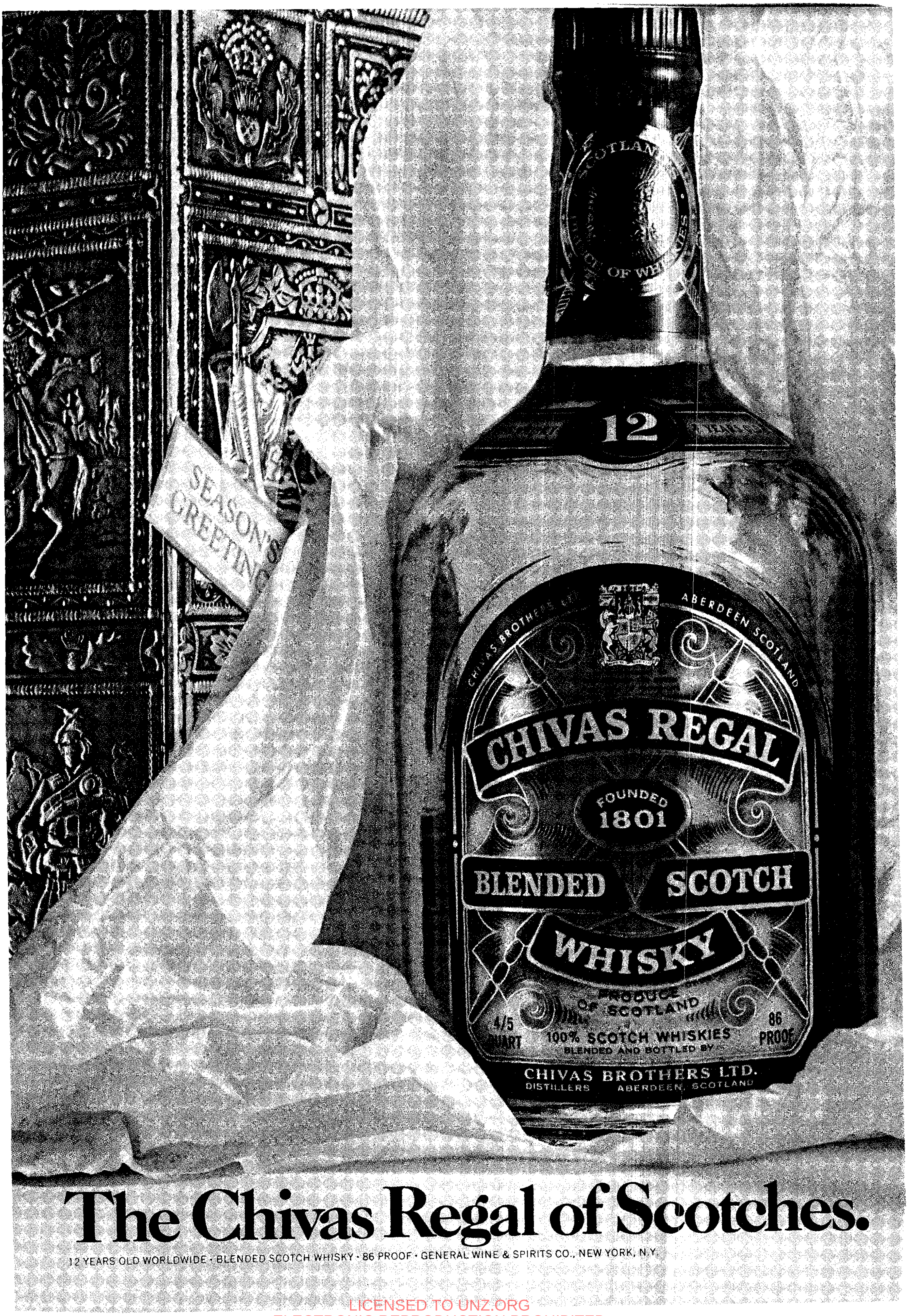
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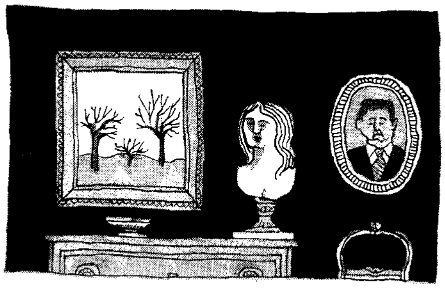
LETTER FROM PEKING

DECEMBER 6

PRESIDENT FORD's four-day visit to Peking, which was intended primarily to clarify the concepts and issues on which China and the United States agree and those on which they disagree, brought little if any progress in settling major policy conflicts between the two powers, such as those over the future of Taiwan and Korea, and provided more questions than answers concerning the game of détente that Washington is playing simultaneously with the Chinese and the Russians. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger keeps saying that it is not the business of any of the three major powers to dictate what either their national interests or their perceptions of one another ought to be, but in his complicated triangular diplomacy such matters are bound to come up, and it has become increasingly obvious that what Washington does to please Peking won't please Moscow, and vice versa. While Kissinger's efforts to maintain the peace of the world by pursuing his balance-of-power diplomacy may turn out to be laudable, the global arena in which he is now performing has become cluttered with so many obstacles that his room for maneuver is considerably narrowed. The fact that all three nations may soon have to face shifts in their top leadership makes his task increasingly difficult, and perhaps impossible.

The low-key approach that Ford and Kissinger adopted toward the Chinese and that the Chinese, with studied care, adopted toward them scarcely provided the sort of political excitement that will enhance the President's domestic reputation as a world statesman (although the President was said, by a ubiquitous "senior spokesman" whose initials everyone knows, to be "very satisfied"). Kissinger took pains to explain in advance to reporters that the main purpose of the trip would be to reach a better mutual understanding and improve "the architecture of American foreign policy," but, beyond the lack of discernible results, the atmosphere throughout, at least in public, was subdued—sometimes, indeed, uneasy and stiff. It may be true, as American officials claim, that some progress was made in furthering the two nations' comprehension of each other's positions, but by and large the Chinese upstaged us and put us on the psychological as well as the political defensive—a feat they could achieve because right now, unlike us, they are clearly confident of where they want to go and what role they want to play in the world. Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, the chief Chinese spokesman, in proclaiming in blunt terms at the opening banquet, on December 1st, that we were making a mistake in trusting the Russians, was not only expressing a broad ideological point of view but consolidating his own position as heir apparent to the ailing Premier Chou En-lai. The other leading figure in the day-to-day conduct of Chinese affairs, Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, a fellow Politburo member of Teng's and second Vice-Premier as well as de-facto Party Secretary, did not even make an appearance during the Americans' visit—a seeming corroboration of Teng's ascendancy.

The shadow of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who will be eighty-two years old on December 26th, loomed as large as ever. Though Mao, like Chou, is seriously ill, he spent nearly two hours with Ford, Kissinger, and six other American officials in discussions that Kissinger called "searching and detailed" and that Teng, at the final banquet, called "particularly important." Ford was the sixteenth distinguished foreign visitor whom Mao has met with this year (he met with twenty-three in 1974), and though he is under constant medical care at his home, near the old Forbidden City, he is still sporadically alert, his amazing memory is fairly intact, and his ability to spin off aphorisms is unimpaired. If he is senile, as some say he is, his ability to handle summit guests at carefully chosen moments was amply demonstrated on worldwide television, where he was seen energetically pumping Kissinger's hand while pointing with his other hand and laughing. I was inevitably reminded of the only time I had met Mao—in Yenan in 1946. This was Kissinger's fifth talk with Mao, but, as correspondents noted, former President Nixon, during his historic 1972 trip to Peking, spent only half as much time with the Chairman as Ford did, so in this sense Ford can claim progress. Both Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, who has retained her own political ambitions despite her infrequent appearances recently, and Chu Teh, who is almost as revered as Mao as a venerable revolutionary figure, were in the receiving line at the opening banquet; they didn't stay for dinner, but the American officials made much of their brief, symbolic presence as a palliative to Teng's tough speech.



"I think we'll make the social pages of the Peking *Daily* tomorrow," Kissinger said as we Americans left the hall, and his use of the word "social" was prophetic. During the next three days, only eight hours of talks were held with the Chinese; the rest of the time was devoted to ceremonial sightseeing with Ford and his wife, their daughter, Susan, and the other Americans visiting historic sites, an agricultural exhibition, a ballet class, and a carpet factory. Ford's "nice-guy image" didn't seem to go over in Peking as it has gone over in Grand Rapids or Washington, and, in the eyes of veterans here, he did not come across as a distinguished figure in the same way as, for instance, the late President Georges Pompidou of France when he visited China in 1973—or, for that matter, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany, who preceded Ford to Peking by a few weeks. A Chinese interpreter remarked, "He acts more like the President of some African country than like the President of the United States." Still, the Chinese have not lost sight of the fact that two American Presidents have now paid visits to China, while no top Chinese leader has gone to Washington, despite a standing invitation.

IF one had the feeling that the Chinese were happy to have us in Peking but even happier to see us leave, this did not mean that the huge American contingent—some four hundred people, including government officials, correspondents, and television technicians—did not enjoy itself. For me, the visit was a return to Peking after twenty-eight years, and the experience was fascinating. I found the city vastly changed, of course, both physically and in spirit. The Peking I remembered consisted of old low-lying houses of one or two stories, tucked away in small, pleasant neighborhoods. Most of these houses are still standing, but now there are also dozens of taller buildings—government offices and workers' apartment blocks, gray or brown, obviously functional, somewhat forbidding. The majority of these new buildings have been built to the east of

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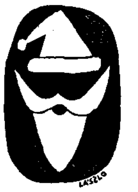
the city center, and there are also some to the west; the main axis now runs east-west, where it used to go north-south. The greater part of the old city walls and most of the Imperial gates are gone—torn down, I was told, because they obstructed traffic. The greatest change within the city proper is at T'ien An Men Square, at its heart, where in the fifties the streets were widened, the whole area of the square was enlarged fourfold, to a hundred acres, and thousands of trees were planted, as they have been throughout the city and along the main highways. The square, which is framed by the imposing Great Hall of the People (completed in 1959) and two museums, the Museum of History and the Museum of the People's Revolution, is like a huge architectural jewel set at the center of the Chinese universe.

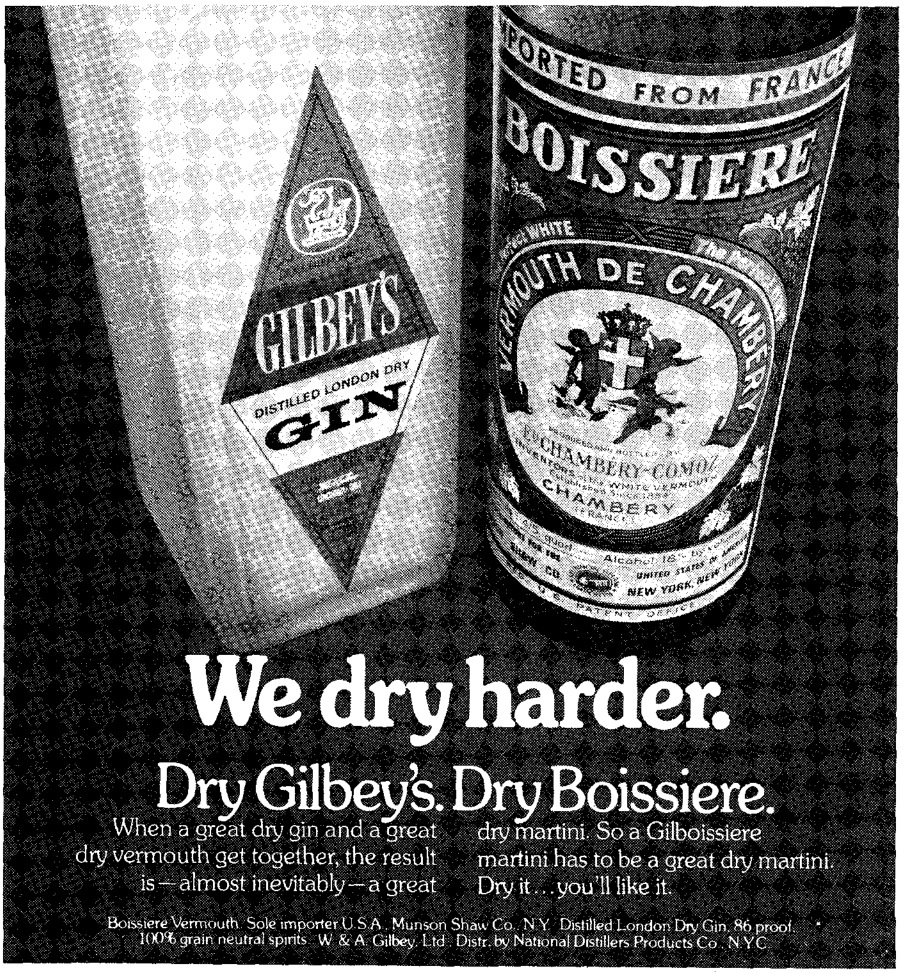


Once a city of scholars and aristocrats, Peking, though it has grown as an educational center and has a new Marxist-Maoist aristocracy of Communist officials and cadres, has become a producing center rather than simply a consuming one. Scores of new factories, mostly east and south of the city, pour forth a tremendous variety of industrial products, from steel, trucks, cars, tractors, and machine tools to textiles, refrigerators, other electrical products, and the ordinary household items that everyone needs—tableware, clothing, soap, and so on. In winter, the city is suffused with a pall of soft-coal dust, blending with heavier dust from the Gobi Desert, and many people walk about with cloth masks over their mouths and noses, removing them only if the air clears enough for the sun to push its way through the customary yellow haze during the middle of the day. This oppressive atmosphere does not seem to bother the new Peking man. In the forties, when I was last here, as throughout the Imperial centuries before that, the ordinary residents of Peking were regarded as parasites of the ruling and intellectual classes, and there were no independent workers. All this has changed. A doctor from the United States whom I had known in the late forties, George Hatem, who has remained in China all these years and has adopted the Chinese name of Ma Hai-teh, told me over lunch at the new Peking Hotel, "The citizens of Peking used to be looked upon by other Chinese as soft and pliable people, who adapted themselves to whoever ruled them. They were called *yu tse*, for a long, roll-like piece of fried dough that is easy to bend. Today, their slavishness toward foreign things is gone, including the slavishness they felt in the early days of the revolution toward the Soviet Union. And the minds of the intellectuals and leaders, like the feet of the women, are no longer bound. As for the new generation, the young workers never felt inferior, so it has been relatively easy for them to adjust to the new way of life."

There is no doubt that people in China today are working harder than they ever did before and that, whether they like it or not, they are doing so zealously and with what appears to be a remarkable dedication. During a drive to the Double Bridge Commune, twelve miles northeast of the city, I saw thousands of men and women building irrigation ditches, repairing roads and railway trestles, and reaping the wheat harvest. Just as smoke poured from factory stacks, breath wafted from the mouths of the masses in the cold winter wind as they sought to obey the current revolutionary dictum to "Imitate Tachai;" that is, to engage in superhuman efforts to improve agriculture in the manner originated at Tachai, in Shansi Province, in the nineteen-sixties. Tachai posters and wall paintings are seen everywhere in China today, and Tachai's accomplishments are the keynote of the five-year plan ending in 1980. At the Double Bridge Commune, a population of forty thousand is divided into six production brigades, which are subdivided into forty-six production teams working on fourteen separate enterprises. Everybody was busily engaged in one thing or another—bringing in grain, looking after pigs or ducks or chickens, tending fishponds, running dairy farms, and repairing tractors or making new ones in machine shops. Most of the people there, who are either former tenant farmers or the children of former tenant farmers, own their own homes, which they built themselves, and their community spirit, including that of the children attending nineteen primary schools and six middle schools, or high schools, seemed genuine.

BACK in Peking, at a large middle school with twenty-four hundred students, the vice-director, a blunt, doctrinaire woman, told several of us that the students spend a month each year in communes or factories and that many of the teachers are ordinary workers and peasants. "We train our students to love labor, to love the masses, and we prepare them for the countryside and the class struggle," she said. After visiting a number of classrooms, where it appeared to me that the students were simply repeating by rote what they had memorized from their books—and one English text I looked at seemed to confirm this—we had a discussion with a number of teachers and students, many of whom were Red Guard members, about the system of selecting a relatively small percentage of middle-school graduates to attend a university after they, like all the others, had spent a year or two working in the countryside. Since the Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, when the educational system was reformed to emphasize the practical training of workers, peasants, and soldiers rather than the pursuit of intellectual knowledge, most middle-school graduates have gone on working, and the number of university students has dropped to the point where the ratio of students to teachers is down to between three and six to one. While I was in Peking, a new political dispute, including a poster campaign, began at Peking University. The campaign, a serious one, is directed at unnamed educational leaders accused of criticizing Mao's policies and adopting a revisionist, pre-Cultural Revolution line by "trying to turn the wheel of history back to the bourgeois Rightists' dreamland," in the words of the Party newspapers. The head of Tsinghua, Peking's other top university, and the Minister of Education are said to be the immediate targets, but whether the new campaign is really aimed at someone higher up is not yet clear. In any event, it indicates that China continues to thrive on revolutionary ferment, such as the anti-Lin Piao and anti-Confucius campaigns of recent times, and suggests that such disputes are required to keep the ideological engines running.

In contrast with what I saw years ago, I was struck by the earnest, stolid attitude of the ordinary people on the streets and in the restaurants and department stores of Peking. Everyone, from officials on down, looked extremely serious; I saw few smiles. My friend Dr. Ma told me that this indicated not discontent or hostility toward foreigners but, rather, "a sense of security which they never had before." The common people I met, though they were not unfriendly, did not want to engage in much conversation, and we correspondents were officially discouraged from moving around the city on our own. But, simply observing the people and comparing them with those I had seen three decades ago, I was convinced that they are a



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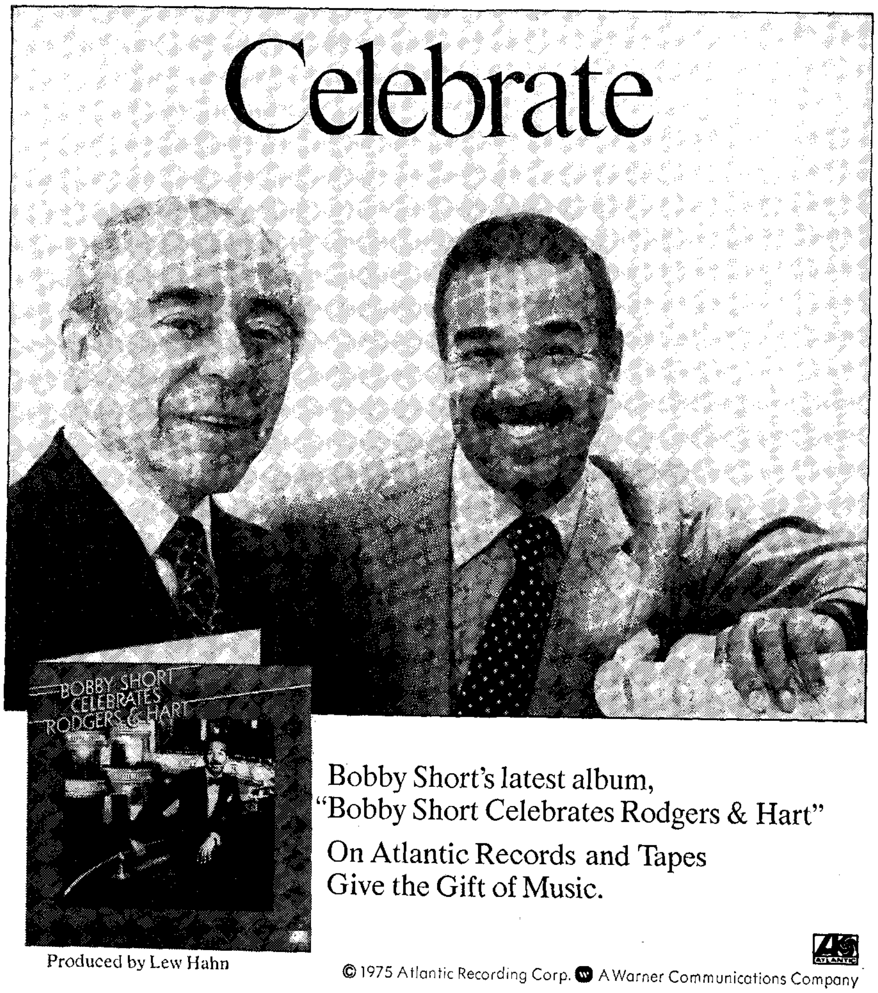
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lot better off materially than their predecessors. Their diet, Dr. Ma pointed out to me, is now balanced; communicable diseases, which were the primary killers only ten years ago, have been reduced to the point where the leading causes of death are now cardiovascular ailments and cancer, just as they are in the capitalist West. Fresh vegetables, meats, and fish were to be seen in overwhelming quantities in the old public market, which is now a well-run coöperative in a gray concrete building, and the appearance of the customers, waiting in long lines, attested to their robust health. In the Hundred Things Store, the crowds were equally large. Though clothes and other necessities were extremely cheap—on the average, a fourth or less of what they cost in America—such things as small black-and-white television sets, priced at between a hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars, and small refrigerators, at four hundred dollars, were obviously beyond the pocketbooks of the working people I spoke with, who told me that their monthly incomes ranged from fifteen to forty-five dollars, depending on how long they had worked. Rent is only a few dollars a month, however, and other expenses, such as those for medical services, are negligible.

I WAS given special permission, with two other correspondents, to remain in Peking an extra day after President Ford left and to travel to Hong Kong (where I live) via Canton. We flew down on a C.A.A.C. (Civil Aviation Administration of China) Boeing 707 and spent an afternoon and a night in Canton. The differences between the southern city and Peking were startling. Perhaps partly because of the temperature—we left Peking in a light snowfall, and it was seventy-five degrees in Canton—the attitude of the people in the south was much more easygoing, the tempo of the city far more relaxed. No one seemed to be paying much attention to the Tachai slogans, loosely scrawled on walls. The women were dressed more casually and in somewhat more colorful clothes, and it was easier to strike up random conversations. I walked around the old Foreign Quarter, on the Island of Shamien, in the Pearl River, where in the Imperial days Chinese were not even allowed. The rococo former consulates and office buildings I had seen in 1947 were still standing, but, except for those occupied by Poland and a few other Communist countries, none bore the old identifying brass nameplates. People we spoke with said that anyone could live in the quarter now, and that workers, farmers, and soldiers did. It was odd to see lines of laundry hanging from the windows and the filigreed lattices of the old consular mansions and to watch people cooking their dinners over small charcoal stoves in the buildings. Shamien gave me the eerie feeling of walking through a lot in Hollywood where the scenery for a half-forgotten film was still standing and the extras in a new one were waiting for it to be removed.

When we changed trains at the border between China and the New Territories, which are part of Hong Kong, the contrasts were again astonishing. A few miles inside China, I had seen a line of young men and women marching in formation behind a man holding a Chinese Communist flag. All around them, hundreds of people were diligently working in the fields, building irrigation ditches and small bridges. Inside the New Territories, the whole scene changed. Squatter huts and other dilapidated houses predominated, people went about their business at a much slower pace, and there was far more noise. One of the two correspondents I was with had lost his wallet in Canton the night before. Early in the morning, a taxi-driver had returned it to him; it had fallen out in the front seat of the cab. The driver had refused a tip. Now, at the station in Kowloon, just across the harbor from Hong Kong Island, two ferret-faced Chinese porters who had grabbed our bags demanded two American dollars each for putting them and us into a waiting taxi—about five times the usual amount. When I told this to a friend of mine who had lived in China for many years and has been a China-watcher in Hong Kong since 1949, he laughed and said, "The funny thing about it is that those who flee to Hong Kong from China become just like those two men in a short time, while those who stay awhile and then go back to China adapt quickly to the way of life there. I'm not sure even Mao can explain it fully."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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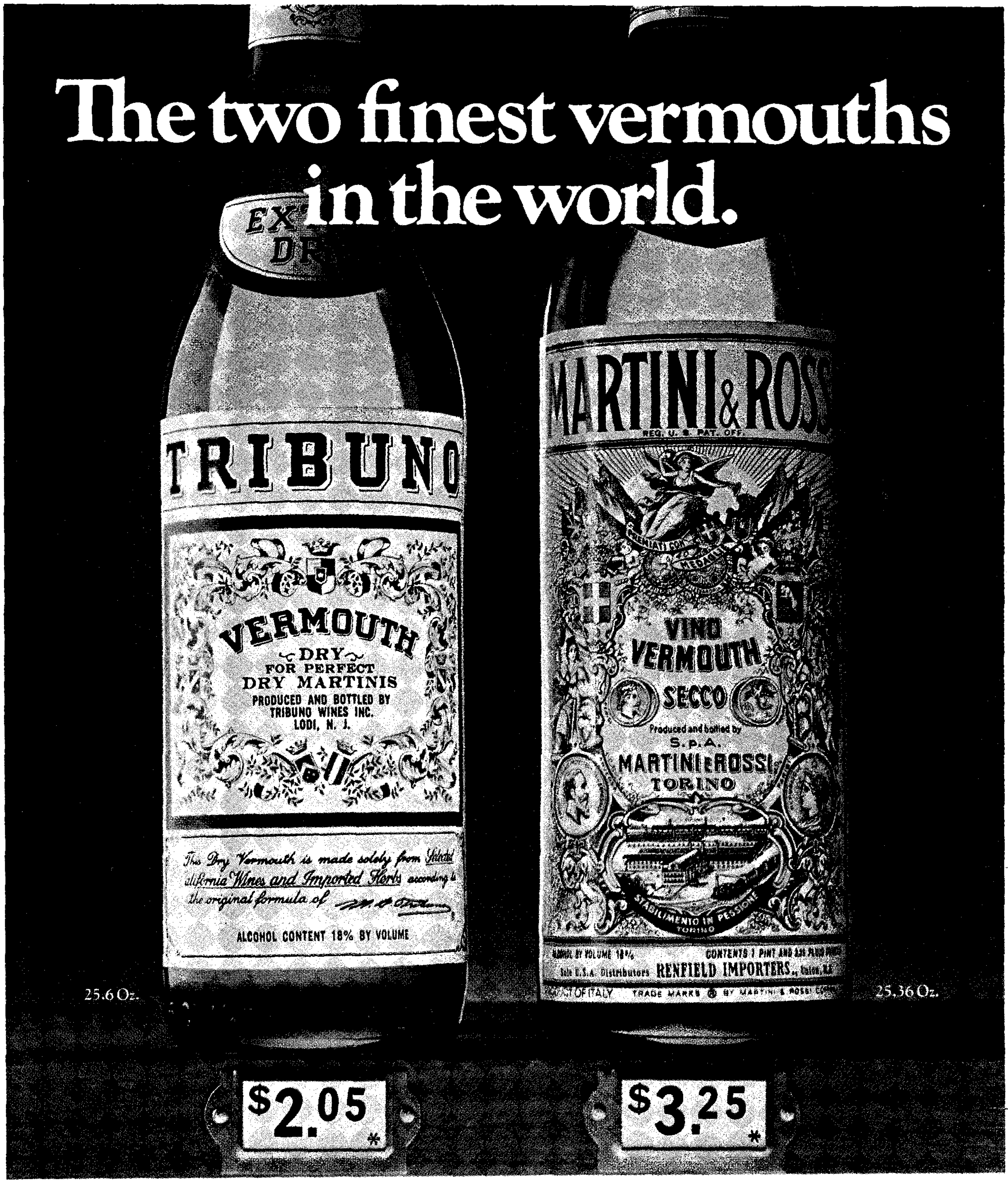
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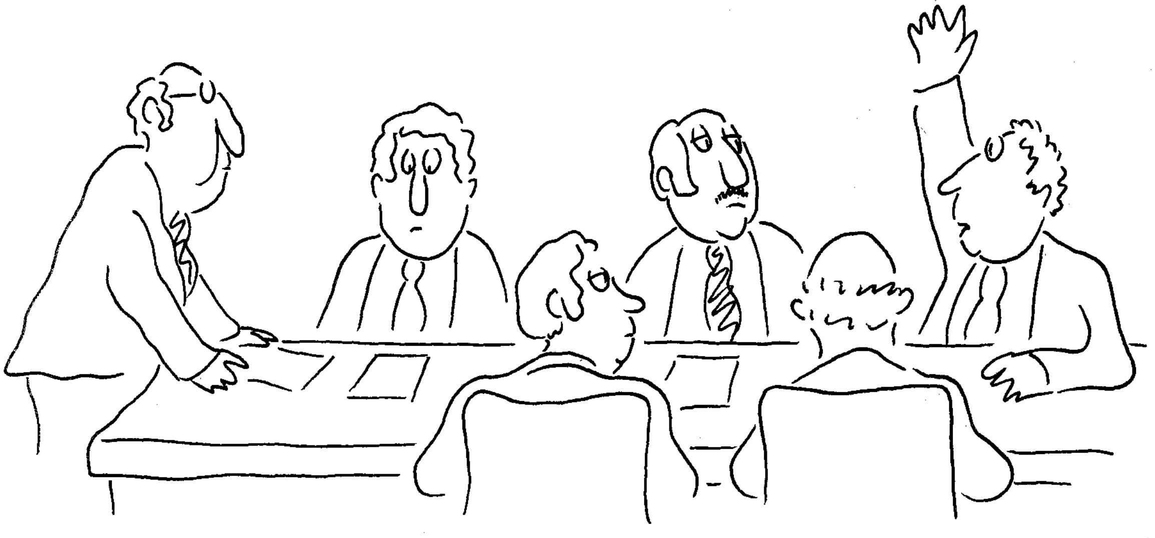
BOOKS

The Endemic Disease

"THINKING ABOUT CRIME," by James Q. Wilson (Basic Books), is a collection of essays more tentative than conclusive. It does not provide a solution, because the author believes there is none. Wilson (Professor of Government, Harvard) holds that "predatory crime"—especially what we city dwellers call "crime in the streets"—has increased to the point at which it threatens our entire urban society; that the people who suffer most are the poor, both black and white, and the black middle classes, who are often prevented by their color, though not their lack of income, from moving out of high-crime neighborhoods; and that no public policy that has ever been devised can "cure" crime. We can merely diminish it, and we should entertain "only moderate expectations about what can be accomplished under even the best of circumstances." This sounds modest, and it is. But Wilson's style is at odds with his approach. He admits that he is sometimes "testy;" he is frequently hostile. The reader often feels he is being bombarded because of what someone else—liberals, the "liberal audience" in the Democratic Party, intellectuals, or (worst of all) "Manhattan intellectuals"—has said, written, or done. Luckily, Wilson's gunboat-diplomacy, whiff-of-grapeshot prose cannot defeat his merits—his learning, his earnestness, and his thoughtfulness.

Nobody has satisfactorily explained, Wilson says, the steep rise in crime during the sixties. The bumper supply of postwar babies increased the number of late-adolescent males, the group that commits most of our predatory crime, but the incidence of crime far outran even this increase. In the city of Washington, the number of people aged sixteen to twenty-one rose by thirty-two per cent between 1960 and 1970, while the number of serious crimes rose by more than four hundred per cent. Yet during this decade, Wilson says (writing at the top of his exasperation), social scientists who were asked to advise the federal government about coping with crime insisted on talking about the "root causes"—even though no government operating a reasonably democratic system can deal with them. Wilson thinks government could make firmer efforts to get jobs for those uproarious young males, but, then, poverty and unemployment are not truly "root causes" of crime: after all, most poor people turn out to be law-abiding. Race and ethnicity are not causes, either; most citizens, no matter what their gene pool, are not even ordinary criminals, let alone violent criminals. At the moment, social science agrees with folk wisdom that the causes of crime are unloving, cruel, violent, or absent parents, and bad companions during one's early years. These were the findings of the first Americans to explore the fields that later became known as social and correctional work, according to David J. Rothman's "The Discovery of the Asylum." Rothman also says that Americans of the Federal and Jacksonian eras, like the contemporary thinkers against whom Wilson inveighs, were determined to cure poverty, crime, and mental illness because they assumed that "deviant behavior was symptomatic of a failing in society." Is this an anthropological oddity peculiar to Americans? Every human group creates norms, standards, and codes, and devises ways of dealing with anyone who transgresses them, but most groups, I think, blame the deviants, not the groups. Or have we got hold of a philosophical insight and turned it inside out—the notion that a good society produces virtuous citizens and that therefore a society that harbors any bad citizens must be a bad society?

No matter. Our system will not allow government to sterilize all the girls who fail a prepubertal psychological test that is designed to measure their capacity for mother love, or to assign all the males who are neither students nor workers to concentration camps until they are twenty-eight. Criminous individuals, such as the late Malcolm X, have mended their ways after they have undergone a religious conversion, but our government cannot coerce us into acquiring a faith. If folk wisdom and social science are right about the "root causes" of crime, the only government that can end crime is a perfected totalitarian state. Wilson believes that, for the sake of the liberties we now enjoy, Americans will have to accept the persistence of some crime, though not as much as we now accept. He does not think crime can be prevented by police work alone. The few experiments with methods of patrolling and of improving relations between community and police have all been minor, and all have proved, if they proved anything, that different cities and different neighborhoods respond differently. Wilson also feels that crime may prevent itself, for reasons we can only guess at. All statistics, he says, show that addiction to heroin has been declining in the seventies. We know that really stringent police measures have made heroin scarce and more expensive. Wilson suggests that there may also have been a commonsense reaction among the young people who came of heroin-using age in the seventies and



"May I be excused, sir? I feel a song coming on."

had seen the damage heroin did to their predecessors of the sixties. He tells us, too, that many beginning criminals do not go on to become professionals; a study of several thousand Philadelphia boys who had been arrested for committing one serious offense revealed that forty-six per cent had never been arrested again. We do not know why they reformed, in Wilson's word, "spontaneously." Statistics do indicate that most committers of serious crime are repeaters. Wilson feels the courts treat them too easily; the severity of their sentences varies with the whims of judges and the volume of cases to be cleared in a particular jurisdiction. In Los Angeles, Wilson says, more than "ninety per cent of burglars with a major prior record receive no state prison sentence," and he cites a document whose authors estimate that "the rate of serious crime [in New York] would be only *one-third* of what it is today if every person convicted of a serious offense were imprisoned for three years."

Both here and abroad, correctional systems have rarely been effective in rehabilitating criminals, no matter what treatment, from vocational training to psychotherapy, has been employed. Wilson mentions study after study, as well as a comprehensive study *of* studies, to prove this sorry point, but he does not conclude that criminals should be freed. Wilson says we should not think that the primary purpose of imprisonment is to rehabilitate offenders; it should be to "isolate and to punish" them, because society "must be able to protect itself from dangerous offenders and to impose some costs . . . on criminal acts." Sentences for criminal acts should be uniform across the nation, and graded uniformly, too, according to the severity of the crime and the nature and number of the criminal's convictions. The sentences need not be longer or harsher than they are now; the penalties on our statute books are about the harshest in the Western world. This program is unlikely and Wilson knows it; he presents the idea as a way of asking his readers to think about crime in a new fashion. He is saying (not irascibly, for once) that protecting society against criminals is a more plausible—because it is more practicable—public policy than trying to eradicate the causes of crime. When he asks us to think about punishment, he actually becomes apologetic, for he fears that "enlightened readers" will think him "cruel, even barbaric." Why does the educated American public seem to be afraid of, or upset by, the concept of punishment? Why do we prefer to think about "rehabilitation"? The late Herbert L. Packer pointed out, in "The Limits of the Criminal Sanction," that anything, whatever name you call it, you impose on an individual as a consequence of his misdeeds is punishment. It interferes with his freedom against his will. In practice, rehabilitation can entail terrible abuses, particularly when it permits rehabilitators to prolong a man's sentence for no better reason than their judgment of his attitude. Packer suggested that calling it "rehabilitation" instead of "punishment" simply makes the public feel easier; that sounds as if we want to be manipulated in order to maintain our belief in our own benevolence. Is that possible? "Deterrence" is worse than "rehabilitation"—"deterrence" means putting X in jail to frighten Y and Z; the Nazi occupying forces practiced "deterrence" by randomly killing civilians to persuade everyone else not to join the Resistance. I am not wholly happy, either, with the notion of "isolation," or "incapacitation," or "quarantine." We jail X not because of what he has done but because of what we expect he will do. So why not call it punishment? Are we so fearful of our own inner angers and hostilities that we imagine we would restore flogging, torture, dungeons, execution? I doubt it; few of us kill our next of kin, despite the findings of psychology that we wish to, and many of us have managed to covet something—our neighbor's car, the National Gallery's small "Cowper Madonna"—without stealing it. Or have we become so arrogant that we say that any behavior we dislike is insane? An American car thief is not necessarily a lunatic—any more than is a Russian political dissident. Or have we an attitude that is a form of boosterism—that no American should be made unhappy, even if he is a husky young fellow-citizen who knocks down an old woman to steal her purse? Must we want to insure that the most unpleasant actions will have no unpleasant consequences? Wilson's book implies every kind of question—theologies of grace, philosophies of man, arguments about society. I raise my own questions because I am more concerned with "enlightened readers" than with common felons, and because I think that deceiving ourselves about all this (if,

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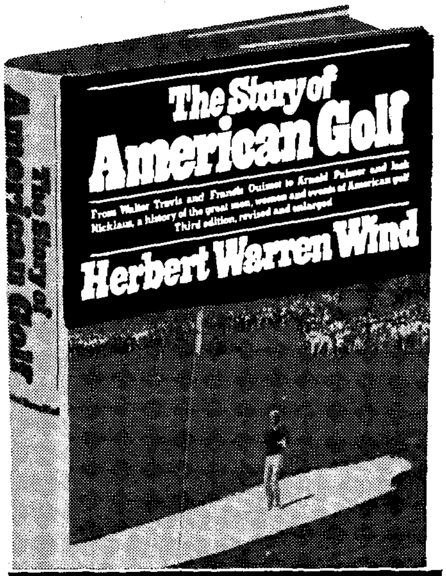
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indeed, that is what we have been doing; I don't know) could be as harmful as those felons' criminal activities.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GUERRILLAS, by V. S. Naipaul (Knopf). An unnamed Caribbean island—parched, dotted with shrivelled vegetation and tin-roofed shanties, ruled by a tiny privileged class of whites and mulattoes, and owned by an American bauxite company. Mr. Naipaul, who is himself an exile (he was born in Trinidad and lives in London), writes about people who are exiles in their own land, and he describes the island in the manner of a surgeon who has arrived on the scene too late to prevent a death. Among his characters are a band of sulky young revolutionaries and their narcissistic, confused leader (he has bitter but not entirely joyless memories of a time he was lionized by London radicals), who live on a back-to-the-land commune where the land goes untended; a well-meaning but jaded English hero of the South African resistance, who has a fuzzy idea of helping the downtrodden but is helpless to do anything except complicate local politics; and his frighteningly blank, passionless girl friend, who flits casually into a web of sexual violence that her callousness has prevented her from foreseeing. Everyone here is lost—ruled and ruler alike. No one—least of all Mr. Naipaul—has any remedies for what seems to be the island's inevitable putrefaction. A bleak, sour, and—except that it unnaturally endows no one with a shred of hope—probably accurate picture of a twentieth-century Caribbean island, which sustains its one brooding note so relentlessly that it becomes literally unbearable.

NOTE: "English Stories," by Arturo Vivante, has been published by Street Fiction Press. Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

LETTERS HOME: CORRESPONDENCE, 1950-1963, by Sylvia Plath, selected and edited, with a commentary, by Aurelia Schober Plath (Harper & Row). This is a difficult volume to read, because no one can open it without knowing its unhappy close, and the very real gaieties of a gifted, pretty girl are overshadowed in the

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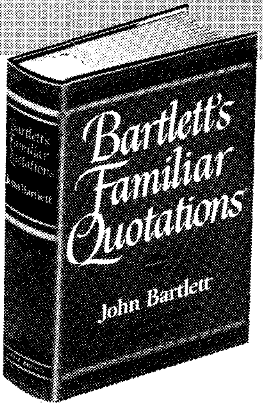

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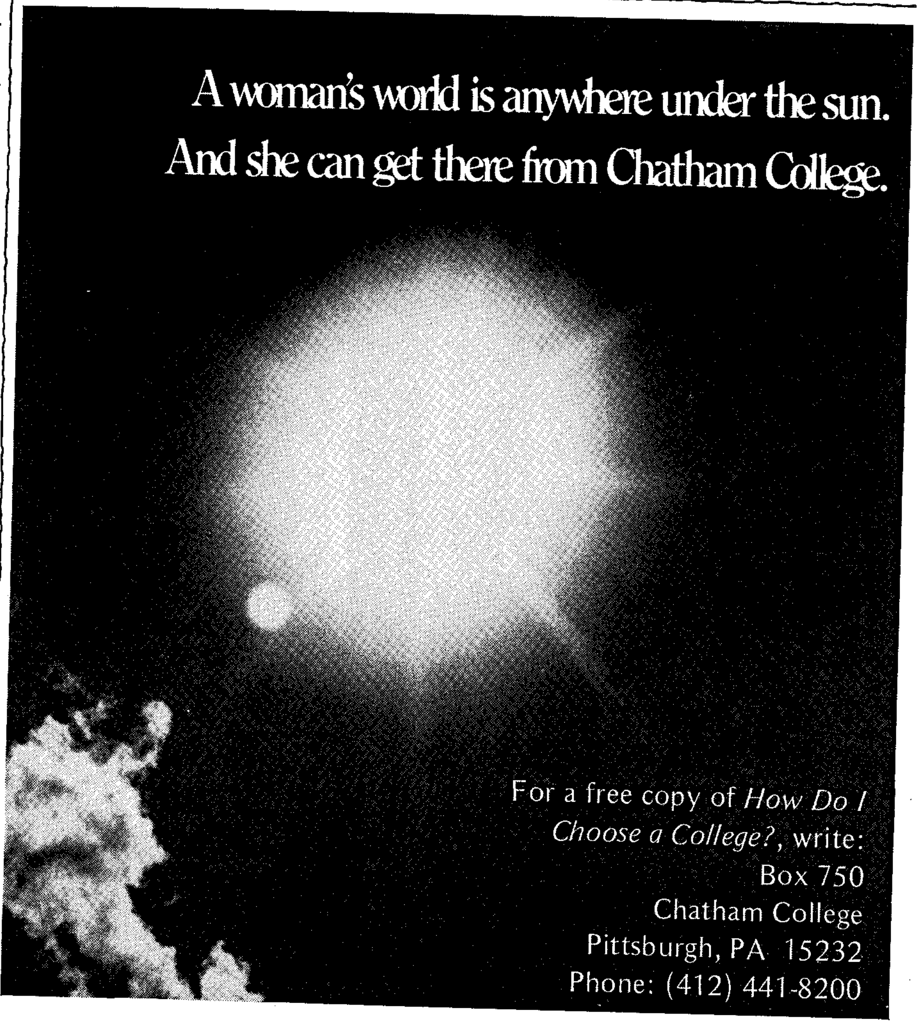
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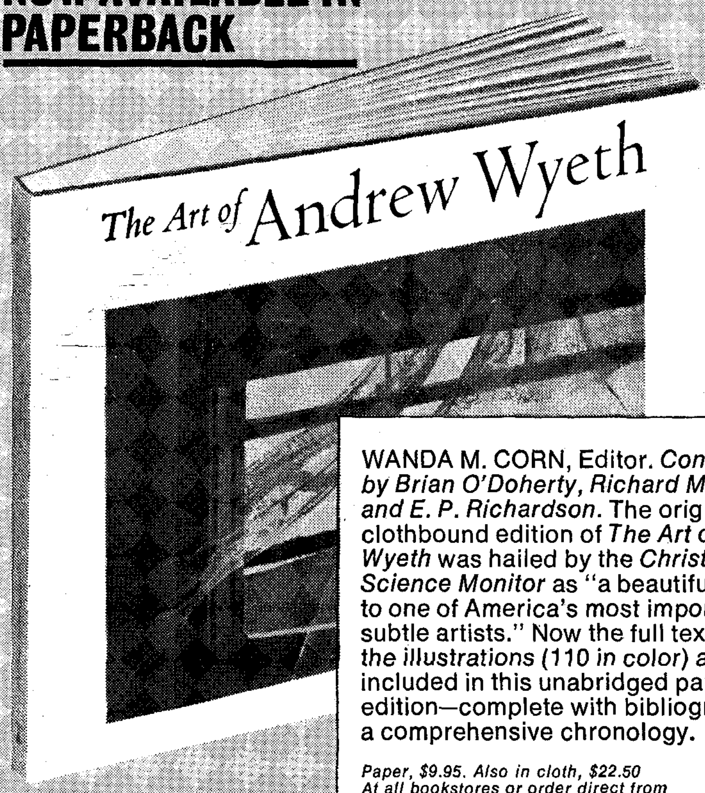

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reader's mind by the suicide of the young poet and mother. So one must make an effort not to look for clues, as if Miss Plath's life of multifarious achievement and experience had been only a rush toward a predestined end. Though it is evident that young Sylvia (the letters start with her freshman year at Smith College) always tried too hard, never allowed herself any margin for failure, and never forgave herself for less than perfection, many of her other characteristics were life-preserving. Enthusiasm, generosity, curiosity, lovingness, and kindness are on the list. Sylvia Plath sometimes gets angry, but she never sneers, and the zest with which she greets all manner of events—a débutante party, her first volume of poems—suggests that hers was a tragic death but not, perhaps, a tragic life.

My Country and the World, by Andrei D. Sakharov, translated from the Russian by Guy V. Daniels (Knopf). Sakharov, this year's winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, is a physicist, and not really a writer. His book does not have the numbing impact of something like Solzhenitsyn's "Gulag Archipelago." But it has an intrinsic muscular strength. Half the book is an indictment of Soviet society. It reads like a funeral oration. The rest of the book is a warning to us not to let the same things happen elsewhere. Sakharov is in favor of Western nations' using every resource to induce the Soviet leaders to reform their attitudes. He does not see much use in our being overly nice about it; the louder we protest the better, he thinks. Now to another matter: The part of the book that was written by Sakharov is one hundred and three pages long—less than thirty thousand words in all—yet the price of the volume is five dollars and ninety-five cents. Can it really serve any purpose except the economics of the publisher for a message of this kind to be delivered with this kind of elegance? It can hardly serve the seriousness of Sakharov's intent or reflect the sacrifices that he has made to get his message heard outside the Soviet Union.

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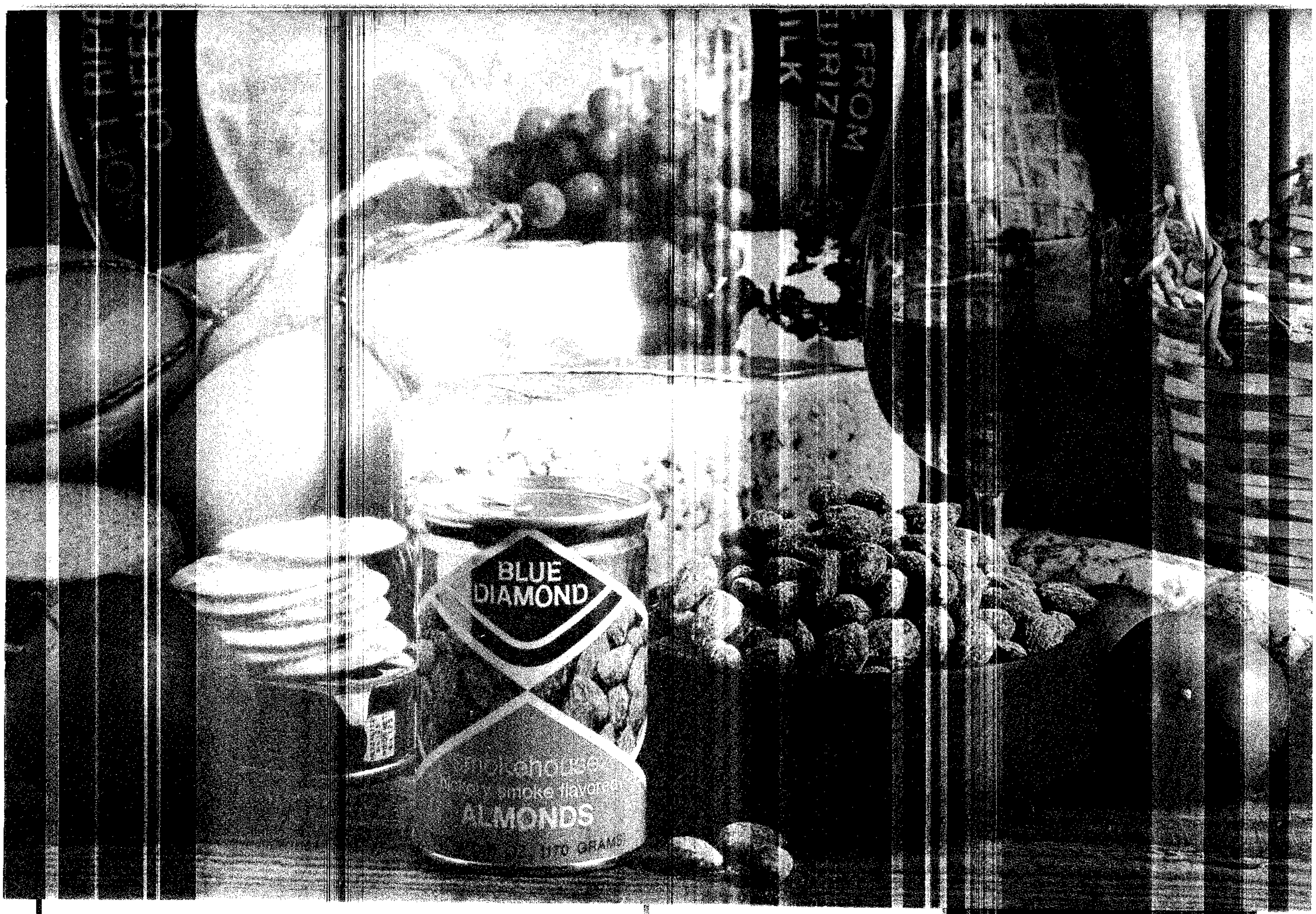
As she awoke she saw the two women running out the door with her purse, containing $100 in cash, 12 ears of corn, her galoshes, identification, and baggage claim stubs.—*Oregon Journal.*

Women!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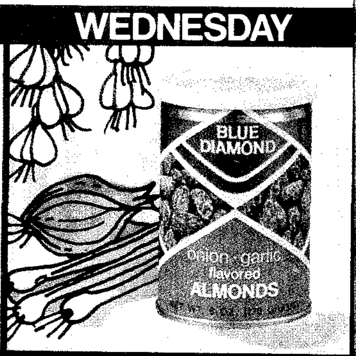
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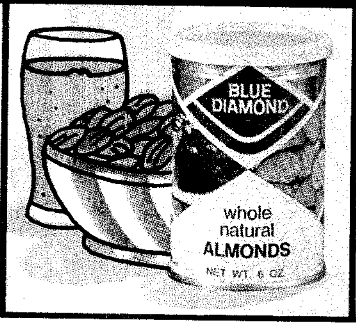
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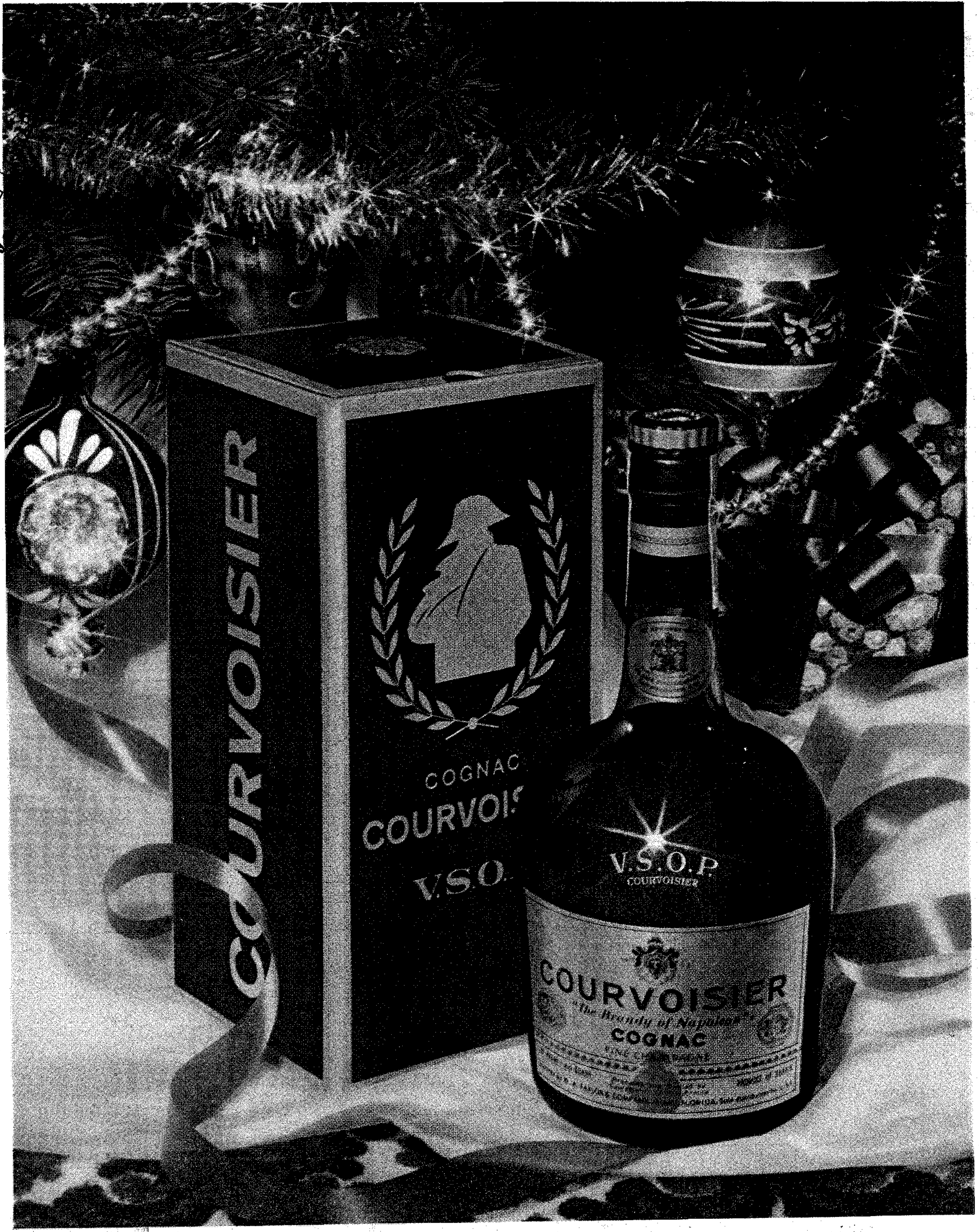
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